the whole right,' in the contest about the more active promotion of medical studies by the University.

These dissensions were sufficiently distasteful in themselves to one of Acland's high-strung and gentle disposition, but behind them he saw the spectre of that specialization, that divorce of Science from 'Arts' which he had always dreaded and deplored. It seemed to him that Oxford was being 'asked to believe that general literary education, and broad philosophical biology, such as John Hunter revealed to England, was not the duty of the University towards medicine; that she must turn her new Physical Science Institute mainly into a purely Professional School, and so deprive our future students of medicine of an enlightened University training.'

As a final protest against impending change and as a record of the ideals in which he and his colleagues in the fight for the Museum had been nurtured, he made, in 1890, his last public deliverance in the shape of a letter on *Oxford and Modern Medicine*, to his valued friend Dr. James Andrew, Honorary Fellow of Wadham, who was then Senior Physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital and an Examiner in Medicine at Oxford. It was privately printed, and was obtainable by any of Sir Henry's friends, but he decided not to publish it on the ground that it was 'at once too detailed and too brief; too personal and too general.'

I can only regret that the letter was not more widely circulated. It is full of the most interesting retrospect, and has supplied material for these pages which was obtainable nowhere else. It is the nearest approach to autobiography which Sir Henry ever permitted himself.

'I have often been asked,' he said[1], 'to write an account of the circumstances under which the Museum was built, the care of public health in Oxford developed, including the abolition of the local Acts, the steps gone through for

[1] *Oxford and Modern Medicine*, page 39.

obtaining our system of drainage, our water-supply, the reconstruction of the County Hospital and the disappearance of polypharmacy in the district. It would no doubt be a singular story. But it would be stirring mud when we are seeking the purer streams.'

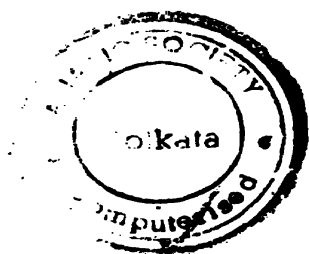
I hope I may not, in the course of this memoir, have incurred such reproach or have used any words or passed any judgement from which its subject would have shrunk. Nothing is more striking in the whole course of the letter to Dr. Andrew than the tolerant and generous tone in which Acland speaks of all those, the living and the dead, who in their various stations and degrees had played a part in the development of Oxford, however acutely he may have differed from some of them.

Of this spirit he was shortly to give another proof. In September, 1893, the buildings of a new anatomical school were opened with pomp and ceremony at the Museum. For reasons into which it is unnecessary to enter, the affair had been productive of much annoyance to him, and he had been unable to greet it with any satisfaction. But when once the school was an accomplished fact he loyally accepted it and bade the visitors welcome to a tea-party in the Radcliffe Library; and then, relapsing into his old enthusiasm for anything that might forward the cause he loved, he wrote to Sir William Turner:

Thomson has got a very nice little place. I have given him the Fighting Gladiator (a splendid cast), Antinous, and Venus of Milo types of living human form—the first in action, the others quiet, erect—and Goodsir's cast of the dead body. And Charlie Robertson has made for him a considerable number of beautiful dissections; so you will see it is Goodsir over again and Edinburgh.

But though Sir Henry Acland never allowed differences of opinion or policy to affect his relations with his colleagues at the Museum, he was absolutely unbending when he conceived that the status and dignity of the medical profession was in danger of infringement. In

1892 he had seen with much pleasure the foundation, or rather the re-establishment, of a Medical Society in Oxford, and had gladly accepted the office of President. At the first meeting, in November, held in the University Museum, he occupied the chair, while Sir James Paget delivered the inaugural address. Much to his astonishment he found that smoking was included in the proceedings, and he further learnt that a resolution permitting the practice had been passed by the Founders of the Club. Such action on the part of the Committee without reference to their President was as unusual as the subsequent invitation to him 'to place his views on the matter' before a meeting of the Society. But questions of etiquette counted for little with him compared with the mischief which in his judgement must follow the toleration of these free-and-easy habits. He felt that what was permissible in private rooms amid informal discussion was worse than out of place at meetings in the University Museum, where bearers of the most eminent names in British medicine were invited to set the tone of earnest scientific work. He may have been old-fashioned, but he had the keenest sense of what was due to the dignity of the Art to which he had dedicated his life, and as the Society declined to alter their arrangements, he felt he had no alternative but to resign both the Presidency and membership. 'Believe me,' he wrote to the Secretary, 'this episode in my later years has cost no one, and could not, as much as it has me.'

Another matter which gave him much anxiety and entailed much correspondence and many journeys backwards and forwards arose out of differences of policy which had declared themselves among those interested in the organization of nursing the sick. It would be beyond the scope of this memoir to enter into details of the 'Registration' controversy. Nursing has always been a subject of supreme interest to the members of our Royal House, and more than one of the daughters

of Queen Victoria has possessed practical qualifications for taking the lead and expressing strong opinions in the successive movements by which nursing has attained its present position. Of Acland's services in this cause, dating from his earliest cholera experiences, I have already spoken, and in the disputes which threatened to curtail the usefulness and damage the prospects of a beneficent profession and of an invaluable band of workers, his advice and judgement were sought for in the highest quarters.

While, however, the troubles which gathered round the British Nursing Association formed a disagreeable reminder of the difficulties which sometimes beset the best intentions, the improvement in the nursing of the poor which has set in during the last twenty years caused him unmitigated gratification. In 1894 he was asked to present the certificates to the nurses at Mile End, a neighbourhood so familiar to him in the far-off days, when he used to ride up through an almost empty Whitechapel from Leytonstone to the Bank. He told his audience something of the arrangements for nursing the poor which had subsisted long after the beginning of his professional career, and how at Oxford he could remember when the foul cells in the workhouse infirmary were more offensive than a decent dog-kennel. He paid his tribute to the ladies who, from Miss Florence Nightingale down to Miss Louisa Twining, had worked and agitated until the wretched dens which sheltered the aged and the sick had been swept away from the workhouses throughout the land.

He himself had lent support and aid in every upward step. His constant association with Miss Nightingale had filled him with confidence in her judgement, and with admiration for her life devoted to the good of others. And they both possessed the same combination of enthusiasm for the relief of suffering with knowledge of practical detail. Not many months before his death she paid him a very beautiful compliment:

Do you know (she wrote), I hear from and of you almost every day? In this way: I can remember when Pyaemia was almost as common a thing *in* Hospitals as any case coming from without—I mean Pyaemia generated *in* Hospital. Now we shout so loud when there is a case that they can hear us all over London. This is an amazing change. And we owe it principally to you and what you have taught us.

One by one, the tale of his Oxford contemporaries was minishing. In October, 1893, Jowett died at the Hampshire home of Mr. Justice Wright. Acland had attended him through his dangerous illness in 1891. And in thanking him for a kindness which had shown itself in countless little ways outside the scope of professional duty, 'The Master' bade him 'be glad that there are thousands who have the same feeling towards you, both poor and rich.' By Jowett's sick-bed the two men had come to a fuller knowledge of each other. They had always been friends, and Acland had preserved among his letters the congratulations which Jowett had offered him on his engagement nearly half a century before. But the latter had scant sympathy with Acland's ideals. In sending him a copy of his translation of the *Politics* he had expressed a wish that he could 'persuade' him 'that many of us, although we differ from you, do not differ from you as you suppose, and that we are far from under-rating the great service which you have rendered to physical science in Oxford and in England.' But Jowett could hardly restrain a chuckle when the Oxford science teachers disagreed in Convocation[1]. And I cannot help fancying that he is included in the allusion made in *Oxford and Modern Medicine* to 'some of our charioteers who,' having given no help during the old museum conflicts, 'at the eleventh hour seize the reins.'

During these last two or three years they were drawn together, and Acland has put on record how much he had learnt from his patient[2]:

[1] *Jowett's Letters*, p. 217. [2] *Jowett's Life*, vol. ii, p. 217.

18.9.1903

Henry Acland

I then first felt that I knew the man. We seldom spoke, and in the many weeks never on anything that could be controversial. I would sit by him feeling that I sat by the side of a lover of God and a lover of man, whose life was not of this world, teeming as it was with its interests of every kind, and sympathetic with all good, wherever good could be found or made, and with a sense of humour which sparkled through in silence.

Jowett's favourite picture of the Madonna, which was given Acland by the executors after the former's death, was hung over his bed, side by side with his cherished relic of Dr. Pusey.

In 1894 Liddell resigned the Deanery of Christ Church, and left Oxford for a dignified retirement at Ascot. To Acland it was like the withdrawal of a prop. During all his struggles he had had 'his Dean' by his side to counsel, to chide, to encourage. To the end the old relation of tutor and pupil remained unbroken. 'I don't know what father will do when you are gone,' said Miss Acland; 'there will be no one to scold him.' 'I shall find plenty of occasion for doing that by letter,' replied the Dean grimly; and he was as good as his word. But the scolding takes up little room in the delightful and polished correspondence in which Liddell chatted to his absent friend of men and books and the topics of the day. Extracts from them have been published in Canon Thompson's *Life* of the Dean; and until the latter's death, Acland's visits to Ascot were a regular feature in his yearly programme.

But while the strands of the cord were severing one by one, Acland found himself drawn into closer connexion with Mr. Gladstone. I have quoted on another page his appeal to the veteran statesman to do something towards mitigating the asperities of party politics. Some years earlier he had relied sufficiently upon their old friendship to press upon him, on the eve of the formation of his 1880 Cabinet, the necessity of appointing a really first-class man to the Presidency of the

Local Government Board. Gladstone had perhaps invited the confidence by asking, in 1877, for Acland's opinion on the petition of certain resident graduates for the removal of the remaining restrictions on Clerical Fellowship, and by some rather delicate inquiries as to one of the signataries. He repaid it by employing him, on Stanley's death, to sound Liddell as to whether he would entertain the offer of the Deanery of Westminster.

The comparative leisure which followed Gladstone's retirement from office in 1885 was seized upon by the ex-Premier for a controversy with Professor Huxley, and one day in December Acland received the following letter from his eldest brother, then a guest at Hawarden:

I am having a very interesting visit: no one here but Lord Wolverton. How little people understand W. E. G., or his idea about party or about the Church, or his sense of responsibility. . . . He is going to write again on Genesis. He says he has a little to complain of Professor Owen, to whom (for caution) he sent a proof. Owen wrote to him a long letter about the antiquity of man, &c., but never pointed out the errors as to the order of created things—which G. admits that Huxley has spotted (a small point). I advised him to send his next proof to you: I said you were a careful and kind critic, and have access to knowledge.

By the same post came a letter from Mr. Gladstone himself, and for the future Acland was constantly appealed to both for information and criticism, which he never failed to tender. He was at once fascinated and bewildered by the versatility of the septuagenarian who, in the midst of a most momentous crisis—these were the weeks when the Home Rule plunge was decided upon—could turn aside to vindicate the faith which was all in all to them both. 'Your deep and intense call to us,' he wrote, 'to cling to the teachings of the spiritual life and of those who have lived it, will

move men's hearts.' But a note of warning runs through his letters revealing the consciousness that Mr. Gladstone was in deep waters, and that his great intellectual gifts were not of the class to tell him how deep the waters were. And this appears even more clearly when, a few years later, Mr. Gladstone was preparing his papers on the *Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture.* On March 17, 1890, he wrote from Oxford:

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE,

I have twice read the very interesting proof which you have most kindly sent to me. With the first five columns I quite agree. The whole tenor seems to be just and convincing. Afterwards I am equally charmed by the passage in which you draw the distinction of the three Interpreters—the Hebraist, the Scientist, and the Humanist. But I am not so sure that I like your plunging into all the details that follow. This may depend on the somewhat feeble way in which I can alone touch these great themes.

I know very little, and further, I think that many that suppose they know all are in no better case. I have talked over your question with regard 'to the two spherical bodies of the same high temperature and the same materials, one small, the other large, say as 1–1000, which will cool first,' with Prof. Clifton, a most accurate physicist. There is of course no question, either on the small scale or in the case to which you refer—the Earth and the Sun emerging from the condition of 'the Nebula,' or the universal and infinite Nebula. I wish you could have heard the tender, modest way in which he endeavoured to put us into the condition of observers of the group, and could have noticed how very little certain he was of very many things, and of the several stages that would have to be gone through, of all of which we can have, as they were under the old conditions, very little real knowledge. . . .

Keep out of the details. I have long ago said that *one* thing is certain in 'Science,' that the Science of to-day will not be the Science of to-morrow. I have no temptation therefore to make things square with its *details.* The subject is endless; don't fight over hyphens! (You know Keble

ACLAND IN YACHTING OILSKINS, 1880

joined the Anglo-Catholic Library on the condition that Moberly acted Anglo and himself Catholic, and both should contend for the hyphen.) Be broadly sure the Light and Sun came; the Earth cooled, the vegetables began to come, and grew; the animals began, and evolved; and in the end the blessed boon of Faith and Prayer and Reason came to the latest product of the infinite, amazing group.

I write hurriedly at midnight, in the midst of very pressing duty of to-morrow and Wednesday, having to speak at Banbury on District Nurses—in my small sphere a stormy topic.

Prestwich, the dear, wise soul! is in London.

I am, my dear Mr. Gladstone,
Always yours gratefully,
HENRY W. ACLAND.

And, a day or two after, feeling, as his manner was, that he had not done sufficient justice to his subject, he returned to the charge:

OXFORD, *March* 20, 1890.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE,

I sit down to write to you with greater diffidence than before. I feel that to completely pass judgement on your paper would require power which I do not possess, and precise knowledge which I should have partly to acquire, partly to refresh.

Now, why this preface? Last night, on my return from my address on Nursing, the first thing I did was to reconsider both your letters. I was well prepared in one way. I have just had to review the condition of the Poor from the time of the passing of the Poor Laws in 1834: and the wholly new conditions of policy in regard to public health enactments in this half-century: what had been done in England, i.e. in the English-speaking race in the United States, the Colonies, India, the world, in this particular—of making *corpus sanum* to help on *mens sana*. Then, as I came back by train, I asked myself, 'And how about other departments of Biology and Physics, and then Theology?' And so primed I got a volume of Professor Pritchard's in which I knew was

Sir Henry Wentworth Acland, Bart.

K.C.B., F.R.S.

Regius Professor of Medicine in the University of Oxford

A Memoir

BY

J. B. ATLAY

LATE SCHOLAR OF ORIEL COLLEGE

AUTHOR OF 'LORD COCHRANE'S TRIAL BEFORE LORD ELLENBOROUGH'

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON

SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE

1903

a paper I had never read on your present topic. Pritchard is a very clever, shrewd, devout-minded man—friend of the Herschels, of half the modern physicists, and a great mathematical tutor for many years. Will you read this paper, the last in the volume? He, you will see, gives up the whole case, as a scientific one. He considers the proem or poem irreconcilable with modern science (I wish the word could be abolished).

I read and re-read the account of the third and fourth days, trying to see how far one might accept *light* as one thing, and the making the sun a subsequent thing. But I could not, on any scientific conception I could form, do this. Be sure Pritchard, who has all the data at his fingers' ends, would do so if he could. So he *invents* an explanation, which in some form would occur to any *poet*, but would not satisfy any scientist, as a scientific explanation of the known facts.

You will feel how dangerous it is for either scientists or theologians precisely to lay down their real position while the geologist and biologist collect their data and draw their conclusions. The Hebraists like Canon Driver must draw theirs. The scientists are not agreed, nor are the theologians. I remember hearing you say, at the charming house at Clieveden many years ago, that much trouble had arisen since the revolution by an over-literal interpretation, or attempt at it, of the Scriptures. No one supposes that the present state of interpretation or of Natural Science is final.

I fear that all this will be useless to you, and only seem to be as milk or milk and water, not strong meat. But I would say to any friend, Don't argue with Huxley or people of that kind at all. You may be quite sure they have much to learn. The continent of America is to give lessons of many kinds, geological as well as biological, ethnographical and social. With your deep religious feelings and all your theological learning as well, you have in the Bible boundless stores far more important to man than any of these questions of material discoveries.

But I am ashamed to write so. I return your kind and judicious note. I shall read again to-night your proof and return it to-morrow. But you will see I do not like to touch the details, they are dangerous and inconclusive. I wish you

would go and see Professor Prestwich—gentlest, wisest, calmest of men.

Always yours gratefully,
HENRY W. ACLAND[1].

The soundness of Acland's advice was echoed by Professor Prestwich:

You are quite right about Mr. Gladstone's writings: the first pages are grandly and beautifully written; but when he comes to deal with scientific facts one misses the scientific method. It is, as you say, delightful to see a man like Gladstone give his mind and attention to these great, though to him foreign questions; delightful also to see the novel and fine way in which he treats them; but it is not our way. How rarely the two are united!

In 1891, almost on the eve of his last electoral campaign, Mr. Gladstone threw the world of Oxford into a flutter by coming into residence at All Souls for a week. The full dramatic effect of this relapse into monasticism was marred by Mrs. Gladstone, who, merely telegraphing to Miss Acland that she was coming, flung herself into the ever-hospitable home in Broad Street. During that 'amazing visit' Mr. Gladstone was in and out of the house, as the spirit moved him; and Acland was glad to avail himself of his privilege as a *quondam* to join the party which sat nightly at Mr. Gladstone's feet at All Souls. The following summer saw the latter established for the last time in Downing Street. Amongst his many perplexities was the question of the Laureateship, left unfilled by Lord Salisbury. It is no longer a secret that in his endeavour to 'keep it on the high moral plane where Wordsworth and Tennyson placed it,' his thoughts strayed to Ruskin, and Acland was applied to by him as to 'whether

[1] It is characteristic of Acland that he was not even then satisfied, but the next day penned a third letter explanatory of the two that had gone before.

PREFACE

When Sir Henry Acland died, he left a great accumulation of private correspondence and of papers relating to the subjects which from time to time had occupied him during a long and singularly varied life. To all of these, with the exception of letters involving matters of professional confidence, I have had, through the kindness of his representatives, the fullest access. I have also to acknowledge the unfailing assistance which I have received from them and from his family in general, while my thanks are especially due to Miss Acland, but for whose help and encouragement this Memoir of her Father could not have been written.

I also owe much to those who by letter or word of mouth have given me valuable aid both in recalling incidents in Sir Henry Acland's career and in forming the estimate of his work and influence which I have striven to present. I should especially mention the names of Sir William Turner, Sir John Burdon-Sanderson, Mr. Pridgin Teale, Dr. Hatchett Jackson, Mr. Story-Maskelyne, Professor Ray Lankester, Dr. Billings (of New York), Mr. Lionel Muirhead, the late Victor Carus, Dr. Lionel Beale, the Rev. William Tuckwell, and Alderman Buckell of Oxford.

Ruskin's health would permit of the offer being made, but Acland could give him no encouragement, and the project fell stillborn.

In 1894 the infirmities of age, and notably his deafness, were increasing, and it was becoming clear to himself and to those about him that the time had come when he must resign the Regius Professorship[1]. His intention, however, was not made public until the end of the year, and before that date he was able to gratify an old-standing ambition with regard to the Museum. Among the niches for the statues in the area a place had been left, between John Hunter and Harvey, for Thomas Sydenham, 'the representative Medical Practitioner,' who had held an All Souls Fellowship during the troublous days of the Commonwealth and the Restoration. It had long been Acland's hope to see the void supplied by the members of Sydenham's old college, and his eldest brother and the Warden[2] agreed to unite with him in commissioning Mr. Hope Pinker to execute a figure worthy to stand beside the delicate statuary of Alexander Munro. The British Association was to meet in the August of that year in Oxford, for the fourth time, under the Presidency of the Chancellor of the University, himself an old All Souls man, and Acland wrote to ask him to unveil the statue. On a former occasion, Lord Salisbury had, from his retreat at Hatfield, protested with mock seriousness that 'politicians ought not to be asked to preach charity sermons,' but he gave a willing assent 'to uncover Sydenham and listen to your exposition.' And on the 9th of August, the day after his Presidential address, the ceremony took place in the court of the Museum.

It was short and simple, and after the Regius Professor had formally presented the statue in a speech which was practically his valedictory address, the

[1] He had resigned the Clinical Chair in 1880, from which date it was altered into two clinical lectureships, of medicine and surgery.

[2] Sir William Anson, now M.P. for the University.

I have to thank the Marquis of Salisbury for permission to publish the letters from him to Sir Henry which appear in this volume; and also Mrs. Liddell for a similar permission with regard to the letters of her late husband. The executors of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Ruskin have kindly allowed me to make free use of the material which has come into my hands. My acknowledgements are also due to Father William Neville, of the Oratory, Edgbaston, the custodian of the papers of Cardinal Newman; and to Mrs. Brine, the surviving daughter of Dr. Pusey. I ought to add that for much interesting matter relating to the family life of the elder Sir Thomas Acland and of the Cottons of Walwood I am indebted to papers drawn up many years ago for a different purpose by Miss Marriott, a sister of the late Charles Marriott of Oriel.

J. B. A.

May, 1903.

Marquess accepted it in the name of the University. In a few stately sentences he congratulated the assembly on the completion of the figures of the ancestors of Medical Science at a time 'when we are able to see how great has been the growth and the cultivation and revival of the study of nature of which this splendid Museum has been the outcome. Perhaps,' he added, 'at an earlier time we should not have appreciated how much has been done in this respect, and perhaps we should not have felt as we feel now how thoroughly appropriate it is that the great masters and heroes of medical science should be conspicuous ornaments of this Museum. For this Museum marks the growth of the new study.' And then Lord Salisbury turned to his old physician, and in tones that spoke of long years of affectionate intimacy, addressed him personally: 'and it has arisen chiefly by the efforts and under the authority of yourself, the great representative of Medical Science at this University; and in honouring Sydenham as we do to-day, we are honouring his great successor to whom more than any other man the renewal of the study of nature in this University is due, and to whose efforts and to whose memory this splendid building and the more splendid incorporeal instruction for which it is built will be a lasting and brilliant testimony [1].'

In the closing days of 1894 Acland resigned formally into the hands of Lord Rosebery the office which he had received from Lord Palmerston in 1857. The Prime Minister, in forwarding the official reply, enclosed in his own hand a line of private regret: 'There

[1] At the conclusion of the meeting, Lord Salisbury requested that he might be allowed to join with the three donors of the statue; and writing to Acland a few months later, he said: 'I wish I had told the audience at the Museum last August that, when I was elected to All Souls in 1853, the first thing you said to me on congratulating me was a request that I would join in urging on All Souls the duty of erecting a statue to Sydenham. In presence of the completed Statue it would have been a fitting tribute to your tenacity of purpose.'

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comes a time to all when we must resign our offices and ourselves; but the announcement of your intention comes with a pang, and, I am sure, will be received in Oxford with dismay.'

But Acland was not the man to forget that as Regius Professor his position was derived from the Crown, and he wrote to advise Queen Victoria of his pending resignation, 'from failing health, of the post to which Your Majesty graciously appointed me thirty-six years ago.' He strove to express something of the debt which he had owed to the never-failing kindness shown by the Queen, the Prince Consort, and their children: he alluded to the 'invaluable countenance and help given by Your Majesty' through the Royal gift of the five statues; and he referred to the teaching and example of the Prince Consort and the advice which the Prince had given him long ago about the Oxford Museum. 'The only return I have made has been—with a deep sense of gratitude to try to do my duty at a period when the strongest might fail.'

'God bless you, my dear Acland,' wrote Lord Salisbury, 'you have done a great work in the Chair you are now quitting. Few have done so much to raise the intellectual tone of the University for the best purposes in the best direction . . . I am very glad to hear that Sanderson succeeds you.'

Indeed, the personality of his successor had been not the least of Acland's anxieties during the last years of his professorship. With his strong views as to the position which the occupant of the chair should hold both in Oxford and the greater world outside it would have been more than a mortification to him if the choice had fallen unworthily. In Sir John Burdon-Sanderson he recognized the union of personal distinction with the highest scientific reputation, which augured well for the continuance of the traditions which he had striven to found.

In recognition of Sir Henry Acland's long services

ILLUSTRATIONS

to the University the sum of £5,000 was raised by public subscription. His bust in marble was placed in the central area of the Museum, and the residue of the fund was devoted to the endowment of the Sarah Acland Nursing Home.

I shall pass briefly over the last years, a pathetic picture of growing weakness, of patience under suffering, of indomitable resolution to work on to the last. 'Better to wear out than rust out,' had been Acland's advice to one of his nieces, whom over-anxious friends sought to restrain in her round of daily activities. And what he preached he practised. The energies of his later days, until he was at last compelled to give in, were concentrated on Medical Missions. Some years previously he had spoken at a crowded meeting on behalf of Lady Dufferin's Fund for the medical aid of the women of India, and now he turned to a wider field.

'Our Sierra Leone friend will visit us about the beginning of October. In your inherited love for black men I hope you will be at Oxford to meet him.' So Liddell had written long ago, and the allusion to his father's zeal for negro emancipation, and his friendship with Wilberforce and Clarkson opens up a side of Acland's character on which I have not hitherto touched. From earliest years, in his own home and in that of the Cottons, he had always been in close sympathy with the missionary world. He had known Bishop Selwyn well, and Dr. Livingstone had been a guest at his house. The Universities Mission to Central Africa had found in him a strong supporter, and of late years the Oxford Delhi Mission and the Indian branches of the Cowley Fathers had affected him in a very remarkable degree. Anything to do with India had always interested him, and latterly one of his favourite drives was to Sir William Hunter's house at Oaken Holt to talk over his various projects with that most accomplished of Anglo-Indians.

HENRY ACLAND

CHAPTER I

THE ACLANDS OF COLUMB JOHN

Few families in the West of England, or for that matter in the whole kingdom, can boast a longer ancestry or more unbroken descent than the Aclands of Columb John in Devon. Shadowy Eccelins and Acalans figure in dim succession far back in the pedigree of 1620 which Mr. Chadwyck Healey has so recently completed[1]. The death without offspring of a certain Richard Akelane in the fifth generation from the original Baldwin Eccelin is recorded as having taken place in the twenty-first year of Edward III, and his nephew John is the first member of the family to be described as 'Akelane of Akelane.' Thenceforward the fortunes of the house march steadily on, field being added to field, and land to land. Sir John Akeland of Columb John was knighted by James I and served his county both as High Sheriff and Knight of the Shire. His great-nephew and heir, another Sir John, held loyally by King Charles, and was created a Baronet in March, 1645; and, the original grant of the Baronetcy having been lost in the troubled times which followed, a fresh patent was issued in 1677 giving precedence over all Baronets created since 1644.

The recipient of this latter grant was Sir Hugh Acland, fifth Baronet—for death had played havoc with the succession, and it was reserved for a later generation to make length of days an accompaniment of the

[1] *History of the Part of West Somerset comprising the Parishes of Luccombe, Selworthy, &c.*

The munificent offer of Mr. J. N. Tata, an eminent merchant of Bombay, for the endowment of an institute in India for scientific research had filled his mind with the thoughts of what Oxford might do in the mission field in directions outside the beaten track. The ravages of the plague and the researches of Mr. Haffkine had emphasized the lack of touch between European and Oriental ways of regarding matters of health. In bringing to England and to Oxford young medical men from India, and in aiding the establishment in India itself of such an institute of modern preventive and therapeutic medicine as Mr. Tata had outlined, he saw a prospect of breaking down Native prejudice against Western science and of diffusing sounder ideas of hygiene and sanitation, not only in British territory, but among the more enlightened of the Native Princes. Underlying the anticipated progress was the hope of thus indirectly sapping the barriers which seemed to present insurmountable obstacles to the progress of Christianity.

With characteristic thoroughness he devoted himself to getting up his subject, to correspondence with all sorts and conditions of men who could give him information, and to writing countless letters to people of standing who might be interested in the cause. Taking up at random the bundles which contain the answers he received, I find the names of Lord Curzon of Kedleston, Lord George Hamilton, Archbishop Temple, Sir William Markby, Lord Reay, Sir William Hunter, Sir William Church, Sir M. Bhownaggree, M.P., Sir Charles Lyall, Mr. Basil Thomson, Sir George Birdwood, and Lady Dufferin. He even addressed a private letter to the Editor of the *Times*, appealing to him as a former fellow of All Souls. He could scarcely have displayed greater vigour in the old Museum days half a century back.

The opportunity for utilizing in a tangible form the anxious thoughts and inquiries that had occupied him

family honours. The seventh Baronet, Sir Thomas, by his marriage with the heiress of the Dykes of Tetton, brought that name on to the family tree, and their descendants have ever since—with comparatively few exceptions, of whom the subject of this memoir forms one—received Dyke as a baptismal name.

Though careful marriages and provident tenants for life had made the Acland property one of the finest in the West, the members of the house do not seem to have played a very prominent part in the national history outside the boundaries of their native county. Sir John Acland, the member for Devon mentioned above, who purchased the manor of Columb John in Broad Clyst, near Exeter, is honoured among the Benefactors of Exeter College, Oxford, for his munificent contributions to the fabric and revenues. The first Baronet is described by Clarendon as standing among the gentry of Devon, at a critical moment of the civil war, almost alone in his adherence to the Royal cause. Another John Acland, who flourished at the close of the eighteenth century and held the family living of Broad Clyst, was the author of certain somewhat crude pamphlets dealing with the question of pauperism.

But a more interesting personage is that John Dyke Acland who sat in 1770 in the House of Commons for the Cornish borough of Callington and was one of the most uncompromising opponents of any measure of conciliation with the American colonies. King George appears to have thought his pretensions to employment on military service somewhat too exorbitant, though praising him as 'a spirited young man.' Acland, whose 'spirits' had involved him in a serious Parliamentary encounter with Charles Fox, as well as in numerous private quarrels, was not to be baulked. He obtained a majority in the 20th Foot, accompanied the ill-starred Burgoyne to North America, played a gallant part in the assault on Ticonderoga and again in the

since his retirement came in 1899, when Sir Grainger Stewart suggested to him the possibility of a certain number of Oxford Medical Students connecting themselves with the Medical Missionary Society of Edinburgh. With this text he delivered himself on the whole subject in an address before the Oxford Junior Scientific Club, an address which was subsequently reprinted together with a good deal of additional matter accumulated by the author. In all Sir Henry Acland's arduous life there are few more striking episodes than this advocacy in his eighty-fourth year of a cause on behalf of which few voices had as yet been raised on British soil.

It was his last public effort; and the previous summer had witnessed his last public appearance as a representative of the University, when he was invited to form one of the Deputation which waited on the Queen at Windsor to present a congratulatory address on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee. He still retained the Radcliffe Librarianship, and found plenty of occupation there until the labour necessitated by the arrangements for its removal to the new buildings proved too severe a tax on his failing strength. Of the spirit and the thoroughness with which he discharged his duties the following correspondence affords an example.

OXFORD, *November* 3, '96.

MY DEAR MR. GLADSTONE,

Do not be angry with me. No one can help me as you can, in what follows. I will write shortly.

The large work by Mr. —— which I send, having been favourably noticed in one or two reviews, I had on approval for the Radcliffe Library, which owes you so much. From the preface I gathered it was intended to be a *fair history* of a great subject affecting human thought, always, everywhere. So I cut the pages, to see generally if it was really a *History* of this past philosophic controversy. But I hesitate to put it in the Library, where all the young men may read it. For the Professor of Anthropology and older men it seems to me a record of progress and fact, which they

combats in the wilderness which preceded the capitulation of Saratoga. On both occasions he was severely wounded and each time he was nursed by his heroic wife, Lady Harriet, the daughter of Stephen, Earl of Ilchester. Burgoyne himself has told the story of her escape from a burning tent, and of her long vigil through the autumn night, in an open boat on the Hudson, waiting till the sentry could be induced to admit her into Gates's lines, where lay her husband, wounded and a prisoner.

Major Acland did not long survive his recovery from wounds and captivity. He returned to England in 1778, fought a duel on Brampton Down, and, though he escaped without a scratch, contracted a chill which proved fatal in the October of that year. His father, Sir Thomas, the seventh Baronet, survived him, and on the death of the latter in 1785, the title passed to Major Acland's eldest son, Sir John Dyke, who died in infancy in the same year. On his decease the Baronetcy reverted to Major Acland's brother, Thomas Dyke, who thus became the ninth Baronet. His enjoyment of the estates and dignity was not for long. He died in 1794, leaving behind him by his union with Henrietta Ann, daughter of Sir Richard Hoare, a large family of sons and daughters, the eldest of whom, another Thomas Dyke, born on March 29, 1787, succeeded to the Baronetcy at the age of seven.

The life of this latter extended far into the succeeding century, and when he died, on July 22, 1871, at the patriarchal age of eighty-four he had been Sir Thomas Acland of Columb John for a period of seventy-seven years. So prolonged a tenure of rank and wealth and influence could not fail to leave its mark on a character in which hereditary disposition and predilections were strongly stamped. 'Men, women, and Aclands' was a West Country summary of the varieties of the human species, and the old 'Sir Thomas' was the quintessence of Aclandism, if the

ought to have for reference. But for the young the practical effect would probably be to prejudice them against all Religions and Faith, and make them over-value Physical Science. Yet whatever explanations may be offered and accepted, there is in the picture *truth* even down to our own times, and I should do mischief by even seeming to suppress fact.

You have thought so much about this in your own great way, with so much power, and for so long, that I shall be very grateful for your advice. Of course I now must keep the book anyway, for myself.

Shall I put it in the Library, perhaps apart for the Professors?

I am sure you can find an amanuensis to send me your advice.

I am, my dear Mr. Gladstone,
Your grateful and affectionate
HENRY W. ACLAND.

HAWARDEN, *November* 16, '96.

MY DEAR ACLAND,

I have so often had experience of your liberality that I am in no way surprised at your offer for the shelves of St. Deiniol, nor have I any scruple in accepting it with thanks[1].

I have made a little further progress with the book. I do not think the author's intentions bad, but he does not inspire me with a high idea of his solidity or wisdom. I ought to mention that I find he has described me as the most zealous defender of orthodoxy but as deficient in knowledge, so that I am almost disqualified from entering the lists against him. He is extremely defective in the important business of *references*. He quotes (without any doubt) Venice as an example of progress from a most rude and miserable condition of the first founders of the great historical development. At one time I gave a little attention to this curious subject. There I found great reason to believe that the marine submersions of Venice were produced on the northern corner of the Adriatic, to make pleasant summer residences

[1] Acland appears in a letter which is not preserved to have offered a duplicate copy of the book for Mr. Gladstone's own library.

word may be coined. Accustomed from his earliest years to exact and receive implicit obedience, the awe which his presence inspired was tempered by a genial kindness of manner which extended to all who were brought into contact with him, whether equals or dependents. His manners have been described as 'regal in their measured graciousness and polish.' It was obvious that he had the habit of one used to deference and expecting it, 'but young people felt,' wrote one who knew him when herself a child, 'not so much fear of him as a sense of being kept in order which was never lost, the rather that his own children evidently felt it even more than others did.' 'His conversation,' adds the same authority, 'was in itself a liberal education, ranging over a wide extent of subjects, filled with a large experience of men and things, lighted up with an unequalled play of fancy, and, above all, keeping the listener almost unconsciously in that high and pure atmosphere of an elevated mind in which all things are seen on the upper sides.'

Mr. Gladstone was wont to describe Sir Thomas Acland as 'the finest gentleman in the West of England.' Lord Houghton bore testimony to his 'delightful social bearing' and coupled him with Sir Robert Inglis as possessing 'a combination of gaiety of temperament and earnestness of purpose which gave a peculiar charm to their public and private life.' In December, 1890, Sir Henry Acland sent to the aged Sir Harry Verney, his father's lifelong friend, a replica of the statue which, thirty years before, had been erected to Sir Thomas at Northern-hay, one of the public walks of Exeter, 'as a tribute of affectionate respect for private worth and public integrity.' He received the following answer:

You have sent me a very precious Birthday gift, my dear Acland, for I never cease recollecting your dear honoured Father, as supplying the example of what a country gentleman

for the rich men of the towns, and then that by degrees there was a movement outwards to get deeper water.

I have not found much that is original or striking, but it is one of the works that seem to have the tide in their favour, and that ought to be found in any library which goes back to the great question of *origines*.

We have lately returned from Penmaenmawr, and I can give an excellent account of my wife. Let me recommend the Blachford Letters; on the other hand the *padding* in Selborne's is something fearful, it will get down to 2s. a volume.

Yours truly,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

This was almost the end of his correspondence with Mr. Gladstone. During the previous year the veteran statesman, now finally removed from party strife, had been absorbed in the preparation of his Studies on Butler. The genesis of them perhaps is to be found in a letter written by him to Acland early in March, 1895.

CAP MARTIN.

MY DEAR ACLAND,

You have known Oxford intimately through a long and honoured life. There are three questions which I am about to put, once more presuming on your often experienced kindness.

1. Whom would you point out among living and accessible Oxford men as the man or men most conversant (*a*) with the works of Butler, (*b*) with their relation to the philosophies which were in possession of the field when he wrote his Analogy?

2. Paley, after considering the pain and suffering of the animal creation, gives a confident judgement that it is small relatively to the amount of enjoyment. Tennyson, on the other hand, says that Nature is red with ravin, tooth, and claw: and Romanes in his earlier work seems to adopt and expand this doctrine of Tennyson. What do the naturalists proper say upon it? Who is the best authority to consult?

in England may be, how much happiness and enjoyment he may diffuse around him, how he may encourage the right and discourage and oppose and very often worst the wrong. . . . I have told —— the sort of man your Father was, how joyous with his friends, what a centre of humorous, cheerful talk at the Club, in the Tea Room at the House of Commons, and what an earnestly religious man at the same time.

Great breadth of sympathy, an intense interest in philanthropic work, a high-minded independence in public life, and a widely diffused benevolence were the distinguishing features of his character. The feeling that an Acland could do no wrong might manifest itself in curious little ways, but it was held in check by that consciousness of the overriding presence of God's law which was with him daily and hourly. His impetuous temperament and unceasing volubility never detracted from the natural high breeding which came of long descent and careful training. Reared in a somewhat narrow school of religious thought, his position in society and in Parliament carried him into contact with every variety of practice and profession, and saved him from that rigid exclusiveness which was the failing of so many excellent folk among his contemporaries and in his own immediate circle. Queen Elizabeth was wont to say of the gentry of Devon that they 'were all born courtiers with a becoming confidence,' and Sir Thomas Acland would have answered to the description and won her heart.

The boy Baronet was sent to Harrow at an early age, and thence to Christ Church, where Cyril Jackson, greatest of Deans, was in the zenith of his rule. Sir Thomas graduated in 1808, his name was borne on the books of 'the House' till his death, and at the Commemoration of 1831 he received the compliment of an Honorary D.C.L. degree. On April 7, 1808, when just twenty-one, he married Lydia Elizabeth, the only daughter of Mr. Henry Hoare of Mitcham Grove. It was a marriage of pure affection, for the two had

What is your opinion? I should like to have known that of Owen.

3. I desire also to know whether this prevailed in the pre-human world? I do not call the *mere* devouring or absorbing of one creature by another ravin, for this *may* be no more than a very simple form of death: but I refer to severe or prolonged pain. On this I might perhaps ask Mr. Prestwich, with whom I have had a little correspondence, but I do not know whether when impertinently troubled he would be able to endorse it, nor have I his address at hand.

These troublesome questions mean more than they contain. The truth is that I have long meditated a new edition of Butler, intended (1) to facilitate and extend, or perhaps I might say a little to raise the study, and (2) to illustrate the principles, not by presuming to write essays of my own with (*sic*) the great Bishop, but in a separate, appended, and also drier volume. It is only within the last few days that I have found there is a recent edition of Butler published by the late Bishop Fitzgerald, a man of great ability. I have sent to Quaritch, the most effective man so far as I know, for it. It *may* put me off this present quest altogether, though I have already spent a good deal of labour.

I cannot press you for a very early answer, if you are good enough to answer at all. In about a fortnight I expect to be back at Hawarden for good. We are all thriving, thank God, on the Riviera climate (not yet fully clear of winter): Cannes did me great good, and dismissed the last remnant of an influenza which had kept its hold on me for eleven months. I hope you may be able to send a good account of your own and also of your brother's health.

Believe me, most sincerely yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

During the whole incubation of the work the two friends were in constant communication, and Acland was the means of submitting not a few points, where Mr. Gladstone felt in doubt, to the judgement of those Oxford men who were best qualified to resolve them. 'Death closeth all,' and the Ascension Day of 1898

been betrothed to one another long before it was deemed prudent for them to marry, and it remained an ideal union till severed by the death of Lady Acland in 1856.

Mitcham was the chosen meeting ground of a group of active philanthropists of whom Wilberforce and Henry Thornton were, perhaps, the most prominent. Mr. Hoare was himself one of the merchant princes who used to be quoted to illustrate the right use and enjoyment of an ample fortune. His house was ever open both to those whose merits would have been a passport to any society and to others who had little but misfortune or poverty to commend them. The tone of conversation was largely affected by the strong religious views entertained by host and guests alike, while the approaching fulfilment of the prophecies of Daniel and St. John gave constant occupation to those learned in forecasting times and seasons[1].

Bishop Jebb and his friend Alexander Knox were among the most honoured and constant members of the circle. The latter was one of those who belonged to the Evangelical school in the Church but who saw the need of a deeper theology, of a return to primitive antiquity, and of a widening of religious sympathies. As an Irishman and a former secretary to Lord Castlereagh he had formed strong views on all Irish questions, and when Catholic Emancipation rent the Tory party asunder, his influence over Sir Thomas Acland was a main factor in separating the latter from so many of his political allies and in inducing him to support the bill. His defection was much deplored

[1] It is not recorded whether Granville Sharpe was at these parties, though it is unlikely that so distinguished a member of the Clapham school was a stranger to Mitcham. The memorable interview in which he expounded to Charles Fox, by the aid of the Little Horn of Daniel, the future policy of Napoleon and the Czar is related in inimitable language by Sir James Stephen in his *Essays on Ecclesiastical Biography* (1875 edition, p. 544).

marked the termination of one of the most deeply prized of Acland's friendships.

His old companions were falling fast. In 1894 Canon Courtenay had passed away. In January, 1898, Dean Liddell died, and Ruskin's end came on January 20, 1900. In Acland's own family circle the gaps were becoming more frequent. His sister, Mrs. Mills, had died in 1895; she was followed in 1899 by his brother Leopold, and on May 20, 1898, Sir Thomas, in his ninetieth year, was gathered to his fathers. Loss of friends is one of the appointed trials of old age, but the stroke is tempered by the thought that the separation cannot be for long. The most affectionate of brothers, the most loyal and staunch of comrades, he scarcely missed them, as one by one they obeyed the silent summons which he himself was awaiting. 'In the old man,' writes Froude, 'nature has fulfilled her work: she loads him with her blessings; she fills him with the fruits of a well-spent life; and, surrounded by his children and his children's children, she rocks him softly away to a grave, to which he is followed with blessings.'

As late as 1899, though growing feebler year by year, Acland paid his accustomed visits to Killerton and to other West Country haunts, and to his son at Malvern. In the summer of that year he took a house on Boar's Hill, a mile or two from Oxford, where he could enjoy the view of the distant spires and towers, and could sit out in the garden among the birds, and, as the 'glimmering landscape' faded on the sight, drink in the sweet night air and watch the glow-worms. But the longing for home grew quickly on him, and after a few weeks he was moved back to Broad Street for the last time. He could still enjoy his daily drive, and often he would be wheeled in a wicker bath-chair by his old coachman into one of the College gardens or into the Parks where the sight of the Museum was a never-failing pleasure. He loved to watch the children at their play, and was never happier than when some

among his friends. A lady, whose memory of Sir Thomas is still vivid at a very advanced age, connects her childish introduction to him with the arrival, in a room where she happened to be alone, of a gentleman who displayed his visiting card and said: 'There now, I suppose you are taught to think me a very dangerous man because I think that to give a man a share in a house is not the way to make him burn it down.'

Indeed Sir Thomas Acland's political career was a chequered one. Returned for Devon County as a Tory in October, 1814, he attached himself to the school of Canning, but all his life claimed the liberty to act as an independent member. In 1818 he lost his seat to Lord Ebrington, and though returned again in 1820, 1826, and 1830, his championship of Catholic Emancipation, of the repeal of the Test Acts, and of the abolition of slavery caused much discontent among his Tory constituents. He was in favour of Parliamentary Reform, but voted for General Gascoyne's amendment which wrecked the first Reform Bill. This vote cost him dear, and he did not enter the Reformed House of Commons till 1837, when he was returned as Conservative member for North Devon. Thenceforward he sat without a contest until his final retirement from Parliamentary life in 1859.

Though his intimate associates were principally among those whose views were congenial to his own, and especially among the members of what was called the 'religious party,' he clung to his acquaintances, however divergent their opinions might be. With Scott and Southey, Miss Hannah More and Miss Edgeworth, he maintained an uninterrupted alliance. Nor would he ever consent to abandon his early friendship with those whom fate had carried into another camp.

In his Christ Church days he had been a member of a dining club which was continued in London after its members had gone down from the University. In 1813 this Christ Church club was made the nucleus of an

of his own grandchildren were gathered round him. Sometimes he would be wheeled down to the Cathedral when service was going on, and if he did not feel equal to taking his usual seat in the stalls, Francis, the Dean's verger, would place him in the vergers' seats. He would still make an occasional call on Professor Max Müller or the venerable Warden of New College. His intimacy with Miss Felicia Skene, dating from the cholera days of 1854, remained uninterrupted; and he delighted in seeing all and any of his old friends when they could find their way to Broad Street.

I shall not forget (writes Mrs. Holman Hunt), nor I hope will the memory grow dim of the last visits we paid him in Oxford, when, though enfeebled, his courteous kindness and strenuous interest in all things beautiful and of good report was as marked as it could have been in a man in the prime of life; his was a gracious spirit irradiating courtesy.

But though his intellectual interests remained keen, and his burning desire 'to be of use' was undimmed, his thoughts were concentrating more and more on that great change which every day was bringing nearer to him, and on that future which was soon to surrender all its mysteries. Acland was never a man who obtruded his religion on others, save by the example of a pious and godly life, and if I have dwelt but little on it in these pages, it is because I know that nothing would have been more distasteful to him than to drag into the light of day the inner workings of a devout and a contrite heart. It is not too much to say that from early boyhood every thought and action of his life was guided by religion; and to a chosen few, both in his letters and in conversation, he was wont to reveal the depths of spiritual feeling and a touching humility of faith. Two sayings of men whom he had loved and reverenced were often on his lips. Once in early days he had talked with Faraday on the probable employments of a future life, and the older man had broken an

institution 'adapted to the tastes of good society and destined to unite its members round the same dinner-table without reference to their political opinions during each session of Parliament[1].' Sir Thomas Acland and Sir Robert Inglis—member for Oxford University and the model of an old-fashioned High Tory—were with Mr. J. W. Fazackerly the practical founders of the reunion which, from its habit of dining every Wednesday while Parliament was sitting at Grillion's Hotel in Albemarle Street, received the name of 'Grillion's.' Among its original members were Stratford Canning, Reginald Heber, and Gally Knight, and down to the present day it has attracted the most distinguished names in every branch of English public life. Sir Thomas Acland's catholicity of thought and action, his comprehension, and enjoyment of difference of opinion made him a peculiarly acceptable member of the club. A silver reproduction of the statue erected to him at Exeter is among its treasures, and Lord Houghton has recorded an instance of his readiness and *bonhomie* which has become historical.

One Wednesday afternoon in the House of Commons the battle had raged with more than Parliamentary warmth over a section in an Irish bill introduced by Lord Morpeth which had by common consent been alluded to as 'the amended clause.' The protagonist on the opposition side had been Lord Stanley, the Rupert of debate; 'Grillion's' had already sat down to dinner when he entered, late and hurried, and without a word took the only unoccupied chair, which, as fate would have it, was next to Lord Morpeth, the fellow member with whom half an hour before he had been exchanging bitter personalities. There was an awkward hush, when Sir Thomas Acland, rising from his seat at the head of the table, pointed to a dish of dressed lobster and called out, 'Waiter, take that to Lord Stanley and Lord Morpeth. Lord Stanley, Lord

[1] Lane Poole's *Life of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe*, vol. i, p. 124.

interval of silence with the triumphant outburst: 'That which I know best and anticipate most is that I shall go to be with Christ.' At a later date, when William Donkin, the gentle and learned Professor of Astronomy, was slowly sinking under consumption, he had said to Acland, who was seated by his side: 'Were it not for Christianity I should not have cared to live.' The words of Faraday were written on the flyleaf of Acland's Bible; those of Donkin were quoted by him in one of the last of his published writings.

At one time or another Acland had been brought into contact with many types of religious thought, and with many men to whom creeds and formularies were sounds of little meaning. He had come under the spell of Newman, he had been the friend of Pusey and Liddon, of Stanley, and of Maurice; he had known and honoured James Martineau; he was on cordial terms with Huxley and Tyndall. But the faith which consoled and strengthened him in his last years was the same simple belief which he had learned under his father's roof. Regular attendance at public worship and participation in the Holy Communion were to him not merely a sacred duty, they were a necessity of his existence. Broad-minded and tolerant to all, he was essentially a son of the Church of England: her prayers, her ordinances, her spirit were the very fibre of his being. Let the sentences with which he closed his will stand as his last earthly confession:

And now with a deep sense of the mercy and goodness of God to me and mine through parents, children and friends, and by the saintly life of my dear wife gone before, I commit my soul to my Heavenly Father in the faith and love of Christ, and hope for forgiveness of my shortcomings in my holy profession; and I pray that the faithful study of all nature may in Oxford and elsewhere lead men to the knowledge and love of God, to faith and to charity, and to the further prevention and relief of the bodily and mental sufferings of all races of mankind.

Morpeth, the amended claws,' and the cloud passed away in Homeric laughter.

Sir Thomas Acland was blessed with a numerous family. His eldest son, another Thomas Dyke, was destined to an even longer life than his father, for he attained his ninetieth year, dying on May 29, 1898. Of 'Tom Acland' there will be constant mention in the course of this narrative, and his memory is still green with a number of those who shared the interests and pursuits of a singularly versatile career. His success in public life was hardly commensurate either with his great abilities or with the promise of his opening years. A double First at Oxford and an All Souls Fellowship were the prelude to his entrance into the House of Commons in early manhood, but his vote for the repeal of the Corn Laws cost him his seat and entailed a seclusion from Parliament for almost a generation (1846–1865). Failing to achieve distinction in politics he flung himself into other paths. He became a pioneer of scientific agriculture and sanitation, and of what used to be called Social Science. He was among the originators of the Oxford Local Examinations, of University Extension, of the Training Colleges for teachers in elementary schools. Long before the Act of 1871 he had got a clearer insight into the problems besetting primary and secondary education than many of our foremost educationalists have yet attained to. He enjoyed the lifelong friendship of Mr. Gladstone, whom he followed with unwavering fidelity, and his Parliamentary career closed in the great crash of July, 1886. It was said of him by a relative, 'Tom thinks so fast that none of us can keep up with him,' but he will always appear in these pages as the most warm-hearted of brothers and the truest of friends.

Arthur, the second son, who succeeded in middle life to the estates of Dr. Troyte and assumed that name under his will, possessed all the Acland versatility. As a draughtsman, he was the equal of professional archi-

The end was not far off. During the winter of 1899-1900 he was gradually 'wearing out.' Miss Acland, who for years had watched over him with a tenderness and a care such as only a devoted daughter can give, was now scarcely ever out of his sight; and, weak and enfeebled as he had become, he never failed to show that grateful appreciation of all that was done for him, which is so touching at the moment, so inexpressibly comforting in memory when the loved object has passed beyond the reach of earthly care.

The disasters that marked the early stages of the South African War affected him terribly. The only alleviation to his depression was the interest which he took in the agencies for providing for the widows and orphans, and for sending clothes and comforts to the troops. It brought back to his mind that Crimean winter when he and his wife had organized working parties and had appealed to the undergraduates for the gift of their flannels and boating-jerseys.

In September, 1900, it became an increasing fatigue to go upstairs, and a bed was made for him in the dining-room where he could lie looking out into his little garden. All the pictures and busts and curios were in their usual places, and he liked to have his favourite cast of Behnes' bust of Queen Victoria set close by him. During these last days the only wish that he ever expressed was that he might see 'his Queen' once more.

And when death came, it seemed to come robbed of all its terrors, *ἀβληχρὸς μάλα τοῖος*, 'ever so gently.' On October 16, there was a sudden failure; his doctor, Mr. Steedman, thought the end was at hand, and Admiral Acland, who was in London, and himself suffering from the effects of a serious accident, was telegraphed for. Sir Henry rallied a little, and was just able to recognize his dearly loved eldest son. But he never spoke again. Dean Paget pronounced the words of Committal from the Prayer Book, and Miss Acland could tell that her

tects, and he could carry out a building contract as if he had been brought up to the trade[1]. He was a musical composer of no small skill, and his *Liturgia Domestica* and *Daily Steps* were once favourite manuals of family devotion. He was profoundly attracted by the Oxford Movement, and went far with its leaders; and after his death, at the age of forty-four, his eldest brother could write of him to Mr. Gladstone: 'He has been a wonderful instance of Christian love, and united subjective and ecclesiastical religion in such intimate fusion as few have done since the early days of which you spoke to me at Hawarden.'

The next in succession were Charles Baldwin, who died at sea, a lieutenant in the Royal Navy; and Henry Wentworth, the subject of this memoir. Peter Leopold, the fifth son, took Holy Orders, became in due time Vicar of Broad Clyst and Prebendary of Exeter, and died in 1899. The sixth, John Barton, who still survives, emigrated to New Zealand, became the owner of a great sheep-run and member of the Legislative Assembly, and has built to himself a new Holnicote beyond the seas. A seventh son, Dudley Reginald, died when a schoolboy.

There were only two daughters of the marriage. Lydia, the eldest, who came between Tom and Arthur, was attacked when in the bloom of a singularly attractive girlhood by an insidious complaint which made her life a long martyrdom, ceasing only with her death in 1858. Agnes, the younger of the two, was destined to a different lot: she became the wife of Arthur Mills, for many years member for Exeter; and her happy and peaceful existence was only terminated in 1895.

The mother of this group of girls and boys was

[1] When open competition was invited for a design for the erection of the Hardy Monument at Bridport, the drawing which he sent in anonymously was chosen by the judges; and he subsequently erected the monument himself without the intervention of a contractor.

father was just conscious; then in a few moments all was over, and he had passed away without a pang.

On the 19th he was carried to his last resting-place by his wife's side in Holywell Cemetery, through streets lined by a hushed and sorrowing crowd. 'There was not a child in Oxford but knew him,' said one of the spectators. It was a beautiful autumn day, and the Oxford of which he was so proud had never looked fairer. One of Acland's favourite readings had been the Story of the Robins in Mrs. Gatty's *Parables from Nature*; and as the bier was borne to the graveside a little robin sang brightly its song of hope.

herself no ordinary figure. We have seen what were the surroundings of the home at Mitcham, which she left at so early an age to become the mistress at Killerton, the stately Devonshire seat of the Aclands. Carefully educated after the old-fashioned manner, and fitted to take her part in any society, she possessed the 'grand manner' in much the same degree as her husband, though her reserved and quiet nature presented a complete contrast to his vivacity and unceasing flow of conversation and anecdote. The strong influence which she exerted over him during the whole course of their married life was never claimed or exercised in public; and his chivalrous tenderness was only matched by the wifely deference which she never failed to pay him.

Though brought up in practically the same theological school as her husband, Lady Acland's opinions on many subjects were stricter and narrower. In particular, she held the strong views as to amusements and society in general which were the characteristics of the Clapham Sect. In her eyes to allow young people to dance or to see a play was a sinful compliance with the world; and time spent on secular literature, so far as it was not necessary to education or to the pursuit of a professional career, seemed a sinful misapplication of the talents entrusted to us. Mental cultivation was essential to a man's success in life, but she recognized no such necessity in a woman. 'What should she want to read beyond her Bible?' was Lady Acland's comment during a discussion as to the choice of books for a young woman condemned by prolonged ill-health to hours of seclusion and solitude.

Her husband's station as a territorial magnate, a politician, and a prominent figure in society, compelled her to associate with and accept as guests many persons of both sexes with whom she had little in common, and whom in some cases she must have regarded with strong disapproval. But her intimate friends were

strictly limited to those who agreed with her on the all-important matters. Such a standpoint is apt to introduce into the training of children a sternness of method and a rigid enforcement of the doctrine of rewards and punishments with which the present generation is unfamiliar. The abiding tribute to Lady Acland as a mother is to be found in the affection and reverence with which her sons and daughters regarded her to the last hour of her life. When, a few years before his own death, Sir Henry Acland was shown some collected reminiscences of his parents—to which the present writer is largely indebted for the substance of the preceding pages—he wrote: 'It just gives a faint sketch, an idea of what my father's children owe to the Paradise in which there was nothing but one's own nature to dim the scene or check the teaching.'

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CHAPTER II

EARLY DAYS—HARROW—CHRIST CHURCH

1815-1837

HENRY WENTWORTH ACLAND was born at Killerton, on August 23, 1815. When created a Baronet in 1890, he was described in the patent, under the direction of Sir Albert Woods, as 'Dyke Acland,' but the additional appellation was not conferred upon him at his baptism; and in the case of his sons—all of whom bear the name of 'Dyke'—it is in each instance a Christian name received at the font. Sir Henry to his dying day never used any initials but H. W. A., and it is possible that he considered the 'Dyke' to be part and parcel of his heritage, to which he could lay claim or not, as he pleased[1].

He was, as we have seen, the fourth son and fifth child of his parents. The early sayings and doings of the younger members of a large family are seldom chronicled with the care which is devoted to those of the firstborn, and there does not appear to have been anything very remarkable about the childhood of Henry Acland. There is a letter from his mother to 'My dear little Henry,' dated September, 1820, which mentions the fact that he was not then able to write to her, or old enough to learn: 'Had you been able, I should have thought you a very inattentive and thoughtless boy for not doing so.' As all the words, however, are

[1] The name of Wentworth was a compliment to a certain Mr. William Wentworth under whose will the manor of Selworthy, together with an estate in Cornwall, had devolved upon Sir Thomas Acland, the seventh Baronet: the choice lay between that name and 'Hofer,' in remembrance of the gallant leader of the Tyrolese rising, for whom Sir Thomas had conceived an unbounded enthusiasm.

laboriously printed, we may conclude that the recipient was already able to read. And he must have begun serious studies at a fairly early age; for there is preserved a letter in large, childish characters, emerging from between half-erased pencil lines, 'Ad Thomam Acland Militem,' which runs, 'O carissime pater, videas multos felices annos et ameris ab omnibus liberis tuis et praecipue a tuo obediente et amante filio Henrico Wentworth Acland 30 Martii 1822.'

Many years later, Ruskin wrote of Henry Acland: 'He quietly showed me the manner of life of English youth of good sense, good family, and enlarged education.' And, though the words refer to the time when they were undergraduates together at Christ Church, they fitly describe the atmosphere in which the young Aclands were steeped from childhood. Education was not neglected, though the instruments of instruction may have been somewhat old-fashioned; but the free breezy intercourse of brothers and sisters, the careful watchfulness of highly cultivated parents, and all those little pleasures which make life in the country a Paradise to children, were the forces that moulded the various members of that happy household into what they afterwards became. Whether at 'beautiful Killerton, with its mighty trap rocks, forest scenery, wild ponies and red deer,' or at Holnicote[1], the much-beloved holiday

[1] The old thatched house at Holnicote was burnt down in August, 1851. This is how Acland describes the surrounding country in a letter to his affianced wife: 'Our happy valley is one which, lying on the north coast of Somersetshire, opens towards the west upon the Bristol Channel. It is about three miles in length, and the breadth of the beach about two and a half. The north side is protected from the sea by a range of hills from Minehead to Hurlstone Point, very steep and sometimes precipitous towards the sea, clothed with heath and pasture at the top and seaward, but covered towards the valley with turf on the top, furze on the brow, and plantations in the middle region. The lower parts merge into the meadows and arable ground of the valley. The height of North Hill is from 800 to 1,200 feet. A lower range

home on the borders of Exmoor, there was everything which the heart of boyhood could desire. All the little industries which are essential to the management of an estate, the forge, the smithy, the carpenter's shop, were utilized as part of the practical training which the young Aclands underwent from childhood. Many years afterwards, in a pamphlet[1] dedicated 'to my Father, who taught me both to work and play,' Henry recalled the value of the habits thus acquired: 'I never look but with reverence on the features of an aged carpenter, now fourscore, with whom, encouraged by the family laws of my father's house, I used to work in my boyhood.' To these early lessons must be attributed much of that manual dexterity and neatness which he was afterwards to display, alike in his physiological preparations and in the contrivance of ingenious book-shelves and cabinets for the Radcliffe Library.

Life at Killerton and Holnicote was diversified by visits to Sir Thomas Acland's house in Pall Mall, and to Mr. Hoare at Mitcham. It was not an age which encouraged 'coddling,' and boys, whatever their station or prospects, had to rough it in a way to which the present generation are little accustomed—a system which seems to have resulted in the survival of the fittest, for there must have been many who broke down by the way. From Exeter or Minehead to London was a far cry, but in their schooldays the young Aclands were wont to accomplish the journey under the conditions that are immortalized in the account of Tom Brown's first coach-ride to Rugby. There were no

runs across towards Dunkerry on the south to shut in the valley from the land. Dunkerry is nearly 1,700 feet, and has at its foot the parish of Luccombe with a Perpendicular church. Two deep valleys run up into it, Horner and Sweeteray; these have a beautiful mountain stream rushing over stones and rocks, steep sides covered with old forest trees. Dunkerry merges into the wild heights of Exmoor. Blackgame abound, but are less plentiful than formerly.'

[1] *Health, Work, and Play.* 1856.

rugs or indulgences of that sort, and the guard would often have to lift the little fellows down from the box because their legs were numb with cold.

Sir Thomas Acland had his own ideas of combining fortitude with obedience. On one occasion two or three of the boys, including Henry, were accompanying their parents to London in the family travelling-carriage. At the last stage from the metropolis a halt had been called, and when Sir Thomas came to the door of the inn to resume the journey he found the rumble in the temporary occupation of his offspring. Whether such a proceeding was actually forbidden or merely discouraged does not appear, but the parental action was prompt. 'Hullo, boys, who asked you to get in there?' They scrambled out, and he added, 'As you don't care for the inside of the carriage you had better walk': and the unlucky lads had to finish the rest of the way on foot.

It is also related how, one winter evening at Killerton, Sir Thomas wanted a message carried to a house distant some three or four miles away. It was a pouring wet night, blowing a hurricane, and there was no servant available—tradition adds that the weather was too bad to send any of them out. The matter was urgent, and Henry and his brother Arthur, both young boys, undertook the errand. On their return they found their father nursing a brew of raspberry vinegar or some such soothing compound to warm them before going to bed. Suddenly a thought struck him: 'Which of you boys remembered to shut the gate at the end of the drive?' There was a guilty silence, back went the posset on to the hob, and, drenched as they were, the two started off again through wind and rain for the gate, which stood at least a mile away from the house.

Yet 'those hardy days flew cheerily,' and left nothing behind but a flood of happy memories. Writing from Holnicote on Christmas Day, 1845, Henry Acland gives a glimpse of the life of his boyhood:

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I awoke this morning not much before sunrise. There was the same view I had seen from childhood, out of the same windows; the bed-cover the same, the same shabby furniture, the same rickety table and dull looking-glass; and before long I heard the distant chords of the same voices that, joining in with the rude bass of the parish clerk, sang carols in the cold morning. It was dark indeed, and all was just as I had known it. It was Arthur's room when I was a boy, for many years mine. When he was there I shared with Baldwin the next one. But Baldwin is in heaven enjoying his Carol of Redemption, and my youngest brother has succeeded to his little possessions. Some things here are changed. None of us are what we were. The fiddle is older and more mellow. The singers are more gruff. The evergreen is darker green. My father more bright, more cheerful, further removed from the death of his children, nearer heaven.

And the writer adds a touch characteristic of the simple life which the member for North Devon led among his own people:

I have just come down from our little church to the Parsonage, where we always lunch. Roast beef (the under side), plum-pudding, and table ale. The parson is old and infirm, a mild scholar; calls every one of us 'Sir,' whom he has known from babyhood upwards. When we are at Holnicote he comes to service, sleeps and breakfasts, and then goes about the parish. But he seldom does much now. When he does he gives pennies to the boys without looking at them. They walk behind him and pick them out of his turned-back hand. It is like feeding little sparrows.'

Henry Acland began his school career in May, 1824, at an establishment kept by Mr. Roberts at Mitcham, which was transferred during the last few months of his time to Brighton. Mr. Roberts is described as 'gentlemanly, but extremely severe'; and Dr. Pusey, who had been his pupil in an earlier generation, gives some instances of his Draconian discipline[1]. A large mass

[1] *Life of Pusey*, vol. i, p. 9.

of letters are preserved relating to those distant days, some of them formal and decorous documents written evidently under the master's eye, others mere scrawls redolent of the playground. Now it is an announcement of the approaching holidays, now a request for money to join in a birthday gift to Mr. Roberts. 'I have observed ever since I have been under Mr. R.'s care that whenever any boy has left his school they were always sent by their parents a handsome present to give to Mr. R., and they always give one on his birthday.' In one letter there is a naïve apology, which schoolboys will appreciate, for addressing Lady Acland as 'Mother' instead of 'Mamma': 'Excuse my saying Mother, for one of the boys was looking over.'

In another addressed to his brother Baldwin, by this time a midshipman stationed off the Cape of Good Hope, the writer records with too evident satisfaction the misfortunes of a relative at Eton who had been flogged twice in one day and been turned down from the Remove, and in consequence is duly rebuked for telling tales. In a letter to his sister Lydia there is a business-like passage, rather at variance with the unmethodical habits that were characteristic of him in later life. He had apparently asked his younger brother Leopold to make some purchases for him, and had been met with the request for the money, for he replies that Miss Hill, his sister's governess, has £1 15*s.* 6*d.* of his, and encloses 'a draft to Miss Hill, if you will please to give it her.'

July 21, 1827. Miss Hill & Co.

Henry Acland would be obliged to Miss Hill to pay to Leopold Acland the sum of seven shillings and sixpence to buy certain articles with for myself.

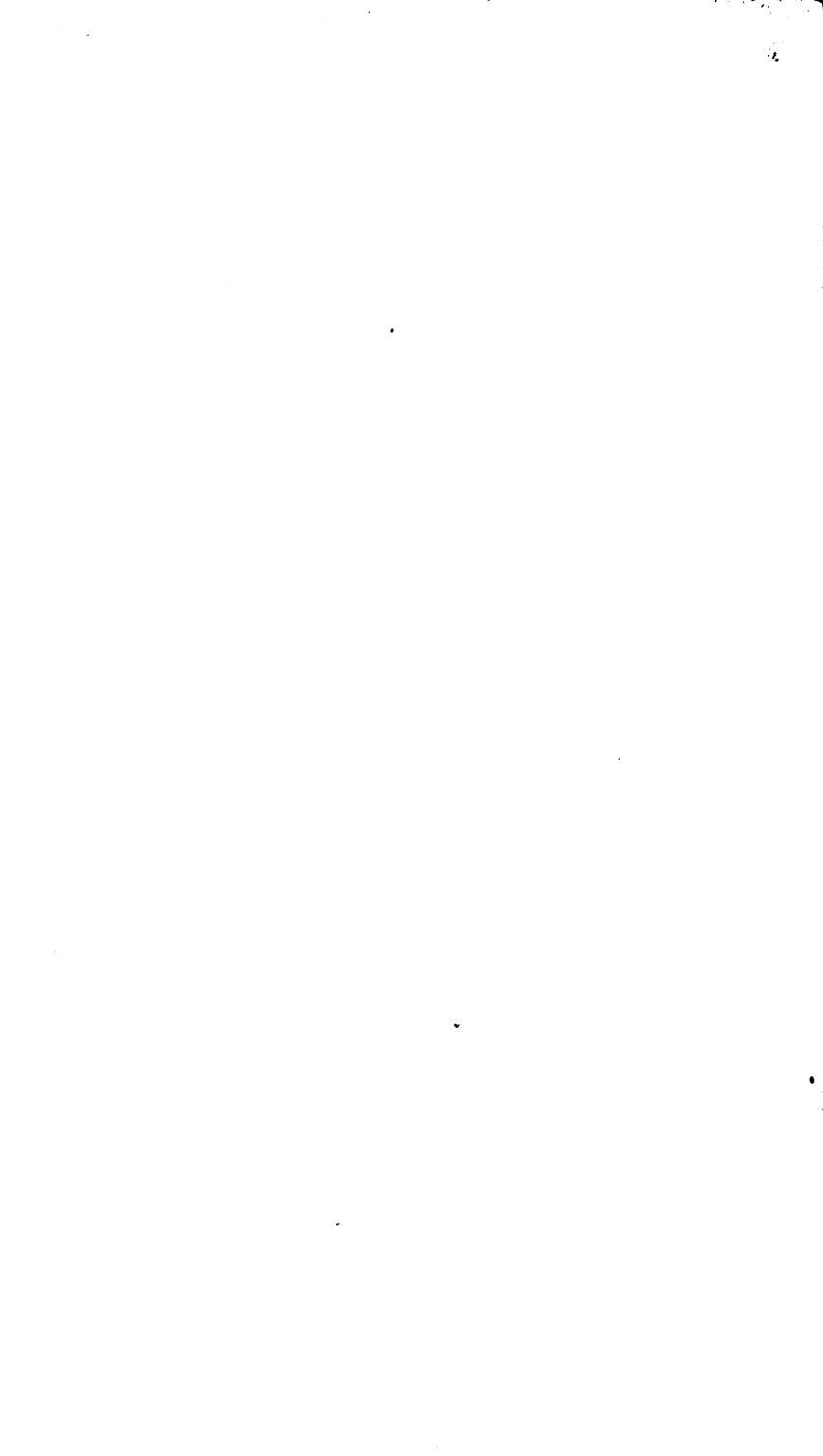
7*s.* 6*d.* Your humble servant,

HENRY ACLAND.

Writing to his mother after the school had removed to Brighton he relates how, while walking up and down on the Brunswick Terrace, describing to one of the

masters 'with all possible emphasis the beauties of the hermitage and rock at Killerton, the poplar house at Allerford, and Hurlstone Point,' he had run over and knocked into the road an eighteen-quart milkpail, filled with new milk, and had had to pay ten shillings for it. 'I am,' he adds, 'really I think the most unfortunate of boys; I am completely *agitatus fatis.*'

The whole correspondence speaks to a hearty and unrestrained freedom of intercourse, not only between brothers and sisters but between parents and son, which reflects the bright side of a somewhat strict bringing-up. If there is not any very great indication of devotion to study, there are signs of a happy, healthy disposition, full of life and spirits, and with no disinclination to mischief. Of this latter propensity an illustration was to be given which narrowly failed of ending in a domestic tragedy.

The latter part of the summer holidays of 1827 were spent by the boys at Holnicote, and during the temporary absence of Sir Thomas and Lady Acland at Killerton they were placed under the charge of Capt. the Hon. Matthew Fortescue, R. N., who was married to their grand-mother, the widow of the ninth Baronet. It need hardly be said that gunpowder was strictly forbidden to youths of their ages; but Arthur and Henry Acland both possessed inquiring minds, and the unfortunate idea occurred to them of exploding a train of that combustible to see if it would frighten the horse of the old steward, Mr. Birmingham. The train was duly fired, but, as has befallen on many a graver field, the mine did not at once ignite. Henry was dispatched by his brother to try and discover what was wrong, and, as he arrived on the spot, the gunpowder went off and enveloped him in a cloud of smoke. When it cleared away the young engineer was not only hoist with his own petard, but so disfigured that for the moment the old maidservant who rushed out on the scene could not tell which of the boys was the sufferer, and it was not until the victim

was being put to bed that it was discovered that his right foot was even more severely injured than his face.

The horror and distress of Sir Thomas and Lady Acland were divided between the injury inflicted on their son and the disobedience which had caused it, and the following letter is worth quoting at length as an illustration of the tone which Sir Thomas could adopt towards his children when they had deserved reproof:

MY DEAREST HENRY,

The half-finished letter that I mentioned to you in my last I am sorry to say that I must now begin again, and I am sorry too that I have kept you waiting so long for our opinion on the fearful business in which you have been so largely both an actor and a sufferer; but I have not always my time at my command. Now as to your fault, for such it has been, and a great one too, I do not mean to reproach or reprove you; first because we are really exceedingly grieved for all your sufferings, and secondly because in these sufferings you have received an ample punishment. You perhaps may have thought it too ample for the offence; but that would be very wrong, because in the first place I am sure you have far more reason to thank God for sparing you as much as He has than to be impatient under what has befallen you. For indeed but for His mercy, which I hope you see and acknowledge most gratefully, you might have been blown into the air or lost your eyes, and never recovered entirely. Besides which, whatever measure either of comfort or of privation we receive from our Maker ought to be sufficient for us, who have nothing and are nothing of ourselves. 'Shall I receive good at the hand of the Lord and shall I not receive evil?' says the Scripture.

But another truth you are, I think, able to understand, and if you use it rightly, it may be of some service to you. It often pleases God that the mere natural consequences of any bad or careless action should become its punishment. Many and many times He preserves us from them, but not always, and at length when He leaves us to ourselves just to take the consequences of our conduct, the case is generally as irretrievable as it is awful. Now in this case of yours you

knew that we forbid our children of your age, or near it, the use of gunpowder; you knew your grandfather to be very particular about it; and you knew further that you were specially in honour to be on your behaviour with him during our absence. Now you were fully aware that should you offend against those rules, you would *deserve* some punishment, that if you should be detected you would probably experience it; but I suspect you were not aware one of the reasons why we enforce such rules and punish the breach of them is that *we* know by our bitter experience that, if instead of our detecting and punishing you, you should be left to suffer the natural consequences of your own conduct, those consequences might be a far heavier and more tremendous punishment than any we should inflict. In fact our rules and our punishments are always intended to prevent if possible not only misconduct but its awful consequences. You have had pretty good experience of this. If you are wise you will profit by it, not only with respect to gunpowder—I do not expect you will get into that scrape again—but with respect to all the injunctions of your parents or others who are kind enough to warn or instruct you, seeing that they are certainly intended for your good, to preserve you from some harm, the natural consequences of disobedience. This natural consequence, I repeat, is God's own appointment, and a most just one, since He has given us reason and laws and revelations to enable us to avoid it if we choose. And this truth goes much further than perhaps yet occurs to you. It holds good with respect to all the commands of our heavenly still more even than of our earthly parents, and affects all our happiness not only here but hereafter. The consequence of a wicked life, of many bad actions, certainly will be eternal misery. God gives us His laws to obey here, and often punishes us for disobedience; but only in great mercy to prevent that awful consequence which must otherwise happen in another world if not in this. If we are wise too we attend to His first gracious warnings or lighter punishments, and by His mercy we shall be saved from worse; but if not, if we choose to go on perversely our own way and that a hard one, He will surely at last leave us to ourselves, and as surely we

shall fall into the necessary consequences of our own courses, whether it please God to interfere with a special punishment or not.

In the case of your gunpowder no human power could be of any avail. The thing was done past recall in an instant; you have suffered enough, I know. I am sorry, very sorry for it; but I could not prevent it. Had you not done what you knew to be wrong it would not have happened; but you yielded to the temptation, you thought it would be of no great consequence; but you were mistaken, and you see the result, and God be thanked it was no worse. Suppose you had been blinded for life! you could hardly tell whether you were or not. A less quantity of powder might have blinded you, a much larger certainly would. Oh, my dear Henry, you have very much to be thankful for to God, who mercifully remembered you when you forgot Him yourself. You have had one very awful escape—you cannot expect another. Be thankful then and wise enough to be obedient and to have some command over yourself in any other temptation you may meet with. You owe a life to God so to conduct yourself that you may really deserve it. It is a good thing to 'remember your Creator in the days of your youth.'

Now I have sent you a long sermon, it is that such a lesson may not be thrown away. You see I have not expressed displeasure. I have given you the advice of experience and affection, of a father and a friend; and I give it so much now because I cannot think you so callous as not to be warmly open to the impression. I sincerely hope that in future you will cause but little more pain either to us or to yourself.

One word more and I have done. You owe one atonement to your Grandfather[1].

[1] This letter is a sample of the prolixity which characterizes the Acland correspondence. The gift of terse and concise statement, even if possessed, was seldom exercised on paper. Allowance must be made for the habits of a time when 'a letter was a letter,' but it cannot honestly be said that their value is quite in proportion to their length. Out of an enormous mass of Sir Thomas Acland's letters which I have had before me this is one of the few which is legible from beginning to end. His impetuous dis-

Here the letter breaks off, but one is inclined to hope that Captain Fortescue may have deemed that the bodily suffering to which the little boy had been subjected was atonement enough in itself. He was lame for many months, and a considerable period elapsed before he was able to leave his bed or have the bandages removed from his eyes. To this must be added a good deal of unnecessary torture at the hands of the local practitioner who was called in to minister to the culprit. The first time that he was taken for a drive, they passed a cottage whose window bore a notice 'Mangling done Here,' which prompted him to ask if it meant that the house belonged to a doctor. It was some time, however, before he was allowed to feel that his transgression had been fully pardoned at home; and there is still preserved more than one pathetic letter to his parents, imploring their forgiveness.

In September, 1828, he was sent to Harrow, and he remained there till Easter, 1832. It was the exception rather than the rule in the society which met under Mr. Hoare's roof at Mitcham to expose their sons to the risks of a public-school education. Only a few years earlier William Wilberforce had written to his son Samuel:

I know that this is often one of the consequences of a youth's being at a great school, especially if his parents are pious, that he has one set of principles and ways of going

position made him dispense with sand or blotting-paper, and the sheet was turned over, wet or dry. It is related that when his daughter, Mrs. Mills, brought to him in despair a long letter she had received just after her marriage, not a word of which she could decipher, he refused somewhat testily to assist her, saying that it was his business to write and hers to read. The task, indeed, was beyond his powers. On the other hand Dean Liddell, when returning in 1890 to Miss Acland a letter from one of Sir Henry's sons, remarks: 'There has been a gradual declension of handwriting from your grandfather through your father to your brother.'

on in all respects at school and another at home. But it is chiefly for the very purpose of providing against this double system that pious parents do not like to send their children to public schools[1].

But Sir Thomas Acland was himself an old Harrovian[2]. His eldest son had crowned his career at Harrow by winning the Peel Medal and becoming head of the school. His second son, Arthur, had passed three years there before going to Christ Church; and Sir Thomas saw no reason why Henry should not follow in the family footsteps.

Dr. George Butler was then at the close of his head mastership, and he was succeeded in the following year by Longley, destined to become in succession Bishop of Ripon and Durham, Archbishop of York and Canterbury. It must be owned that William Wilberforce and other like-minded parents had only too good a cause for their apprehensions, and that life at a public school in the first quarter of the last century, and for many years later, was a fiery ordeal from which it was not granted to all comers to emerge unscathed. For the special causes which were operating at this time to the disadvantage of Harrow, and for an excellent description of the school and its *alumni* during Henry Acland's residence there, the reader may be referred to the recently published work of Mr. Howson and Mr. Warne[3].

[1] *Life of Bishop Wilberforce*, vol. i, p. 16. Without any disrespect to the great bishop's memory it is difficult not to feel that a public-school education, with all its admitted faults, might have saved him from more than one error in judgement in after life.

[2] He had been first at a preparatory school at Neasden, where Reginald Heber was among the pupils. The master appeared one morning with a little ruddy black-headed boy of eight, and informed the school 'that they had several lords for companions, but never before an eight-year-old baronet in his own right; and he trusted that they had benefited enough by his tuition to appreciate the privileges which a kind Providence now accorded them.' Then he went away, and the assembly signified their appreciation in the manner customary among schoolboys.

[3] *Harrow School*, chapters ix and x.

He was placed under the care of the Rev. W. W. Phelps, teacher of the Under Shell, who had recently opened a small boarding-house at Byron House, whence in 1831 he migrated to 'The Park,' where the number of his pupils largely increased. He is described as a good disciplinarian, 'a man of calm, equable, and perhaps rather cold temperament; not wanting in firmness, but never roused to anything like anger.' He appears to have been a judicious and kindly house-master, and perfectly frank with Sir Thomas as to the flaws which he detected in his pupil's demeanour. He had to lament in his earliest letter that 'the transition from the restraints of Mr. Roberts to the latitude necessarily given to boys at a public school is the occasion of irregularity quite unusual to a new-comer . . . you will have learnt from him that he and Mr. Butler cannot agree on the subject of his repetition lessons. Your son finds more than ordinary difficulty in getting lessons by heart; but he appears to have persuaded himself that this is the case with him to an extent which Mr. Butler cannot recognize consistently with a due observance of discipline.'

It cannot be said that his Harrow days were a part of Henry Acland's career on which he ever looked back with much satisfaction or happiness. He rose to be a monitor[1], and attained to the privilege of making a speech on his last speech-day (June 1, 1831); but his health while 'on the Hill' was never robust and was the cause of his leaving at the age of seventeen, and thus losing that last year at school which to so many boys

[1] An entry in the *Harrow Register* describes him as being in the Football XI and 'winner of the Champion Racquet.' Mr. C. M. Dauglish, one of the editors, assures me that the entry is an obvious error, since neither the Football XI nor the Racquet Championship were in existence till many years afterwards. But Acland was a keen player of racquets at school, and of fives at Oxford, and he seems to have carried off some trophy or other at the former game.

compensates for all they have gone through in their apprenticeship.

It is plain that he by no means succeeded in giving complete satisfaction to those placed in authority over him, though he won and retained the affection of Dr. Longley and of his house-master, Mr. Phelps. On the other hand, there are allusions in his letters to the 'blackguardism of Harrow,' and there are extant in a boyish hand some 'Lines written by H . . . A . . . d on going to Harrow and being Surprised at the Habits of the Boys there, 1828 A.D.'

See truth and love aloof in sky,
Above mankind suspended high;
See truth from youthful blossoms blown
And cast afar in shores unknown.

Oh! what hours of bliss I spent
In childish innocence content,
When sin afar from my young mind
Was driven like the fleeting wind.

But now, alas, in this sad realm
I strive to mourn and mourn in vain;
I fain would act the Christian's part
And banish Satan from my heart.

But I like other sinners tread
The path by small temptations spread,
Nor trust in Him who died to save
Repentant mortals from the grave.

Among his contemporaries at Harrow who attained distinction in after years may be mentioned the younger Benjamin Brodie, the Hon. 'Bob' Grimston, Lord Bessborough, the brothers Karslake (John and Edward), Lord Mark Kerr, Prothero, afterwards Canon of Westminster, George Butler, afterwards Canon of Winchester, and Hugh, afterwards the third Earl Fortescue; but his chief ally was Hugh Pearson, subsequently Canon of Windsor, and the intimate and

trusted friend of Dean Stanley. The tone of their letters, after Acland had left Harrow, shows that the two were in the habit of opening their hearts to one another on subjects more serious than those which generally occupy the correspondence of boys of eighteen. And there is a passage in one of them which suggests that Acland, if he had completed his full course at Harrow, might have looked back with more pleasure to his schooldays. He had apparently suggested to his friend the advisability of joining him at his tutor's in Cornwall for a year, to which Pearson replies:

> There was a time when I would have jumped at the idea to get away from *hated* Harrow, but I cannot say this now. I think going anywhere now and leaving Harrow would be foolishness downright, losing almost the only time while we are at school of gaining any good, viz. while under the dear Doctor[1]. And besides, I cannot get over the idea that not any private tutor, however good, would make up the place of the public school. Competition is everything. I could not, I really could not, get courage to leave Harrow now prematurely. I have such an affection for the place. I have fairly come to the conclusion that it is worth passing three years or more coming through the lower school, if you did not learn anything, to have your last year or so with Longley.

Acland's health, which had been more or less unsatisfactory for some time, broke down completely at the beginning of 1832. The state of his heart gave cause for much anxiety, and anything like over-excitement was pronounced to be highly pernicious. It was decided to remove him from Harrow at Easter, and for the moment he was sent to the house of his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hoare, at Morden, that he might continue a course of bleeding and blistering at the hands of his doctor, Mr. John Greenwood. While there he wrote a letter to his elder sister which serves to show the fascination already cast upon him by the profession which he was afterwards to adopt.

[1] Pearson became head of the school in 1834.

MY DEAREST LYDIA,

You know my old desire of being a physician, which Papa did not approve of when I mentioned it once at Easter in town. And when he said it would never suit me I gave up all thoughts of it. Now the army was my only choice and I, thinking that I might do well in it, mentioned it. But now that I have fallen in the way of my old love I cannot give it up. I shall try again, and if Papa does not now think me steady enough why I will settle on the army. I should much prefer the other, and as I think it can do nobody any harm to know something of it, I have been prosecuting the study with vigour, and, under the kind assistance of my old acquaintance, Mr. Greenwood, I am likely I hope to know something of it before I leave Morden. If ever I were to become a physician, a little foundation would be useful, and I have begun regular notes, &c., and now know something about the osteology part of anatomy or the science of bones.

Mr. Greenwood gives me all the help that he can, and I beg you not to say anything about him, since all such things are done in a sort of honour not to mention them unless you study, I suppose, at a regular school. I am sure nothing is more calculated than this study to show to us the frail nature and composition of man, and the great and incomprehensible wisdom of God in His works. It would delight anybody to see the structure, the complicated mechanism of the bones, and how much more wonderful must be the blood-vessels dispersed in every part of the body. To give you an idea of the structure of the hand, for instance, there are twenty-seven different bones in each hand, and there is one bone in the head united by all the tendons and fastenings like those of the largest bone in the body, not bigger than a small pin's head.

Excuse me this, but I cannot help mentioning it; the pleasure I take in it is useful, as it keeps me sedentary, which is the principal thing for me now.

In September he was sent as a private pupil to the Rev. Thomas Fisher, with whom his eldest brother had read for a while before proceeding to Oxford. Mr. Fisher himself was a Cambridge man, a friend of

Whewell, and Sedgwick and Airy, in love of science before his time, and a devoted admirer of Wordsworth, an enthusiasm which he communicated to his pupils[1]. He was then incumbent of Roche in Cornwall, a mining parish in the midst of high moors, situated between Bodmin and Truro, one of the wildest spots in that wild country. He was subsequently presented by Sir Thomas Acland to the living of Luccombe, near Holnicote, and he remained to the end of his days in intimate relations with the whole family. Years afterwards Henry Acland wrote of him: 'His mind is full of the largest piety, his heart of the warmest and most comprehensive love, and his head stored with the most varied knowledge. There is no one whose conversation upon the whole is so agreeable to me, for I love the man. And though he is not very accurate, nor very learned, yet he is full of suggestive and expanding thoughts.'

In such an environment it might have been thought that life would have passed smoothly and happily, but his letters, during the earlier part, at any rate, of his time with Mr. Fisher, leave a contrary impression. He failed to conceive a liking for his fellow pupils[2], and a domestic upheaval in the village society, in which he sided chivalrously but rather indiscreetly with those who were suffering for no fault of their own, did not tend to smooth matters. Although his health improved rapidly on the Cornish moorlands, and there was a cessation of the morbid activity of the heart, the illness had left traces which were to be felt for many a long

[1] 'The first volume I bought out of my little allowance,' wrote Acland, 'was Wordsworth's Poems. From them I drew the sense of the beautiful and spiritual in Nature such as till then no poet had ever sung.'

[2] In a letter to the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, Acland says, 'I remember my old tutor, who said he was overdone by his two pupils. Then at Christmas there appeared *four*. "Well," said he to a critical friend, "you see the two combined against me, and now the four fight together and I look on."'

day. Bodily weakness had reacted on his spirits. His most intimate letters betray profound dissatisfaction with himself, with his surroundings, with his past. He seems to have felt, and probably not without justice, that he had by no means made the best use of his time at Harrow, and that his parents had only too good grounds for doubting the stability of his character and the strength of his good resolutions. Some years afterwards he wrote to his father:

Aug. 31, 1845.

The early part of my life was wasted in frivolous indolence; my conscience was dimmed; the perception of 'the beauty of holiness' and the simple love of what is excellent after its kind was I trust, though dormant, not extinguished. I remember, I cannot write without tears, with what intense bitterness I have prayed, 'Make me a clean heart, O God, renew a right spirit within me, cast me not away from Thy presence,' and I believe my prayers have not been unanswered.

It was in this frame of mind that the barrier of reserve which so often keeps elder and younger brothers apart was first broken down, and that Henry Acland entered upon those close terms of intimacy with his brother Tom which were to endure until death parted them. It was to him that he first opened his heart on all the various matters which made life seem so gloomy, and it was from him that he received words of wise and affectionate counsel, mingled on occasion with outspoken reproof. Nor was the obligation all on one side, for in his diary for 1835 Thomas Acland makes this entry: 'Thank God for the comfort which Henry is to me.'

It is clear that even in these days the width of sympathy and universality of interest which were such a strong feature in Henry Acland's character, had begun to manifest themselves to an extent which caused more uneasiness than approval among those about him, and

the words which Mr. Fisher addressed to him some years later were founded on observation made during this time of pupilage:

I trust you are taking definite means to limit and distribute your own exertions, and that this may be affected really to make the best of your time both for body and mind. And you may in the meanwhile be cultivating the habit of method and system which are so essential to the skilful economy of all our resources[1].

In illustration of his activities outside the strictly educational sphere I may quote the following extract from a letter to Miss Hill, the old Killerton governess:

I have had here more sick people to doctor than half the regular practitioners, all the parish having the influenza, and I have an admirable character, all my patients except one having fared very well. It is as much almost as I can do to make up the medicine for all and see half every day.

Moreover the charm of romantic scenery and the fascination of natural history had laid firm hold of him. Sir John Herschel's *Introduction to Natural Philosophy* and Mary Somerville's *Connection of the Physical Sciences* successively came into his hands. Though in 1834 he prepared the diagrams for Dr. Buckland's Edinburgh address to the British Association[2], it does not appear how far he had as yet begun to find pleasure in brush or pencil. But in March, 1833, he writes that he has abandoned the flute, and is learning the violoncello to assist in swelling the harmony in the church at Perran, whither Mr. Fisher had now migrated. 'I bought one for fifteen shillings, and play occasionally to the organ already.'

Moreover Sir Thomas Acland had lost his seat in Parliament, and was now enjoying freedom from some

[1] Dean Liddell was wont to put it more tersely, 'Acland, your universality will be your ruin.'

[2] *Life of Dean Buckland*, p. 31.

of the more pressing cares of public life. The purchase of a yacht was one consequence of his leisure, and in the spring of 1834 he became the owner of a beautiful schooner of 160 tons, built at Dartmouth for the fruit trade, and christened by him *The Lady of St. Kilda* in honour of his wife, who was almost the first English lady to land on that island—a feat accomplished by her in a small open boat as far back as 1810.

The yacht contained accommodation not only for Lady Acland and her daughters, but for four of the boys as well. The details were worked out by Baldwin, now a lieutenant in the King's Navy, who gives his brother an amusing description of the difficulties of a naval architect *vis-à-vis* with so masterful a figure as Sir Thomas Acland.

I'm sending you the plan on the other side; I would by no means have you to expect that you will find it as it is there marked out, as 'the authorities' are coming down here on Thursday next to look at the vessel, and will in all probability, for the sake of keeping up the character of the family, make various alterations.

And there follows a somewhat irreverent allusion to his father, who 'would make the most absurd propositions, and then out came the pencil, compasses, and I Euclid, Prop. 47, and my poor unfortunate plan became so lined and interlined and crossed over that neither himself, much less me, could make out anything of it.'

The régime on the yacht was stern, but on board of her many delightful excursions were made up the coast of Scotland and in the Mediterranean, and the friendship between Henry and Captain Fairfax Moresby, R. N., who was Sir Thomas's trusted right hand on all matters nautical, had an important bearing on the career of the former. Nor was this his first essay as a yachtsman. In the previous summer he had accompanied his father in a cruise on *The Vansittart* up St. George's Channel to Dublin, and then down again, across the Bay of Biscay,

touching at numerous towns on the coast of France and Northern Spain. A business-like 'Log of the proceedings of *The Vansittart* cutter' is extant in his handwriting, and affords proof that he had already mastered more than the elements of navigation. If his progress in the studies that were requisite for a University degree was somewhat desultory, a share of the blame must attach to the father who allotted so considerable a slice of the year to these enjoyable distractions. In the autumn of 1834 he matriculated at Christ Church, and went into residence the following term.

From very early years Henry Acland had been destined for the medical profession, in circumstances of which he has left a record :

During the great Congress of Vienna in 1814, when the first Napoleon was in Elba, my father was in that famous capital[1]. He became acquainted with an Austrian noble who gave his life as a physician to the care of the poor. He resolved that, if it might be in the Providence of things, a child of his should be a physician. In due time the lot fell on me while still a boy at school. Sir Benjamin Brodie was consulted as to my education. 'Send the boy to Oxford,' said he in my presence, 'and let him pay there no attention to his future profession, but do as he would if going into Parliament like you. When he has taken his degree send him to me, and I will tell him what next.' In those days we boys were obedient, or fancied we were. Those then were my instructions from a chief in Israel[2].

It happened not long after that my father bought at a country sale in Minehead a copy of Humboldt's *Personal*

[1] On the occasion of this visit Sir Thomas made the acquaintance of von Hammer the historian and of the Archduke John, and he was present at the funeral of the Prince de Ligne.

[2] In the *Life of Dean Buckland* (p. 31), Acland gives another glimpse of the interview. '"Sir Benjamin," said my father, "I want to make this boy a physician—what is to be done?" I was frightened out of my wits as the eagle-eyed man looked at me from head to foot.'

Narrative in seven volumes. He gave it to the supposed scientific boy of the family. The book made a profound impression on me. It filled me with a certain vague love of external nature and a yearning to see it in every form and in every clime. The following summer I was fishing on a hot day in a small stream in Devonshire, and I proceeded to 'clean' a small trout on the bank. I was amazed to see the heart still beating. To kill the fish, as I thought, I then removed from the body all the viscera; there the heart still lay beating in the palm of my hand. I was awestruck by the phenomenon and sat watching on the bank till all pulsation had ceased. Half a century after, as witness before the Royal Commission on Vivisection, I remarked that men were divided into two kinds, those who had watched the pulsation of a living heart and those who had not.

The letter to his sister Lydia quoted on an earlier page, seems to indicate that the boy's profession was not quite irrevocably fixed at this date, and that Sir Thomas entertained serious misgivings whether his son was qualified either by health or strength of character and purpose for so arduous and absorbing a vocation as that of medicine. It is proof however of the bent of his own mind, and there are other traces of the enthusiasm for anatomy and physiology which was first aroused by his experience with the fish's heart. One of his fags at Harrow used to tell how he won his favour by procuring him portions of the skeleton of a cat, and there is a suggestive passage in a letter addressed to him by Mr. John Greenwood, written just before he left school: 'As to your quack friend, a stuffed lizard or an adder in spirits I should consider a fair equivalent for his prepared arm.'

In any event Sir Benjamin Brodie's strict injunction to enter on no professional studies, direct or indirect, was equally applicable. There had been some hesitation as to which of the two Universities would be better adapted for a youth of Henry's temperament and aspirations, and there is a letter from Thomas Acland

to his brother, written at Vienna in June, 1834, which puts the contrast between Oxford and Cambridge in a light which loyal Cantabs would hardly be prepared to accept.

Cambridge offers some means of physical *information*, and more decidedly *active* intellectual development. Oxford is more gentlemanlike—I mean in the high moral sense of the word, not about eating with knives and so on—secondly, more sober-minded, less liability to run away with false excitement; on the other hand, less stimulus to exertion. Thirdly, a more chastening and healthy discipline of the whole man, moral and intellectual.

It must be remembered that Thomas Acland was fresh from a brilliant double First in the Oxford schools, and that his means of estimating the inner life of the sister University are unknown. Nor can the events of the next few years be said to bear out his judgement as to the immunity of Oxford from excitement; but Oxford was decided upon, and there could be no hesitation in the choice of a college. Sir Thomas's name was still on the books of 'the House' as a gentleman commoner and D.C.L. His eldest son had only forsaken it for a Fellowship at All Souls, and Arthur Acland had recently taken his degree from the same seat of learning.

Christ Church was then under the rule of Dean Gaisford, and a glance at the University Calendar of that date shows how firm a hold it retained upon the best blood and the bearers of the most historic names in the kingdom. Two years later, in January, 1837, John Ruskin was entered there as a gentleman commoner, and his impressions and recollections live for us in a well-known passage[1]:

On the whole, of important places and services for the Christian souls of England, the choir of Christ Church was

[1] *Praeterita*, vol. i, p. 350.

at that epoch of English history virtually the navel and seat of life. There remained in it the traditions of Saxon, Norman, Elizabethan, religion unbroken—the memory of loyalty, the reality of learning; and in nominal obedience at least, and in the heart of them with true docility, stood every morning to be animated for the highest duties owed to their country the noblest of English youth. The greater number of the peers of England, and, as a rule, the best of her squirealty, passed necessarily through Christ Church. . . . In this choir, written so closely and consecutively with indisputable British history, met every morning a congregation representing the best of what Britain had become—orderly as the crew of a man of war, in the goodly ship of their temple. Every man in his place, according to his rank, age, and learning; every man of sense or heart there recognizing that he was fulfilling or being prepared to fulfil the gravest duties required of Englishmen. A well-educated foreigner admitted to that morning service might have learned and judged more quickly and justly what the country had been and still had power to be than by months of stay in court or city. There, in his stall, sat the greatest divine of England; under his commandant niche, her greatest scholar; among her tutors, the present Dean Liddell, and a man of curious intellectual power and simple virtue, Osborne Gordon. The group of noblemen gave, in the Marquis of Kildare, Earl of Desart, Earl of Emlyn, and Francis Charteris, now Lord Wemyss, the brightest types of high race and active power. Henry Acland and Charles Newton among the senior undergraduates, and I among the freshmen, showed, if one had known it, elements of curious possibilities in coming days. None of us then conscious of any need or chance of change, least of all the stern captain, who with rounded brow and glittering dark eye, led in his old thunderous Latin the responses of the morning prayer.

It would be an exaggeration to say that the standard among the Christ Church tutors was high: Gaisford discouraged the class-lists and thought lightly of any distinction gained outside the walls of the House. But in January, 1836, H. G. Liddell was appointed to fill

a vacancy, and in the first batch of pupils assigned to him was Henry Acland[1]. It is hard to imagine a greater contrast than that between the somewhat unpolished country clergyman, with all his singularities of dress and manner, from whose guardianship Acland had just emerged, and the magnificent-looking young tutor, elegant in his attire, and with reserve and dignity written on every line of his countenance, the man whom Ruskin declared to be 'one of the rarest types of nobly preserved Englishmen.' No wonder that Acland was somewhat alarmed at what he describes as 'the splendid appearance' of Liddell, and his awe could hardly have been diminished by an incident which is best narrated in his own words:

Shortly afterwards my father—a devoted lover of Christ Church—was in Oxford, and came with his son to call on the boy's tutor. My father was a man of great power, body and mind, and an earnest Churchman of that period, a student and lover of Butler, Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, Milton, Cowper, and Pope. I do not know why, but he spoke to Liddell somewhat disparagingly of Wordsworth, as at that date many did. I see now Liddell quietly walk to his bookshelves, take down the Wordsworth, and, looking full at my father, say, 'Sir Thomas, listen!' and he read in his clear fine voice the Ode to Immortality. My father, with great appreciative heart and mind, said, 'Mr. Liddell, I am grateful to you.'

It required the possession of no common courage and no common self-reliance for a young man of twenty-five to deal thus faithfully with the head of the Aclands, and from that hour dated the admiring devotion of pupil to tutor, which was to last for sixty years and to remain as absolute when the one was Dean of Christ Church and the other Regius Professor of Medicine, as in the old undergraduate days. How complete was the

[1] Acland's first tutor had been the Rev. Augustus Short.

influence which Liddell was to exercise over Henry Acland is expressed in the latter's own words to the widow of his friend: 'I will write down as well as I can from memory some of the circumstances which made me feel more and more every year when I was with him that I was in the presence of a person who seemed to me almost infallible in every subject on which he gave any opinion at all.'

The desultory nature of his previous education, the state of his health, and the prolonged interruption to his studies consequent thereon caused Acland's mode of life while *in statu pupillari* to differ somewhat from that of the conventional undergraduate. 'That I have been extravagant here,' he writes to his father in February, 1837, 'I must most freely confess—arising, I fear, from a wish on my part to couple the expensive *book* habits of a reading man with the qualifications of a gayer man, added to which out of Oxford I have never been saving.' And he must have pondered more than once on the valedictory words of Hobbs, his brother's valet. This worthy had been originally Tom Acland's scout at Christ Church, and as he packed Henry's portmanteau he remarked severely, 'We got a double First; a Third is good enough for you.'

His friends were drawn from all quarters. He was intimate with the reading men at the House; and such contemporaries of his eldest brother—survivors of a brilliant academical epoch—as retained their connexion with the University were prompt in making his acquaintance. At the same time he was a member of Loder's, that exclusive Christ Church club which still has its rooms in the High Street, and continues the wines and Sunday breakfasts to which there is not unfrequent allusion in his diaries and correspondence. He rode regularly; and there are letters preserved in his correspondence which show that he kept on terms with the 'larkiest' members of the sporting set. Then, as ever, he possessed that peculiar secret of sympathy which

made him a welcome companion in the most widely divergent circles.

He did not read for Honours, but he contrived to get a good classical grounding, while he availed himself of the opportunity of attending the lectures of Professor Buckland.

> Your father—he wrote to Mrs. Gordon[1]—got hold of me, being very friendly with mine; assured me geology had nothing to do with medicine (in reference to Brodie's advice), and bade me attend his lectures. I can never forget my début as his pupil. . . . He lectured on the cavern of Torquay, the now famous Kent's cavern. He paced like a Franciscan preacher up and down behind a long showcase, up two steps in a room in the old Clarendon. He had in his hand a huge hyena's skull. He suddenly dashed down the steps—rushed, skull in hand, at the first undergraduate on the front bench—and shouted, 'What rules the world?' The youth, terrified, threw himself against the next back seat, and answered not a word. He rushed then on me, pointing the hyena full in my face—'What rules the world?' 'Haven't an idea,' I said. 'The stomach, sir,' he cried (again mounting his rostrum), 'rules the world. The great ones eat the less, and the less the lesser still.'

In after years, when it fell to his lot to influence the scientific studies of the University, Henry Acland never wavered in his belief that the old Oxford enforcement of the Humanities was the foundation without which natural science lost much of its efficacy both for practical purposes and as an educational instrument. Yet to a man of his wide range of interests and intense desire for knowledge in all its branches the extreme narrowness of the Oxford curriculum was intensely repugnant. He was repelled by the failure to recognize anything beyond the Greek and Latin books prescribed for the schools, and a moderate amount of mathematics; by the discouragement of self-culture; and by the erection of the class-lists into a fetish to which all else must be sacrificed.

[1] *Life of Dean Buckland*, p. 31.

How strongly his feelings were moved by this idolatry of the market-place comes out in a letter to his friend Charles Courtenay written at the close of his first year:

To think after a long discussion with almost our cleverest acquaintance that he should say that no man should read but to obtain a class, and laugh to scorn the idea 'that it might be well for a man to read for his own improvement, independently of University Honours.' Were I *convinced* that the benefit to be derived from the University was reduced to so small a degree, or rather that the principles of our collegiate education rested on so low a foundation, I would ask my father to remove me to Edinburgh or whatever place be the fittest to prosecute my medical studies.

And to the impression produced upon those about him by his earnest views Ruskin has borne a memorable testimony[1]:

To Dr. Buckland geology was only the pleasant occupation of his own merry life. To Henry Acland physiology was an entrusted gospel of which he was the solitary and first preacher to the heathen; and already in his undergraduate's room in Canterbury he was designing—a few years later in his professional room in Tom Quad he was realizing—the introduction of physiological study which has made the University what she has now become. Indeed that curious point in Acland's character was its early completeness. Already in those yet boyish days his judgement was unerring, his aims determined, his powers developed; and had he not, as time went on, been bound to the routine of professional work, and satisfied in the serenity, not to say arrested by the interests of a beautiful home life—it is no use thinking or saying what he might have been: those who know him best are most thankful that he is what he is.

Acland's intimacy with Ruskin was a turning-point in the lives of both. The former had been in residence for a couple of years when the latter entered at Christ Church. Mr. Collingwood, in his biography of Ruskin,

[1] *Praeterita*, vol. i, p. 381.

states that Acland's attention was directed one day to the sight of a young undergraduate being ridden round Tom Quad by some of the rowdier of the gentlemen commoners, and that he interfered to protect the victim. Another version represents that his indignation was aroused by an attempt to make the boyish-looking freshman tipsy at a wine-party[1]. In any case the attraction was immediate and irresistible. Let Ruskin himself describe the friendship:

Fortunately for me—beyond all words fortunately—Henry Acland, by about a year and a half my senior, chose me; saw what helpless possibilities were in me, and took me affectionately in hand. His rooms next the gate on the north side of Canterbury were within fifty yards of mine, and became to me the only place where I was happy . . . and the friendship between us was never changed but by deepening to this day. I have above noticed the farther and incalculable good it was to me that Acland took me up in my first and foolishest days, and with pretty irony and loving insight—or rather, sympathy with what was best, and blindness to what was worst in me—gave me the good of seeing a noble young English life in its purity, sagacity, honour, reckless daring and happy piety; its English pride shining prettily through all, like a girl's in her beauty. . . . One day when the Cherwell running deep over one of its most slippery weirs, question arising between Acland and me whether it was traversable, and I declaring it too positively to be impassable, Acland instantly took off boot and sock, and walked over and back. He ran no risk but of a sound ducking, being, of course, a strong swimmer; and I suppose him wise enough not to have done it had there been real danger. But he would certainly have run the margin fine, and possessed in its quite highest, and, in a certain sense, most laudable degree, the constitutional English serenity in danger, which with the foolish of us degenerates into delight

[1] Ruskin, it may be remembered, alludes to the surprise of the guests on the occasion of his first 'wine,' both at the goodness of the parental sherry and at his own capacity for imbibing it without ill consequences.

in it, but with the wise, whether soldier or physician, is the basis of the most fortunate action and swiftest decision of deliberate skill[1].

There are other glimpses of Acland in his undergraduate days. William Cotton, afterwards his brother-in-law, and described by him as 'a man to whose kindness and sound learning, coupled with a most cheerful disposition, I owe much,' alludes to him now and again in letters to his family circle, to which Acland had already been introduced. At one time he sends home 'a small sample of exquisite Minorca honey from H. Acland,' the spoils of a Mediterranean tour in *The Lady of St. Kilda*. Again, in writing to his sister Sarah, he mentions that 'young Acland is considerably better, but is not allowed to read, consequently is learning the organ from Elvey, and has started a piano in his own rooms to practise on.' And in a letter to the same young lady he remarks that 'as I was walking along the London road I passed Acland, who was walking with Newman. I heard afterwards that the latter remarked that it looked as if I had let my pocket-handkerchief fall out of my pocket, and that it was running along to try and catch me up[2].'

The future cardinal was then at the height of his influence, and like all the more thoughtful of his contemporaries Acland was deeply influenced by the Oxford religious revival. Newman had been a friend of his eldest brother's. With Pusey he was acquainted through family intimacy of long standing[3]. Charles Marriot, whose father had been curate at Broad Clyst, he knew well, and a letter from him written during Acland's 'exile' from Oxford shows that the latter was

[1] *Praeterita*, vol. i, p. 364.

[2] This last sentence is possibly due to William Cotton's 'cheerful disposition.' Newman is generally described as taking his daily walk with a set face, oblivious to all mundane happenings.

[3] Lady Emily Pusey was a Herbert of the Carnarvon family, who were connected with the Aclands.

on friendly terms with most of the members of the Oriel set[1].

But of all his undergraduate acquaintances the one to whom he opened his heart most unrestrainedly, and with whom his relations were most intimate and sacred, was the Hon. Charles Courtenay, younger son of the Earl of Devon, and in after years Canon of Windsor and Chaplain to Queen Victoria. The friendship which began at Oxford continued unbroken till the death of Canon Courtenay in 1894; and the interchange of hopes and fears and encouragement and sympathy which for many years they carried on in weekly and daily letters, forms a chronicle of manly Christian piety and of friendship passing almost the love of women. In the course of his first Long Vacation Acland was invited to Powderham, the seat of the Earls of Devon, and for the next few years it was a second home to him. Harriett, Countess of Devon, was one of those bright and beautiful characters which instinctively attract the affection and confidence of young men. Henry Acland had won his way to her heart by his intense devotion to her son, his care for him in illness, and his anxiety for his success in the examinations; and, during the few years for which it was ordained that their friendship should last, she was the recipient of confidences and aspirations which he shrank from imparting to his own nearest relations. Henry Acland never quite got over the awe with which his mother had inspired him from childhood, and when Lady

[1] In this letter occurs the following passage: 'I am afraid you will bring back lots of sacred playthings: pray take care. One is more in danger of levity than of anything else, when one sees much of religion (particularly if it be in a Christian form) that one cannot approve. I hope, however, that you will come back not the worse Catholic or the less serious for all that. If being from home did nothing but teach one to pray for one's οἰκεῖοι, it would do much still towards forming a character capable of communion with real things.'

Devon died in December, 1839, she left a blank in his life which was never exactly filled.

In his letters to her we find glimpses of undergraduate life in the days before athletics occupied their present all-absorbing position:

According to your recommendation, through the great kindness of my eldest brother, I have the daily use of a horse, which is a great comfort to me, both as enabling Charles and myself to take our exercise together, and also as taking me to a further distance from the cloudy air of Oxford than has been my wont in the course of a walk.

This day (May 30, 1837) I have been into collections, and therefore all my college duties are over until next October. I draw all my mornings, walk or ride all my afternoons [1], and am merry for half of my evenings, solitary and sulky the other half. All engagements for next week are positively refused by me, because I will have a thorough holiday from Oxford affairs when Charles and your party come down. There is to be a very good concert on Tuesday next at which everybody is of course to be.

And a final extract shows that Acland was already engaged in those pursuits which were such a solace to him in the future:

I myself have had the rashness to go out sketching with my tutor, who is now teaching me the fine arts; and instead of

[1] He had also his little boat on the river, and was a keen oarsman, though he does not appear to have been under the discipline of the college rowing-club. With some friends of his own, including Charles Courtenay, he founded an aquatic fraternity called 'The Lunatics.' In November, 1839, he wrote to his father: 'The Lunatic Society, of which I am president, held its meeting last Wednesday. Now the lunatics are those who, being good boatmen, at full moon make a long excursion so as to return to Oxford by moonlight. It is necessary that they should be in good condition, if in scrapes able to extricate themselves, and with some nerve to pull about the bad places in the dark. The society flourishes, and her members (which is her object) are in good health.' The same letter contains an allusion—*horribile dictu*—to a town and gown 'rough,' *videlicet* row.

Greek and Latin I constantly take drawings to him to be looked over and corrected. Some few fine days have been a very great temptation to me, and I act the anomalous part which a man who walks about in a cap and gown and carries a campstool at the same time is obliged to play. But it is better to be a little marvellous than a good deal unwell, and drawing out of doors is the best and very sufficient amusement that I can have. I had a plan for beginning some Greek play, but Mr. Liddell to-day advised me to abandon it, and continue my lighter studies in painting.

No man was better qualified, by range of artistic sympathies or technical skill, to direct the studies of a young enthusiast than Liddell, pronounced by Ruskin to be 'the only man among the masters of my day who knew anything of art.' On their first walk together he had taken his pupil up to Bagley Wood to listen to the nightingales, and had set him down to gaze on the city from Turner's stile, while he discoursed on Turner and his 'false ideals.'

The tone of the letter from which the last quotation is taken shows that Acland's health was again causing him discomfort and apprehension. In the previous year (1836) he had suffered from violent pains in the head which had rendered him incapable of continued application to his studies, and were suggestive to his medical advisers of some dangerous irritation of the brain. Total cessation from work had been ordered, and he had been absent from Oxford all the summer term. His family were in the Mediterranean in *The Lady of St. Kilda*, a trip undertaken for the sake of his eldest sister, whose long and painful illness was now beginning. Sending on a written account of his case from a doctor, together with a letter from the Dean of Christ Church, Acland started off from England in a steam-packet, got on board a King's ship at Gibraltar, and at Malta found a message telling him to join the yacht, which he did at Messina, not a little apprehensive of the manner in which the loss of the term would be

regarded. During the summer, Syracuse, Agrigentum, Minorca, and Lisbon were all visited; and such a trip ought to have provided the invalid with a stock of health sufficient to carry him through the residue of his Oxford career. This however was not the case; he was constantly unwell, and in June, 1837, a crisis was reached.

He had been spending a quiet term, riding and sketching in the open air, and had been out of all measure delighted by the success of Charles Courtenay in the schools[1], when he was attacked by a succession of violent headaches accompanied by intense nervous irritability. A few months previously he had received a disquieting opinion from Dr. Chambers, the most eminent London physician of the day; and he now took refuge with his relatives the Hoares at Morden, to be under the hands of Mr. Greenwood, who had attended him when he broke down at Harrow. A total cessation from all study was enjoined, since any continued mental exertion was immediately followed by a recurrence of pain and confusion in the head. The only chance of recovery lay in keeping the body employed and the mind idle.

At this moment Captain Fairfax Moresby, the intimate and deeply obliged friend of Sir Thomas, who had made Henry Acland's acquaintance both on shore and on *The Lady of St. Kilda*, proposed that he should accompany him on board H.M.S. *Pembroke*, a seventy-two-gun ship under orders for the Mediterranean, to which he had recently been posted. This offer coincided with Sir Benjamin Brodie's prescription of sea air; the requisite arrangements were hastily made with

[1] He had been awarded a Fourth both in classics and mathematics. The distinction may not seem a very remarkable one, but in those days the mere fact of reading for Honours was something out of the common, especially at Christ Church; and a 'Graduate in Honours' was invested with the same halo of mysterious distinction that to the eyes of a former generation bedecked the 'Barrister-at-Law.'

the Christ Church authorities, and preparations were hurried on for a start in the first week of July. He was in the midst of a family leave-taking when a letter from the Admiralty was placed in his father's hands. It announced that Baldwin Acland, then serving as lieutenant in *The Scout* off the Bight of Benin, had succumbed to tropical fever and been buried in the island of Ascension.

He was five-and-twenty (wrote Henry Acland to Lady Devon); the most affectionate brother, the most dutiful son, and if I venture to say so, the most sincere and upright Christian of all our family; and the more happy do we feel about him because the integrity of his life was the more valuable as he of necessity encountered the most temptations and the fewest assistances.

The bereavement was not allowed to interfere with the plans for the voyage. He joined the *Pembroke* at Plymouth on July 28; but she was short of her proper crew by some seventy men, and before the anchor was finally weighed Acland had to mourn another gap in the family circle. His youngest brother Dudley, a little boy of ten, had been for weeks past lying dangerously ill at Dorchester, and the end came suddenly on July 31. Henry, who was spending a few days with Mr. Fisher near Tavistock, only learned the news accidentally from a Cornish newspaper. It was indeed from a house of mourning that he started on his voyage to the Mediterranean[1].

[1] An extract from a letter to Sir Thomas Acland by Mr. Fisher gives a picture of Henry Acland at this date, and at the same time throws a certain light on his worthy tutor: 'His health has exhibited marks of that anomalous uncertainty which seems to have been its prevailing character, and his spirits have undergone a corresponding fluctuation, yet upon the whole he has been well and comfortable, and seemed particularly to enjoy the quiet and sequestration which in the absence of pupils this peaceful place affords. His mind is strongly determined to thoughts and feelings which lie beyond this visible diurnal sphere, and I have within certain limits of *matter* and *manner* talked with

him upon these subjects. But I soon perceived that these materials under his delicate and excitable circumstances require to be handled carefully and skilfully. His whole moral position, under which I should include the impressions of faith and piety, is very pleasing and hopeful for the best purposes.' The general election consequent upon the death of William IV was then in full progress. Sir Thomas was a candidate for North Devon, his eldest son for West Somerset. They were both returned, Sir Thomas unopposed; but Henry Acland, steeped in gloom, writes of them to Charles Courtenay as 'being called into public life against their inclinations and judgement, and to the probable ruin of their fortunes.'

CHAPTER III

THE *PEMBROKE*—ATHENS, ROME, AND CONSTANTINOPLE—ALL SOULS

1837–1840

CAPTAIN FAIRFAX MORESBY, under whose care Acland was destined to remain for the next eighteen months, was one of the dwindling band of survivors from the French wars. Entering the navy in 1799, as a boy of thirteen, he served through many of the most exciting episodes in the great struggle with Napoleon. In the *Amazon* frigate, under Sir William Parker, he joined in the long chase to the West Indies, and he shared his captain's ill-luck in being detached from the fleet on the day of Trafalgar. He helped Cochrane to annoy the armies of Macdonald and Suchet on the coast of Catalonia. He was present at the battle of Maida, and, armed with a musket which he had snatched from a seaman, did good execution among the French. He saw much varied service in the Archipelago, where the extirpation of pirates, and of French privateersmen fitted out in Turkish waters, involved many of those dashing exploits which lend their savour to nautical novels. In 1812 he was presented with a sword of honour by the merchants of Malta, two years later he received the Austrian Cross of Maria Theresa for his services at the siege of Trieste, and by his own Government he was made a C.B. and a post captain. As senior officer at Mauritius he highly distinguished himself in combating the attempted revival of the slave-trade, and he was continued on that station through the intervention of Wilberforce. His health is said never to have fully recovered from the effects of the coast of tropical Africa; but as he survived till 1877 his con-

stitution must have been a remarkable one. He rose to be Commander-in-Chief on the Pacific Station in 1849, to become a G.C.B. in 1854, and Admiral of the Fleet in 1870. In 1874 the University of Oxford conferred upon him an Honorary D.C.L. degree, and it may be imagined with what pleasure Henry Acland joined in this compliment to his old chief.

In 1814 Moresby had married a Miss Fortescue, a connexion of the Captain Fortescue who was the second husband of the Dowager Lady Acland. During one of those spells of compulsory idleness which are the fate of senior officers in time of peace he had rented Allerford House, near Holnicote, from Sir Thomas Acland, and the latter had formed a warm attachment for the breezy sailor. He became Sir Thomas's chief adviser in all matters nautical, and was practically put in command of *The Vansittart*, whose head quarters were in Porlock Bay. The tale is still told how Sir Thomas and the captain took the neighbouring clergy for a sail one Saturday afternoon, how a gale blew away all the canvas, and how at ten o'clock on Sunday morning a set of unshaved, sea-sick, and belated clerics were seen scampering on ponies over the Exmoor hills in a desperate effort to catch up their congregations.

It was one of Sir Thomas Acland's whims to have always ready in the stables at Holnicote some famous trotting colts, and he would, at a moment's notice, run down to Moresby's house and drag him off for a ride to Bude 'to see the Atlantic come in[1],' from which it may be opined that Captain Moresby was not a cavalier of the school of Commodore Trunnion. 'Your grandfather's cook,' writes the Rev. William Thornton of North Bovey to one of the present generation, 'must have had a lively experience of life. I can see the old Baronet now with the bell ringing for dinner and a man

[1] Bude was nearer sixty than fifty miles away, and it was of course necessary to get fresh horses on the route. Sir Thomas Acland owned a little place there, Efford Cottage.

in the hall from Cloutsham to say that a stag was eating his oats. Walter Halliday always said that he never talked about less than three things at once! Oats, deer, dinner! he would see to the lot! "Horses, Moresby!" and round came the trotting horses and away they went, Lady Acland looking disconcerted, and old Mrs. Fletcher in the hall wringing her hands and shaking her head and saying, "Was there ever such a man?" and then with deep conviction, "No, there never was such a man!"'

No wonder that Henry Acland wrote to Lady Devon, 'My captain is the most kind-hearted good creature that ever was; and, as I feel convinced that he would rather have me than not, I know we shall pull together very well.' Indeed, to Moresby's unfailing kindness, *bonhomie*, and consideration for his charge, the latter's correspondence bears perpetual testimony; while the captain's own letters show that the disparity in years was no bar to a complete understanding and strong mutual friendship between himself and the young Christ Church commoner.

The *Pembroke* was an interesting vessel; she had gone through much service, and when peace came in 1814 was engaged in blockade duty off the port of Toulon. One of the last shots fired in the war carried away her wheel and killed two men on her deck. Acland went on board her for the first time on July 31, 1837, and wrote that he 'found a very comfortable little cabin, about six feet by eight, having a large port-hole though no gun in it. The ship is a very fine one, and the officers, as far as I have seen of them, very agreeable.'

Her sailing was retarded by want of the full complement of seamen, and when the start was actually made in September, a further delay was caused by the necessity of touching at Cork and taking in supplies. Lisbon was reached on October 1, and the next two months were occupied in covering ground which his Mediterranean trip of the former year had rendered

familiar. Gibraltar, Barcelona, Ceuta, Cartagena, Rosas Bay, and Malta presented little novelty to him, though the conditions of life as the captain's guest on board a 'seventy-two' were in sufficient contrast to those of his former visit to these coasts. But as the winter wore on the fleet made for the coast of Greece, rounded Cape Matapan, and by the end of November was off the Piraeus. The entrance to the Piraeus was characteristic of the manners of seamen in an old ship-of-war; for an Irishman having let go a rope without orders, the boatswain threw his tarpaulin hat full in his face, and shouted from the forecastle, 'Take that! and,' pointing towards the Acropolis, 'the next time I'll throw the devil in your face, or some other heathen deity, now we are among them.'

The Eastern Question had entered upon one of its stages of periodical activity: Mehemet Ali's successes in Egypt, and the approaching certainty of open warfare between his forces and those of the Porte, were occasioning much searching of hearts. England, France, and Russia, in a state of mutual distrust, were assembling their fleets in Graeco-Turkish waters, with one eye on the Dardanelles, and one on each other's movements. Greece itself showed little sign of settling down under Bavarian rule, and there was every prospect that the *Pembroke's* stay might be indefinitely prolonged. Anxious to make the most of his time, and with the approval of Moresby, who wished him to enjoy his educational opportunities to the utmost, Acland resolved to take up his quarters in Athens. He found a pleasant unfurnished lodging, at a moderate price, in full sight of the Acropolis, and within fifteen minutes' walk of it, though outside the town. Thither he transported himself with his household goods, consisting of 'bed, chest, coffee-pot, kettle, and lamp, and a book-shelf'; and there he remained for about ten weeks, making occasional excursions for change of air in one of the *Pembroke's* boats, which the captain placed at his disposal.

In this way he saw Salamis, but many of his excursions were made independently of the protection of the British flag. An adventurous trip to Corinth in a small sailing-boat exposed him to some danger and more discomfort, expecially as the Advent fast of the Greek Church rendered it almost impossible to procure food for love or money. The island of Euboea, the plains of Eleusis, Delphi, Parnassus, and the cave of Trophonius are only a few of the hallowed spots which presented themselves to the eyes of a young man not yet emancipated from Oxford studies, to whom the Greek poets and historians were still among the stern realities of life. A scrupulously kept diary and his letters, especially those to Charles Courtenay, show the enthusiasm evoked by such scenes in a mind as artistic as it was observant[1]; but travels in Greece have now become too ordinary an incident of tourist life to admit of quotation from these writings intended for purely domestic consumption.

Exception, however, may be made for the description of his daily round during this sojourn in a winter city: 'talking bad Greek by the hour; making friends among farmers, soldiers, and robbers; living in the morning in books, in the afternoon in mountains, in the evening in books again'; and on the eve of his departure he writes:

> I have made nevertheless some use of my stay at Athens. I have gained some strength, some health, some information, much pleasure, little learning, a considerable insight into the character of men, their objects and dispositions, high spirits, an upright carriage, one friend, two female enemies (no! dislikers?), a little modern Greek, twenty-three sketches, profound admiration of Grecian and increased veneration for Gothic architecture, some increased bachelor habits, a few Whig principles, and have spent since July £98.

[1] Yet one cannot refrain from noticing that, 'standing on Acrocorinth's brow,' it is St. Paul, to the complete exclusion of Byron, who colours his reflections.

Indeed, for an invalid, Acland's time had been pretty well occupied. His was a mind which in spite of all doctors' injunctions could never be idle. Various note-books and memoranda attest his struggles with modern Greek and his careful measurements of classic monuments. In Mr. W. D. Leves, who was engaged at Athens under the auspices of the Bible Society, he found a most hospitable friend and congenial companion. By him he was put on the committee for settling the plans and estimates of a Protestant church, the erection of which was then in contemplation by the English residents. He provided himself with the requisite materials, and, fresh from the interest which had been excited in him by the building of the chapel in the park at Killerton, he prepared the design of the well-proportioned little building which is still standing to-day, though it was unroofed by the great hurricane of 1852[1]. He succeeded, moreover, in interesting his friends, and particularly his father and brothers, in the undertaking[2], and in obtaining substantial contributions from them.

Mr. Leves was the constant companion of his walks and sketching expeditions, and on one occasion they found themselves in the unsolicited society of three Klephts, armed to the teeth, and notorious members of one of those bands which then and for many years afterwards infested the neighbourhood of Athens. The brigands were for the nonce in the mildest mood; there

[1] It was this gale which levelled the centre one of the three columns at the west of the Temple of Zeus Olympios.

[2] Two years later Mr. Leves turned to him in the hope of obtaining donations in money and books for the struggling University of Athens, and Acland made bold to appeal to the Dean of Christ Church, from whom he received scant encouragement. 'I doubt much,' wrote Dr. Gaisford, 'whether I can give you any assistance in your project. In conjunction with some friends, in whose judgement I much rely, I have always been unfriendly to such donations from the University; and indeed I am not certain that the books which we print, excellent for ourselves, are at all suited to the exigencies of Greece.'

was no suggestion of captivity or ransom, they expressed dislike of their lawless trade, assumed airs of penitence, and one of them, who proved to be no less a celebrity than Spiro Bibisi, the terror of the capital, was actually persuaded to accompany the Englishmen as far as the city walls in the hope of obtaining by their good offices a pardon for his misdeeds. Here his heart failed him, probably not without good cause, and he turned back[1]. Eighteen months later Mr. Leves narrated the sequel:

> Bibisi and his party are under sentence of death. He is the same desperate creature as ever. Thrice has he attempted escape from his prison (an old Turkish bath) near the Temple of the Winds—once through the door and once by undermining the foundations. The first time he was caught as he was getting through, the second he was betrayed, and the next day in a fit of desperation he and one of his fellows attempted to escape through the door—Bibisi having with his fist knocked down the soldier on guard—and they both got out into the street. His companion was dangerously wounded by the bayonets of the soldiers on guard, and Bibisi, seeing he had no chance of escape, quietly walked back of his own accord into prison. . . . I think the responsibility of having induced him to follow us into town *that* evening, had he listened to us, might have been painful and unpleasant, and that it is as well we were spared it.

A very sensible conclusion; and, having in mind Acland's impulsive disposition, it is not difficult to guess with which of the two companions the idea of reclaiming the 'chief of the sicarii' originated. It is satisfactory to know that Bibisi was *not* 'hanged after all,' and that

[1] Mr. Horace Hart, the Controller of the Clarendon Press, in some reminiscences which he has obligingly communicated to me, recalls the incident: 'One day after I had rendered some small service to Sir Henry he sent me a drawing by himself to which he had affixed the printed title and description, "Sketch from a ravine of Hymettus by Henry Acland in 1837, in friendly company of the dreaded brigand chief Spiro Bibisi and two of his men. The sketch being finished, they escorted him to Athens after dark."'

Acland was the means of mitigating his sojourn in prison.

It should be added that he made full use of his time at Athens in making acquaintance not only with the British residential colony, but with the cosmopolitan diplomatic society into which he was thrown. Though the Palmerstonian régime was in full swing at the Foreign Office, his experiences were not altogether gratifying to his patriotism, and he writes bitterly of

> The utter contempt in which our nation is held by the foreign courts; the decrease of our naval power and the overwhelming superiority of other nations in this our national pride, give me some food for moping. To all here, perhaps (where we are in contact with ambassadors of all the powers, and hear matters fresh discussed), it appears that a national blindness veils the eyes of our country, and that the economy displayed, in conjunction with the few ships we have in the Mediterranean, will of necessity in a short space of time be our final ruin.

From Athens the fleet went back to Malta early in March, 1838. There was a tedious detention in quarantine, and then came the tempting prospect of spending Holy Week and Easter in Rome. The plan met with the ready approbation of Captain Moresby and with the somewhat hesitating acquiescence of his father; and Acland quitted the *Pembroke* upon the tacit understanding that he was to rejoin her in the summer if the doctors refused to sanction a return to Oxford. At Rome he found himself in the midst of friendly surroundings. His eldest brother had been a resident for some months in the spring of 1834, and Sir Thomas had spent the preceding winter there with his wife and daughters, forming a warm friendship with Bunsen, then the Prussian Minister, and the hospitable centre of Protestant society in the Eternal City[1].

[1] Bunsen paid a visit to Killerton in the November of 1838, and subsequently saw a great deal both of Sir Thomas Acland and his eldest son in London. See his *Life*, vol. i, p. 500 et seq.

Mr. Bunsen's house was to me as a home (wrote Acland many years afterwards), and were I to relate all that I learned there from him, from Lepsius, from Abeken and George Richmond, I should have to tell some of the most interesting and instructive incidents of my whole life. I studied, for instance, the early Italian art to which Richmond's religious and cultivated sense was devoted. I first learned the elements of Egyptian hieroglyphics, which Lepsius was beginning to understand, from the obelisks and the few Egyptian remains whose existence was then known. Mr. Severn, afterwards consul in Rome, and a highly esteemed painter, was, with them, to me kindness itself.

These reminiscences must be taken to include a second visit to Rome, which extended from the middle of January to the middle of March in the following year. On the first occasion he was incapacitated by ill-health from deriving full enjoyment out of the place, though his diary is full of entries in which the above-quoted names constantly occur. His first lodging, 11 Trinità di Monte, had been the reverse of cheerful—'a house overlooking the city; there I meditate half the day, musing away the time and waiting for some artist or antiquarian—a note arrives, saying they cannot come. It is solitary grandeur to live in a home without even a servant and without many friends outside.' From these quarters he was driven, by a severe attack of rheumatism and a suspicion of fever, to try the air outside Rome, and a pleasant picnicking expedition to Tivoli in company with a band of roving art students was the result. On his return he took up his abode in a large house on the Capitoline Hill just over the Tarpeian Rock, known as the Ospedale Protestante.

In close proximity on the Capitol stood the Palazzo Caffarelli[1], where Bunsen had made his home for the last twenty years, and where he was wont to gather round him all the leading spirits in the intellectual life

[1] A fine lithograph of the Palazzo Caffarelli is to be found at p. 23 of the first volume of Bunsen's *Life*.

of Rome. Of him it was aptly said that he was not merely sent as minister of the King of Prussia to the Papal Court, but as the representative of German learning to Roman antiquity. George Richmond was also a visitor at Rome that winter with his family. He and Acland were already acquainted, and in the previous spring the latter had induced Charles Courtenay to give him sittings for a portrait in coloured chalks. His presence in Italy was due to a breakdown in health consequent upon overwork—a fact which evoked a touching outburst from Acland to his bosom friend in England.

Richmond is here; he is a good man: he has suffered precisely what I have, and thinks I do not overrate the services which you did for me at Oxford . . . for no man can tell without undergoing what I did, and no one can guess what that was who has not had the same. With all the affection which I believe I have for you, it is quite lukewarmness to the feeling I had when I was ill, because then I literally was in misery if you were absent an hour.

Nor was Acland without justification for despondency. He had just learnt the verdict of Dr. Chambers, communicated from home through Captain Moresby, that he must not think of returning to Oxford for that year. In deep dejection he wrote to Charles Courtenay:

I do not feel sure that I shall be fit to go to Oxford until long, long after it is too late for me to think of the medical profession, nor of this do I believe I shall ever stand the excitement. It is quite enough that I have been told this in confidence by four men, of whom three are Chambers, Greenwood, and Liddell of Malta, still I do not think it right or necessary to change.

And, though in another passage of the same letter he contemplates taking a farm on his father's estate and 'farming in a broad-brimmed hat and Scotch economicals,' whatever the latter may be, it is plain that the goal

of his early ambition was kept steadily in view through his darkest hours.

Oxford thus out of the question, and Captain Moresby's hospitality being still open to him, Acland started off to rejoin the fleet. He reached Naples on the 30th of May, hoping to get on board the *Pembroke* on the following morning; but there was no *Pembroke* in sight, and he learnt that she had gone no one knew whither, some said for England. There was nothing to be done but explore the neighbourhood—Baiae, Vesuvius, Pompeii, Virgil's tomb, the cave of the Sibyl, and Avernus. Then came tidings of the arrival in the bay of another British ship-of-war, the *Barham*, a crack frigate of fifty guns; and by permission of the captain, Acland was allowed to join her as a passenger. The *Barham's* first destination was Toulon; there he spent the 29th of June, 1838, half deafened by the noise of the salutes fired in honour of Queen Victoria's coronation, and he shared in a splendid fête given by the officers of the French navy to their British comrades to celebrate the same auspicious event. By the middle of July the *Barham* was at Malta, and Acland was once more made welcome on board the *Pembroke*.

The fleet's destination was again the Aegean, but the admiral's orders were to touch at Tunis, and this gave Acland an opportunity of visiting the ruins of Carthage, a chance vouchsafed to few travellers in the days before the French occupation. How fully he availed himself of the privilege is shown in a voluminous letter to Charles Courtenay, rendered all the more vivid by a carefully executed map and neatly coloured sectional drawings of the Cisterns and other remains, Roman and Punic. There are some vivacious passages in it, which point to a recovery from the depression under which he had suffered at Rome.

Two miles north-west of the town is the palace of the Bey, called the Bardo. Here lives the most veritable despot of the world. Not that he exercises with peculiar rigour this,

his prerogative; but being himself judge, jury, and lawyer, he dispenses from his seat on his own legs the most offhand justice that a feudal lord could desire. Enter Moor—explaining that 'this iniquitous Bedouin did last night steal my horse': an advocate says, 'May it please your Highness, that Arab stole this Moor's horse; but that Arab very poor, this Moor very rich.' 'Bastinado the Arab, and give him a fine of two horses; let me have the Moor's horse which was stolen.'

The Bey appointed one day an audience for the admiral and the captain. We all collected in sundry vehicles at Tunis, and drove out in Moorish state; some of us had postilions with stockings and boots, others with neither. The admiral had the Bey's State mules, and the Bey's coachman, who of course rode the wheelers. In dimensions he surpassed considerably the Very Rev. the Sub-Dean of Christ Church [1], and supposing that dignitary rigged in a very long beard and long moustachios, a hat of ostrich feathers 3 feet 9 inches in diameter, a red jacket, dirty Greek pantaloons, and boots without stockings, duly exhibiting his calves, you would have some notion of the aforesaid coachman, adding a scimitar and a Bedouin's cloak [2]. Thus headed we approached the presence of his bow-stringing Highness. We were received in the Hall of Justice; on either side of the hall were ranged the old advocates, all cross-legged and on ottomans, writing down notes of the cases brought before the Bey, and his decisions. Two Arabs are brought in, accuser and defendant. The former tells his story, being met at the door by an advocate of large dimensions. Being frightened at the sight of the Bey, they are well shaken by the Mamelukes, and told to respect Allah and the Bey, and if this frightens them more they are fairly pushed out of the hall unheard. But if they be collected enough, the advocate walks up the hall roaring out the case as he walks. The Bey gives the sentence, and they are ushered out and others ushered in. This occupies, in an aggravated case of murder or such like, about four minutes, in others something

[1] Dr. Barnes.

[2] A spirited pen-and-ink drawing of a gentleman much resembling the Gordian acrobat of Bon Gaultier is added in the MS.

under. We were walked up the hall much in the same style.

After relating various instances of the Bey's 'short way with Dissenters,' he proceeds:

To this I may as well add one more scene of horror, and have done. It is the slave market. At 8 o'clock all Tunis is alive to business, the bazaar is full of buyers and sellers. The merchants are seated cross-legged in their cells, the Bedouins are come in from the desert, armed with their guns, not less than six feet long, their hats of ostrich feathers, and a huge double-handed sword; the auctioneers roar out the merits of a dress, a scimitar, or a painted box; the water-carriers ring their brazen jars and wet you with the dripping pig-skin as they pass, and a Mameluke swaggers by in the plenitude of power. Presently the divan of the Bey appears, beadles and cooks precede, and a poor Oxonian, who was seen unwittingly sketching at the steps, was seized by the shoulders, pushed headlong into the street, separated from (oh, horror!) his sketch-book. Remonstrances are vain. *Procul o, procul este, profani.* In the middle of his fright he is again seized, transported whence he came, seated cross-legged on a sofa, and condescendingly nodded at by the holy council, and bid proceed in his work. 'Heyday,' says one, 'a Christian took part of this street to England last year, and now you have the rest on your paper. Well, it will all be gone soon.'

I had a great desire to see the interior—I do not mean Timbuctoo, but something within a reasonable distance. . . . By stealth almost I carried off a lieutenant (for it is not allowed by the admiral), and with Harris, the American consul's son, and a young Cantab I started one morning early for Carthage, remaining there all the day.

Before starting on my journey the next morning it was necessary to have an order from the Bey, and a Mameluke as a protector. I had been all the day at Carthage, and did not reach Tunis till after the gates were shut. What was to be done? If we waited till the next morning we should be too late for the country. So under the guidance of Harris we proceeded to take the town by storm, and mount the walls.

This was speedily done, we were inside, and glad to rush through the Moors who were in the market, lest we should be severely handled for our intrusion. There is a tradition that the Europeans will take the town on a Friday between one and two in the afternoon. For this cause the gates are then shut, in addition to the nightly closing which also takes place. We reached the American's house in safety, and after a sufficient supper, much astonishment at our arriving inside the walls at this late hour, and reproof for our rashness from the old consul, we lay down. At two we were up, but no Mameluke appeared. They knew that not having entered the town before sunset, we *could* not get in, and had given us up altogether.

While the fleet was in the Bay of Tunis, dependent upon the progress of political events, it was met by the steamship *Rhadamanthus*, bound for Besika Bay and the Dardanelles. Acland was invited to join in the expedition, and on the shortest notice he found himself on board her, early on the morning of the 26th of August. After rounding the coast of Greece, and catching sight in the distance of his much-loved Hymettus, he reached Besika Bay, 'a few miles to the north of Alexandria Troas and about seven from the entrance to the Dardanelles'; and in the next two days he had an opportunity of making a preliminary survey of the Plains of Troy, with a view to a more complete sketch on some future occasion. On the 3rd of September he embarked on a French steamer, and by the middle of the following day had arrived at Constantinople. 'Concerning this mighty work of Nature and of man,' he wrote, 'I feel as unable to say anything as I did when first I went to Rome.'

Mahmoud, the destroyer of the Janissaries, was then drawing near to the close of his Sultanate. Its last years had been fertile in changes, especially in all that related to intercourse with the nations of Western countries. As far back as 1832 Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, on revisiting Constantinople after only a short

absence, was struck by the astonishing alteration in Turkish manners. When first he had been accredited to the city of the Sultan it had been something like Pekin prior to 1900. But now 'the Sultan and his ministers for the first time appeared to treat "infidels" as though they were equals. It was possible to transact business with some of the officials without either humiliation or threats. The younger generation of Turks were becoming positively civilized[1].'

Acland was enabled therefore to indulge in an amount of sight-seeing which a few years earlier would have been out of the question. But his visit was cut short by the sudden appearance of the British fleet at the Dardanelles. An intricate game of international cross-purposes was then being played by Great Britain, France, and Russia, in which Turkey and the newly-risen power of Egypt were the pawns. How it terminated three years later in the triumph of Palmerston's diplomacy, in the expulsion of Mehemet Ali from Syria, and in Turkey being placed formally under the protection of Europe, is outside the scope of this narrative. Acland was far from anticipating any such result.

England (he wrote) is in a falling or a weakened state: her army is weak compared to other powers, her navy is wholly inefficient. It is difficult to get officers. There is not a ship, hardly, afloat complete of officers or men even on the peace establishment, which is about one-third less than the war; and France has a half more than we have afloat, more than twice as many building. Turkey has a fleet in the Mediterranean in number superior to ours; Egypt the same; Russia nearly double in the Black Sea, and the same in the Baltic.

For the moment the English and the Turkish fleets were in close alliance; and shortly after Acland had rejoined the *Pembroke*, they set sail together for Vourlo Bay, near the site of the ancient Clazomenae. The Turkish navy owed much of its efficiency to Captain

[1] *Life*, vol. ii, p. 76.

(afterwards Sir Baldwin) Walker, whose services had been lent by the British Government. Achmet Fehmi, the Capitan Pasha, or Lord High Admiral, was particularly well-disposed towards the English; and orders had come out from home to conciliate the Turks in every way. Achmet was destined in the course of the ensuing year to earn an unenviable renown by passing over with his whole fleet to the Egyptian navy[1], on the eve of a critical engagement; but for the time being he was in full favour. Captain Moresby was on the best of terms with him, and Acland was invited to spend some time as his guest on board the Turkish flagship —a chance which gave him the opportunity of observing at first hand the ways of the Turks at sea.

But before this, while still fresh from the Plains of Troy, a further occasion for improving his mind with the study of antiquities had been unexpectedly afforded to him. The two fleets were off the coast near Smyrna, when one evening Captain Moresby informed him that he had procured a firman from the Sultan in virtue of which he was to visit the 'Seven Churches of Asia,' and to return with a sketch and a written account of each. Lieutenant (afterwards Admiral) Prevost, who was son-in-law to the captain, together with the son of Admiral Stopford, then living as his father's guest on the *Princess Charlotte*, made up the party; they were to travel on horseback, and their luggage was restricted to a knapsack and a rug apiece, with the addition, in Acland's case, of his drawing materials.

For three weeks the young Englishmen wandered through some of the least known and most desolate tracts of Asia Minor under the sole charge of Hadji their kavass, and a muleteer. Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia, Laodicea, Ephesus, and Smyrna were all visited, and watercolour sketches of each were

[1] The episode, it may be remembered, was used with great dexterity by Disraeli in one of his Parliamentary assaults on Sir Robert Peel: see Hansard, vol. lxxxiii, p. 113.

faithfully produced for Captain Moresby's inspection. Those drawings were in after days one of the many noticeable features of the dining-room in Acland's Oxford home, and sixty years later they were photographed for distribution among his children and friends. The daily events of the expedition were carefully set down and subsequently written up in a journal which even now would need little apology for publication. It must suffice, however, to give an extract from a long letter to Liddell, one of those in which the absent pupil attempted to render an account of his stewardship.

I went hence to Smyrna. Visited Clazomenae and took a plan of the piers and harbour, and then to the Seven Churches in Asia, which I was able to do through a firman of the Cap. P. It took eighteen days, making no delay beyond what was necessary for barely seeing the places; and I was not able to do it more leisurely, which I should have much wished. Still it was one of the most happy times I ever passed. I cannot say how much pleasure it gave me, though, as I have felt in all my travels, I am unfit to enjoy their benefits. I went to the northerly places first—Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardis, and the ruins of Laodicea. Pergamos has splendid ruins. A great church dedicated to St. John, and shown as the tomb of St. Antipas[1], is to us one of the most interesting. The theatre is in the most gorgeous situation of any I have seen but Taormina. Above all others Sardis charmed me most. There is but one inhabitant in its neighbourhood. It stands desolate and awful. Oh, the wandering through these tombs of the Lydian kings! Who on the spot can believe the reality? All the early visions of Herodotus, all the childish astonishment at his tales rush before me. And the great plain of the Hermus, seventy miles in length and fifty without a bound to the eye E. and N.; the lofty rugged fantastic Tmolus and the Acropolis of Sardis itself projecting towards you. Rome, Athens, Troy, Carthage, did not produce so much real emotion in me as did the climbing of the

[1] Rev. ii. 13: 'And thou holdest fast my name, and hast not denied my faith, even in those days wherein Antipas was my faithful martyr, who was slain among you, where Satan dwelleth.'

simple bare side of the tomb of Alyattes. This I can only account for by my ignorance. In present interest Hierapolis would rank next, the ruins are so perfect, the cemetery so grand, and its situation so beautiful that it would rank very high among the wonders of the world. Laodicea next. Ephesus next. But of what use is it to thus play with such things? I ought to say nothing, and only add that I kept a sort of journal, of which Charles Courtenay will in turn, I hope, have a copy, which he is instructed to show to you, though the only novelty in it to you will be some fresh forms of bad grammar and new phases of stupidity.

The success of the expedition was in no small measure due to Hadji, an ex-janissary and 'a man of very few words, with great determination, very kind so long as he was at liberty to use his scimitar in such way as he thought fit and at whatever time seemed to him desirable.'

When we were between the Churches of Thyatira and Sardis, that is crossing the great alluvial plain of the river Hermus, and near the tumulus of Alyattes, I, riding on my mule behind Hadji, called to him, 'Do you know where is the ford to cross the Hermus?' to which Hadji replied, not stopping, only turning his head, 'Bakallum' ('we shall see'). On which I rode halfway up the tumulus, from which we could see no sign of a road, and called to Hadji, 'Do you know the way?' Hadji turned his head, and said in an angry tone, 'Mashallah' ('God is great'), and did not halt. Not being a Moslem, but only an Oxford undergraduate, I was not satisfied with those two answers, and called out again, 'Hadji, do you know the way?' on which he spurred his horse and dashed into the river which we had just reached, calling out, 'Inshallah' ('God is merciful'). Not to be outdone, we all dashed in after him, and came safe over to the other side.

On the day after their return, Admiral Stopford, with the bulk of his fleet, sailed for Malta, leaving the *Pembroke* and two other battleships, besides some frigates, behind him. On October 31 Captain Moresby gave a dinner to the Capitan Pasha and other notabilities,

and it was then proposed to Acland that he should accompany the Turkish admiral to Constantinople. By November 5 the fleets had reached the familiar anchorage of Besika Bay: Captain Moresby, who was included in the invitation, immediately packed up, and by midday they were both on board the Turkish flagship. At that moment England and Russia were popularly supposed to be on the brink of war, and the Turks were between the upper and the nether millstone. Acland's remarks on their navy and its commander are worth reproducing:

They have the finest ships in the world, for they keep in pay an American who indulges his fancy and every whim by building stupendous and splendid vessels. I am now in a two-decker which is probably 1,000 tons larger than our flagship in the Mediterranean, the fellow ship of Nelson's *Victory*. Men are placed in these ships, which are ready-made for them, who could not manage a brig. And what happens? That they cannot set even a sail properly. But they are quick, energetic, and have their souls in their work. Orders came from England to desire us to assimilate with and assist the Turks in every possible way, leave no means untried to improve and perfect them. Our fleet met the Turkish squadron early in September: it consisted of eight sail of the line and three frigates. Theirs of five sail of the line and ten double-banked frigates from forty to sixty-four guns, and smaller vessels. From Vourlo they proceeded to Scio, Scio to Besika Bay. We put on board the Capitan Pasha a commander the best in the fleet; on board the *Reali* and another vessel a lieutenant each. In a few weeks the guns were better managed, and the discipline more regular and effective. . . . The Capitan Pasha is a middle-aged man. He is, as you know, inferior in rank only to the Prime Minister and the Sultan. He was not born a sailor. He was Pasha of all the country from the Dardanelles to Constantinople, and then Ambassador in Russia. He is an energetic man, above all useless ceremony, aware of the inferiority of his country in many respects, and anxious to correct them, a Mussulman without prejudice. In his office

of admiral he learns from others, and the teacher is a man of extraordinary quickness of eye and hand, and shows his men, even to washing the decks himself. He is now near me, cutting out hammocks, which no one but himself understands. He is therefore loved by some and hated as an innovation by all old Moslems. . . . Captain Moresby is the most intelligent of our captains, and most in the confidence of our admiral, and, through his perfect frankness and good-nature, in that of the Capitan Pasha. Through him I have received a great deal of kindness and attention and heard and seen much which nothing but such a concurrence of circumstances would have obtained for any private man. It does not happen to every man to hear the confidential laments, hopes, and fears of the First Pasha in Turkey.

On shore the Capitan Pasha's guests were quartered in a set of apartments at the Admiralty, and Acland's second visit to Constantinople under such auspices was naturally full of interest. But it was 'splendid captivity.'

First of all I lived in state. I need not tell you how I should feel under such trying difficulties. I would only suggest the analogy of a bear in the uniform of a life-guardsman. Second, I was compelled thrice a day to over-eat myself, to smoke myself yellow, and sit on a divan cross-legged. Third, to go to the Pasha's warm bath and have my various members dislocated and my skin pulled off, beginning with the scalp. Fourth, to walk with a soldier before me, but once or twice I dodged him down an alley when he was not looking, and gave him the slip. Fifth, to sleep on three feather beds and under two.

On November 29 the return journey commenced, and Acland, having received a magnificent damascene sword from the Capitan Pasha, rejoined the *Pembroke*, who, with her consorts, immediately set sail for Malta, having on board, as a passenger, Mr. (afterwards Sir Henry) Bulwer, the Secretary to the Embassy at St. Petersburg.

The quarantine which the squadron was compelled to

submit to at Malta marked the end of Acland's connexion with the *Pembroke*[1]. He was in some hopes of being allowed to keep the Summer Term at Oxford, and it was thought desirable that he should not miss the chance of revisiting Rome. Early in January, 1839, he got away from Valetta on board a steam-packet, leaving with unfeigned regret those who had been his shipmates, off and on, for a period of eighteen months. Next to Captain Moresby his principal friends on board were Lieutenants Prevost and Frere, but he had been on the best of terms with all the ship's company[2]. He had gained much in health, in self-reliance, and in experience. He had seen sights which fall to the lot of few, and he had breathed more of the spirit of antiquity at Carthage, on the plains of Troy, and amid the ruins of Sardis and Ephesus than is acquired by nine out of ten First-Class men. Above all, that free and candid criticism which is the essence of a seafaring life, whether in the ward-room or the gun-room, left no chance for the growth of those little tricks of mannerism which in all time have been the hall-mark of the typical Oxford man. Much of the *camaraderie*, of the unconscious diplomacy, of the power of adapting himself to all sorts and conditions of men without abating a jot of his dignity, which were so characteristic of Henry Acland, may be attributed to his apprenticeship on board the *Pembroke*, and to his rovings in Europe, in Africa, in Asia Minor among soldiers, sailors, Greeks, Jews, Mussulmen, and Bedouins.

[1] Acland's final farewell to the ship was not paid till 1868, when he writes: 'What do you think I found in Harwich harbour? the old *Pembroke* as a coastguard ship—and found my old cabin and the dear old 32-pounder as they were on the lower deck thirty years ago. It made me a child again.'

[2] Amongst them was a Mr. Eckman, a lieutenant in the Swedish navy, who, like Acland, was a supernumary, but with the object of perfecting himself in his profession. He afterwards rose to high rank, and in 1878 Acland visited him at Gothenburg. The friendship has been continued to the present generation.

Arrived at Rome, he went back to his old quarters on the Capitoline Hill, where the Richmonds had now become residents. The house was a Protestant hospital which supported itself by letting the vacant rooms as lodgings in the ratio of one patient to forty-four lodgers. Bunsen had been driven to resign his position by Ultramontane intrigue, and was now in England; but Abeken[1] remained, and the intimacy and liking between him and Acland grew closer and stronger. They were in daily intercourse, and explored together the churches and galleries in a manner which had been beyond his power on the previous visit. Rome was full of English visitors, including Lord Carnarvon and a large Oxford contingent, while Gladstone and Manning and Charles Marriott had only just departed. The 'Palazzo Tarpeio,' as the Protestant Hospital came to be nicknamed, was a mile from the head quarters of the English colony; but Acland mixed freely in the social life and entertainments, though he declared that 'the irregularities and ridiculous hours of the *beau monde* ill suit an honest sailor or homely student.'

As to Oxford the doctors were obdurate, and the following autumn was pronounced the earliest date for the resumption of his studies; but they raised no objection to his return to England and to his putting in a formal residence. Quitting Rome in the middle of April, and spending Easter at Florence, he proceeded to Venice, and up through the Tyrol into Bavaria. A stay of some days was made at Munich, and thence he

[1] Abeken's remarkable career only terminated in August, 1872. Originally a Lutheran minister and Chaplain to the Embassy at Rome, he followed Bunsen to London, and took a prominent part in the negotiations for the Jerusalem bishopric. He subsequently entered the Prussian Foreign Office, attracted the attention of Bismarck, and was his indefatigable and invaluable secretary—never leaving him through all the vicissitudes of the Austrian and French wars: he earned the sobriquet of 'Bismarck's Pen.' See the *Times* for August 14, 1872, and the *Life of Max Müller*, and Busch's *Bismarck*, passim.

moved by easy stages to Heidelberg and on to Rotterdam. By May 12, 1839, he was back again in England, and the following week was in his old rooms in Christ Church, keeping the Summer Term.

The two years that had elapsed since his last residence at Oxford had played havoc with his acquaintance; but his younger brother Leopold shared his rooms at Christ Church, and he retained his membership of Loder's. When he was in the Mediterranean his friend Edward Clayton had written about the internal politics of that society and the mischief done to it by the indiscriminate admission of strangers to its breakfasts. In his diary Acland records the names of the members present at a 'wine' after his return to Oxford—Lord Craven, Lord Kildare, Ruskin, Somers-Cocks, John Harrison, Seymour, Scott-Murray. He makes mention too of luncheon with 'Northcote of Balliol,' and of the interest which both Liddell and Dean Gaisford took in his travels, and in the sketches which he had brought back from Rome and the East. In another passage we get a glimpse of an old Oxford custom long since decayed: 'Missed chapel, and have an imposition which foolishly enough cuts me to the quick.' It was a humiliating experience for one who a few months previously had been the honoured guest of the Capitan Pasha. But he had his revenge in the following term by insisting, when a lecturer wanted him to translate *ὄϊος τυρός* as 'goat's cheese,' that it was 'sheep's cheese,' and that he had eaten it often in Greece.

Commemoration over, he buried himself at Holnicote with the object of reading for his 'Little Go.' He had undertaken, however, to prepare a pamphlet to accompany the publication of his panoramic sketch of *The Plains of Troy*, a task which involved a good deal of classical reading in authors not then recognized by the Oxford examiners. The combined work was more than his health, by no means fully restored, could stand. His letters and his diary are expressive

of fatigue, vexation, and despondency, which show that he was still hardly fit to encounter the realities of professional life. At the beginning of Michaelmas Term he was back in Oxford, and obtained the Dean's permission to defer his appearance at Responsions till the New Year. It was a great weight off his mind, though he writes that during the past vacation he had laid aside all his pleasures—'drawing, music, letters, company, the unmeasured delight of my father's conversation'—for the one object of his degree. In November his brochure was published[1], and he wrote, 'My father is so hearty and so pleased about Troy. Hurrah!'

It was a publication which would have done no discredit to a college tutor with the classics at his fingers' ends, and there was nothing in it by which the authorship could have been attributed to an undergraduate who had not passed his 'Little Go,' and whom a desultory education and broken health had precluded from attempting Honours. The panorama itself (a drawing some 7 feet long and 15 inches high, delicately engraved by Lewis) was a revelation of accomplishments which were rare at Oxford. The drawing was taken from a tumulus rising some 260 feet above the sea, and then generally known as 'the tumulus of Æsyetes,' and it is dedicated to Dean Gaisford. It received the compliment of an article all to itself in the *Quarterly Review* for September, 1840[2], which spoke in high terms both of the 'beautiful panoramic drawing of the Troad' and of 'the modest but scholarlike description' which accompanied it. The reviewers concluded by saying: 'We accept with pleasure and gratitude such delightful results of genial scholarship as those which Mr. Acland

[1] '*The Plains of Troy*, illustrated by a Panoramic Drawing taken on the spot, and a Map constructed after the latest survey. By Henry Acland, of Christ Church, Oxford.' The original tracing of the sketch-map mounted on a stained oilcloth is still preserved, as well as the original drawing.

[2] Vol. lxvi, p. 357.

has now given us; not careful to believe all that he believes, yet sympathizing with his enthusiasm and his moderation.'

Praise from such a quarter may well have compensated for the absence of his name from the class-lists, and the *réclame* arising from the publication was of real service to Acland in another way. His letters had hitherto betrayed an uneasy feeling that he was somewhat of a disappointment to his parents; after this, his first piece of success, his steps are surer and more confident.

But for the moment his satisfaction was more than balanced by grief at the death of Lady Devon, which occurred on December 15. 'Stunned and stupefied' are the only words he can find to describe his feelings.

In the following February he passed Responsions, and now concentrated all his energies on the final examination for his degree—the 'Great Go' of those days—which was to be essayed in May. The Easter vacation was spent with his brother Tom at Malvern, and such time as could be spared from Herodotus and logic and the Articles was given to excursions to Worcester and Ledbury and to the study of church architecture. He writes hopefully and cheerfully, 'spirits better, memory improved'; and mentions with satisfaction that he had been able, through his friendship with Sir Robert Inglis, to help his college friend Charles Newton to obtain an 'assistantship' in the British Museum.

The ordeal at Oxford was successfully passed, and it is curious to read of one who was to help in founding a new Honour School, and for many years to direct the medical examinations of his University, that he was in so excited a state during the whole week that he had intense difficulty in restraining himself 'from all sorts of madness.' 'I had to bathe my head constantly during the two days of the examination, being let out for the purpose.' The examiners offered to excuse him the

'viva voce,' but he declined, 'for I want not nerve.' On May 10, 1840, he put on his gown, dined in hall at the Masters' table, and went to common-room. The next day he was in London, interviewing Dr. Chambers with regard both to his own health and the commencement of his medical studies. The advice received is given in his diary: 'to enter at once at St. George's—learn drugs—little of botany and chemistry —be up by October 1 in town—begin then anatomy and chemistry, materia medica and hospital.'

On May 16, 1840, he entered his name at St. George's Hospital:

Made my bow to the physicians and authorities, and subscribed to their reading-room and all other things pertaining to the duties of an embryo Hippocrates. My father is very kind indeed in all respects, evidently in high spirits and delighted about my future prospects, and, I think, not a little pleased at my having almost unknown to him, within twenty-four hours of leaving Oxford, entered the hospital.

Before we follow Acland in the medical career upon which he was about to embark, it will be as well to round off this stage of his Oxford life. He had had in view for some time past the possibility of obtaining election to a Radcliffe Travelling Fellowship, on which foundation there would be a vacancy in June, 1842. During the course, however, of the present summer it was suggested to him that he should stand at All Souls in the coming October.

All Souls was at this date little more than 'a club for young men of good family, who had shown or were believed to possess some aptitude for work.' The doctrine of 'founder's kin' had been extended until there was hardly a family of any antiquity in the kingdom that was not eligible under it; and, in the words of the first University Commission, 'founder's kin introduced into All Souls many members of ancient families who might naturally wish to perpetuate in the college persons of their own condition in life.' In this

charmed circle of county families the Aclands might well be reckoned, and 'Tom'—elected in 1831—had only relinquished his Fellowship in the preceding November. Many of the younger Fellows were well known to Henry: he had certainly shown 'aptitude for work,' and, moreover, the Statutes provided for four Medical Fellowships, only one of which was then occupied. Election was preceded by examination [1], but it was of a perfunctory character, and the college was not bound to follow the report of the examiners. Yet it was the exception rather than the rule for a candidate to be chosen at the first trial, and there were always enough competitors to render election somewhat of a lottery. His elder brother, though keen for his success, scarcely dared to anticipate it; and it was to the mingled delight and surprise of his family that he was placed first on the list, his colleague being the Honourable F. A. Liddell [2].

Mr. Charles Pearson, in his fragment of delightful autobiography, narrates how some twelve years later he was debarred from standing at All Souls by his scruples about swearing obedience to Statutes which enjoined in the strictest manner a residence at Oxford which he was unable to promise:

I asked Acland how he had prevailed on himself to take the oath. He replied that he had felt scruples, and had con-

[1] Acland mentions a Latin essay (*Pars sceleris dubitata fuit*) and a translation from the *Spectator* as being the two papers on the first day (Oct. 29, 1840). Otherwise his diary merely relates that he was 'much annoyed by the folly of the candidates; the Fellows are very properly behaved; the former play the fool the while, especially Lane Fox, who being a stranger to me is very impertinent.'

[2] His diary says: 'In the evening, after dining with Jelf, Leopold comes to my rooms. At 11.30, Kenyon, Leighton, Egerton run up announcing my election. I had just been reading Colossians iii, the lesson for the day. After they were gone I read it aloud to Leopold, very much impressed with the occasion of it.'

sulted Dean Gaisford, who addressed him in this fashion: 'Well, Acland, your father was a Fellow of All Souls, and A and B and C, whom you know and respect, were all Fellows, and none of them felt themselves hampered by this scruple. And if you think it necessary to entertain doubts where they didn't, all I can say is that I think you must be a very conceited young fellow.' To a man of Acland's loyal mind the argument from authority was sufficient, if not conclusive.

It is a good story, and we can well believe that Gaisford may have returned just such an answer. It is marred, however, by the fact that the elder Sir Thomas never was a Fellow of All Souls. And Henry Acland's correspondence with his mother and eldest brother shows conclusively both that he felt the difficulty and that he overcame it by considerations very different from those which the Dean of Christ Church is credited with. In a letter from T. D. Acland, written just after the election, we find the matter put on a clear footing[1]:

> You take the oath, I am sure, in the belief that the Statutes contain the expression of the founder's will and mind, and you mean to fulfil them so far as change of circumstance admits; but you also know that the literal observance is sometimes impossible, sometimes unlawful. The interpretation of some parts is fixed by competent authority of the Visitor, in others by the Warden and officers; in other cases it is clearly not to be settled definitely by your private judgement, and therefore it must be a work of time for you to collect the real practical sense, not ἁπλῶς but πρός σε.

It was strange that the robust common sense of the advice should not have been apparent to Charles Pearson.

Another passage in the same letter is worthy of quotation:

> I think I have no special advice to give; old Vaughan was

[1] The writer of the letter had himself shown a most scrupulous regard of the Statutes, by resigning his Fellowship because he had not taken orders by the end of seven years, though a technical exemption, almost universally adopted, was open to him.

always kind to me; Leighton and Kenyon and Doyle my chief friends. Popham very warm-hearted. Baugh always very kind. I like Barrington; he is well-informed, but prejudiced and sometimes haughty, but there is great good in him. You had best take a line about cards at once as a convenience, otherwise you are liable to be kept late often to make up a rubber. You should force yourself, if you can, to not unfrequent walks with the Fellows; several of them like long walks: I used to fail sadly in this. And as a general rule I would never break through any college habit or custom till you quite see your way. Those little etiquettes are a main element for holding together the good feeling which pervades the very various elements of the society.

It is to be feared that this caution was neither unnecessary nor fully heeded. Though he remained a Fellow of the college for six years, and at a later date contemplated offering himself as a candidate for the Wardenship, Henry Acland never seems to have been thoroughly at home within the walls of All Souls. On the face of it, more congenial surroundings for a son of Sir Thomas Acland could scarcely have been imagined. The Warden, the Rev. Lewis Sneyd, with his 'easy yet impressive dignity, stately suavity, and refined courtliness of presence and manners,' was a type of the cultivated aristocratic society which used to gather beneath his father's roof in London and at Killerton. The Rodneys and Bathursts and Lascelles, the Legges and Wrothesleys and Berties, the Portmans and Grimstones and Bagots, were the very class of men with whom he had been wont to associate all his life. If it was no longer the case that, in the words of Bishop Heber, written in 1808, the 'very air of the place breathed study,' still there was no lack of well-informed, well-read companions with whom his varied experiences and accomplishments should have established a bond of union; yet it is clear that the atmosphere of the place jarred upon him. To a man of most unconventional ways the 'little etiquettes' of the

college were tedious and distasteful. Brought up in somewhat ascetic habits, with a fine disregard for the pleasures of the table [1] and an engrained dislike of parade and ceremony, the stately dinners in hall, the prolonged sittings over the wine in common-room, were an intolerable infliction. 'I never contemplated,' he wrote, 'the stomach-bondage under which we are held; nor, indeed, did I know the precise nature of the duties which the *soi-disant* college habits require.'

Full of enthusiasms and interests far removed from the ordinary pursuits of the men surrounding him, he found himself in a circle where *nil admirari* was the prevailing note. However much he might have persuaded himself that he could conscientiously swear to the Statutes, it was obvious to him that the spirit of the founder's directions could not have contemplated anything remotely resembling the existence passed by the All Souls Fellows of his day [2]. And he soon discovered that the dry bones of statutory authority could be invoked to check any insidious approach on his part towards revolutionary practices. When appointed to the office of Reader of Natural Philosophy in the college, which custom had always treated as a sinecure, he applied to the Warden for permission to lecture to the Bible clerks—then, as now, the only representatives of the undergraduate element at All Souls. He was told that he might do so if he liked, provided that the lectures were given at 6 a.m., the hour prescribed by the Statutes.

[1] Almost the only note of complaint on the score of food which I have come across among Acland's papers is the remark in connexion with some seaside lodgings, 'The cookery is not delicate; the roast meat looks like pounded cart-ruts.' It should be added that all his life, till a very late period, he preferred to make the mid-day meal his dinner. The contrary practice added to his sufferings at All Souls, and he writes: 'I fancy the late dinner hour begins to work its usual effect upon me.'

[2] After the November election of 1844 he enters in his Diary: 'Much dejected at the non-election of an admirably qualified candidate, on the ground that he was in manners not *haut ton.*'

It was an ingenious and not unkindly way of administering a snub, but it was none the less galling to the would-be reformer. Acland, as his letters show, was at this period going through a time of mental storm and stress, and he was less prepared to acquiesce in what he could not approve than one of more balanced temperament, or than he himself in later days would have been.

That there was a somewhat querulous and exaggerated note in his criticism of All Souls and its society appears plainly in a letter from Charles Courtenay:

On mature consideration you decided that it was right to stand for All Souls. It pleased God that you should be elected, and there you are, surrounded with many advantages. Do not lose sight of them and look only at the dark side. By doing so you make yourself unhappy. When things are decidedly wrong, set yourself against them at once; but, I would say (though I do it with diffidence, as I know it is dangerous), make concessions when your conscience tells you you may. Besides, I cannot help thinking that you magnify some of the evils. 'The sinful neglect of devotion, the shameful performance of Divine Service, the habit of listening to oaths,' I will not defend, because, if it is so, no defence can be made, and you must consider them as the trials of the position in which it has pleased God to place you, and pray for strength to avert the evil. What you mean by the luxury of the place, I do not know, as I never saw there anything but what befitted the condition of the Fellows, never anything but what would become the house of a temperate prudent man[1]. As to the frivolous quantity of card-playing, I do not see how that affects you, as I suppose you need not play; and I thought that every Fellow could retire to his own room as soon as he liked after the move into the coffee-room, so that you surely might have a part of the evening to yourself; and you must recollect that in your own or any one else's family you would be tied to the dinner-table and drawing-room for about two hours and a half.

[1] Charles Courtenay had himself been twice an unsuccessful candidate. His eldest brother, afterwards Lord Devon, had been a Fellow.

As time went on Acland grew more in sympathy with his surroundings, more tolerant of the usages which fettered his movements and inclinations. The strong spirit of corporate loyalty which was the redeeming spirit of the college in its darkest days got hold of him. On October 31, 1842, he writes to his father: 'We at All Souls are not ashamed that one of the Select Preachers is chosen from among us, and that, as last year the head of the Vice-Chancellor's Court was also taken from our body, so now the Mathematical Examiner is just appointed of All Souls. These things make me happy and thankful.' And again: 'In the college I am happy; I have taken a quiet line which cannot be meddled with.'

He seems to have resided more than was usual with the bulk of the Fellows. He never shirked any college office that devolved upon him, and he took his full share in the yearly examination; but the complaints which from time to time break out in his letters show that he can never have quite succeeded in the fulfilment of his promise to the Warden to be 'an out-and-out All Souls man.'

CHAPTER IV

ST. GEORGE'S—LIFE IN LONDON

1840–1844

We have seen that Acland had formally commenced his medical studies a few weeks before his election at All Souls. It was characteristic of Sir Thomas that the advice with which he launched his son on the world of London was condensed in the simple words: 'Always live like a gentleman.' Equally characteristic was the way in which the latter put it into practice by immediately going out and purchasing a seal and a dispatch-box.

In his choice of St. George's Hospital Acland had been guided by Sir Benjamin Brodie, the benefit of whose judgement had been already given to him on more than one occasion[1]. The habits of life on shipboard and the easy discipline of Christ Church must have made the transition to hard grinding study in London somewhat painful under any conditions. The physical repulsion which scarcely the most callous can avoid on their first introduction to the operating theatre and the dissecting-room made his chosen career for the moment wellnigh intolerable. It is true that he had cherished no illusions. Within a few days of entering his name he had written to Charles Courtenay:

I have been talking with Arthur[2] about the hospital. I declare in some things my heart wellnigh fails. I have an instinctive horror of death; all of it that I have seen has been

[1] Sir Benjamin had himself entered at St. George's as far back as 1801, and had become assistant-surgeon there in 1808. He still continued to lecture with more or less frequency, and his course of instruction was eagerly followed by the students.

[2] Arthur Acland had spent some months in 1838 in working in the wards of St. George's.

of drowned and drowning men, save only some awful accidents; no calm, peaceful departure has been my impression hitherto. To hear that I shall have to see daily four to ten corpses, naked, uncared for, carried down and examined before reckless students; people whom I shall have, perhaps, been anxious for, and shown kindness to, emaciated and dead of long disease; to think of this is very appalling to a sensitive man.

Scarcely less appalling at the first contact were the general surroundings of a medical student's existence:

Everything wears the air of low men, of low habits, such as I have never hitherto come in contact with. In consequence of my being treated uncivilly by my bookseller in Greenhill's presence, he (G.) made the pregnant remark: 'You must be prepared for that wherever you are known to be a medical student.'

In much the same strain he writes to his mother after attending the inaugural lecture on the 1st of October:

I strongly suspect that when my grandfather[1] took his great dislike to the life of a physician he must have been at a medical lecture, for verily they are the most bearish set I have ever beheld as a mass. I cannot tell you why, but the whole tone is essentially low-bred; in other words, there is no breeding at all, for 'low-bred' is too good a word by half. The notion of a master being cheered by his pupils is enough to sicken an Oxford man at once. It is a system as diametrically opposed to all that we have been taught to esteem as a lady's boudoir to a dissecting-room.

And he enters in his diary:

I am greatly horrified with the want of order and plans—the want of control and authority exercised among us students. The teachers truckle to us, joke; especially the evening lecturer, he will make any allusion or talk any folly to amuse the men.

[1] Capt. Matthew Fortescue. It is a family legend that he refused to hold any further communications with his step-grandson after the latter had 'entered in the physic line.'

The lecture which had extorted the former of these diatribes is, we may hope, caricatured in the *Medical Listener* of the day, an extract from which Acland enclosed for his mother's edification:

At one o'clock on the first of October, the theatre of St. George's Hospital was crowded to excess with medical gentlemen of all ages and grades; physicians, surgeons, accoucheurs, and pupils to all three, of all ages, sizes, appearances, and station in life. In a few minutes a side door opened and Dr. ——, the lecturer, appeared. He bowed repeatedly to his audience, and they in return stamped and kicked uproariously. He began: Gentlemen! (tremendous cheers) when I see before me so respectable an assemblage (enthusiastic plaudits, violent stamping, beating of sticks, clapping of hands and the like), gentlemen (hear, hear), my feelings are overpowered! You are about to begin your medical studies; the sole objects of such study are two: first, to get a name; secondly, to get money (violent applause).

Now both of these must be got by perseverance and patience, and by those alone! (audible sighs and faint murmurs). Gentlemen! connexion, birth, education, are worth nothing at all—nothing. Why, gentlemen, in the Law (base profession), in Diplomacy, in the Church, much is done by favouritism! but let me tell you, gentlemen, that the pampered man who will commit the *souls* of three thousand of his fellow men to the care of an incompetent man, will not trust one hair of his own *body* but to the ablest adviser the world will afford.

Now, gentlemen, work away—you have the best physicians (I am one), the best surgeons, the best hospital, to deal with. Frenchmen are nothing to us! We have arranged everything so as to cut *them* out. You have only to work hard, and you will *all* get money, *all* get names, and *all* be the finest fellows as ever is. (Violent clapping, jumping, and the like.) *Exeunt omnes.*

It was no aristocratic hauteur, no Oxford exclusiveness, which made Acland write in this manner of the men who had chosen the same profession as himself. His varied experiences had brought him a wide acquaintance, and the ward-room of a man-of-war in those

days was no school of refinement; but here there was a peculiar style of 'raffishness' to which he had hitherto been a stranger. The medical student in the earlier decades of the last century stood alone and apart. We have met him in the persons of Bob Sawyer and Benjamin Allen and Sam Huxtable, and in the now-forgotten pages of Albert Smith. He was a man more sinned against than sinning, as Henry Acland freely acknowledged. 'I notice,' he said many years afterwards[1] in his address on the opening of the new school at St. George's, 'that the typical medical student is still sometimes by aged idlers held up to ridicule. By your conduct you will speedily live down this traditional trifling. At a time when vice and carelessness cankered society the medical student was utterly neglected by the State.'

A letter written to Dr. Babington in 1843 helps to explain the difficulty which he found in accommodating himself to the atmosphere about him:

> The habits of my family, most remarkable for self-indulgence and irregularity[2], my own age and past life, have rendered the character of medical student very unpleasant to me. The more so, because it was my happiness at Oxford to associate from the day of matriculation with men who from their age, piety, and learning, were strangely my superiors—so that I have long lost the habits of young men, and when I put them on, carry them clumsily.

Indeed that air of maturity which so strongly impressed Ruskin was Acland's companion through life. In some respects intensely boyish to the end, and

[1] October 1, 1868.

[2] The words are scarcely appropriate to the curious mixture of rigour and freedom, of punctuality and unpunctuality, which characterized the Acland household. To 'self-indulgence' in its ordinary acceptation the lives of Sir Thomas and his sons afford the most striking contrast. Never were men on whom the sense of public duty weighed more strongly. The 'irregularity' perhaps refers to what he elsewhere calls the family habit of always transacting the most important business after midnight.

full of sympathy for the aspirations of the young, their manifestations did not always strike a responsive chord in him. We may feel confident that the rougher sort of student took little pains to spare his sensibilities; and Acland would often speak in after years of the horror which came over him on his first day in the dissecting-room, when he was initiated into a phase of life rougher than any with which his previous training had made him acquainted. From the account which he has given of what he there witnessed it must be admitted that there was a plentiful lack of refinement, and much which would not now be tolerated in any well-organized metropolitan hospital. There were occasions when, during the earlier days of his initiation, he seemed to have entered on a task beyond his strength; and sometimes in the house of George Richmond he could scarce refrain from breaking down as he spoke, after a more than usually trying experience, of the sights and sounds of his daily life[1].

Fortunately the course of study into which he was plunged afforded a good deal of distraction.

I rise at six (he wrote to Charles Courtenay), and at seven go out to walk till a quarter to eight, which hour finds me in Westminster Abbey at morning prayers. At half-past I am returned and at breakfast. On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday I read until 10.30, when I have a lecture; from 11.30 to 1.30 I read again; take one mile and a half's walk and dinner till 2.30, then lecture again. From 3.30 I walk till six,

[1] How he strove to support himself through the ordeal will be understood if I append the following short prayer, 'to be used daily on reaching the Hospital,' which is preserved among his papers: 'Almighty and Everlasting God, who makest me to do those things that be good and acceptable to Thy Divine Majesty, let Thy Fatherly hand, I beseech Thee, be over me in these my fearful studies. Let Thy Holy Spirit be with me, guiding my mind, restraining my passions, purifying my thoughts; and so lead me into the knowledge and obedience of Thy word, that in the end I may obtain everlasting life through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour.'

and then having tea, I read all the evening. Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, I have a chemical lecture till nine, and the rest of the day the same, save that on Thursday I have operations from one till two, and so cannot dine till six, unless indeed the operations be few and speedy.

Though it does not bear directly on his medical work, the rest of the day's epitome is worth recording:

It is my wish to keep professional matters out of my home, I shall read these chiefly at the schools and in the dissecting-room. At home I shall read my Bible, Lord Bacon's works, Cicero, and Horace. When I can, also some Greek. Your Cicero I carry about and read a few lines of carefully while my dinner gets ready, and when I wait about elsewhere. Thereby I trust to keep up Latin, or rather acquire it. I am in the *Amicitia*. Of Lord Bacon I have begun the *Atlantis*. I have also been reading *The Merchant and the Friar* of Sir Francis Palgrave; a deep and fanciful book.

A few months later he writes to the same correspondent:

I find as much as ever that whereas my work begins with the sun and ends not much before him, so I am so fatigued by 'Ave Maria' that I can neither read, talk, or write. I was so last night. I could do nothing at all, so I cut myself for some blood, and examined it all the evening in the microscope.

But in February, 1842, he was able to say, after detailing to Charles Courtenay a fatiguing week:

You will wonder at my frame bearing this. Thank God, it does. I am not now shocked or disturbed at the hospital or its adjuncts. My labour is therefore only worth the intellectual effort and the unhealthiness of the occupation, be it what it may. Last year the sight of the place gave me grievous pain.

Dr. Chambers, it may be added, had expressly warned him to avoid a multitude of lectures, 'only one anatomical lecture a day, and that the lecture in the theatre, not a demonstration in the dissecting-room. Anatomy thus commenced, with chemistry and materia medica, must be your work at present. With regard to the

practice of the hospital itself, I am well aware you can make very little of it till you know something of anatomy and chemistry. Still, however, I should advise you to frequent the wards and examining rooms of the hospital when you have any intervals of leisure.'

The necessity for intermittent residence at Oxford caused interruption in the course of his regular medical studies, which he strove to counteract as much as possible by attending Dr. Kidd's lectures on anatomy at Christ Church, by doing clinical work under his direction at the Radcliffe Infirmary, and by making the most of any opportunities for dissecting which presented themselves there.

In December, 1840, Charles Courtenay was ordained; it was naturally an occasion of deep interest to Acland, whose letters for long after are full of tender solicitude and of grave discussion as to the duties and responsibilities of the sacred calling. He not only advises him on matters of conduct and conscience, such as the obligation of fasting, but he proposes schemes for his sermons [1], and takes the utmost interest in all the details of parochial work. Nor is it difficult to detect moments when he is seen in hesitation as to whether he shall follow his friend's example and abandon an occupation which had so many uncongenial features in favour of what they both regarded as the holiest of callings. On Christmas Day, 1841, in a letter to the Rev. William Barker [2], the incumbent of Broad Clyst, after dwelling on the absorbing nature of his own studies, he goes on to say:

It is this very press of employment which has made and

[1] e.g. May 18, 1841: 'Do you wish me to help you with a sermon? There are some most excellent of Bishop Andrews for Whit-Sunday, and as they are not in your reach I will prepare one of them for present use.'

[2] Mr. Barker was one of Acland's godfathers, and his portrait always hung opposite his bedroom door, 'to keep him in order,' as he said.

makes me shrink from my secular profession and cling in thought to taking orders, but from various and urgent reasons it appears to me that this change must never take place.

And a month or two later (Feb. 1842) he wrote to Charles Courtenay:

You know I take my present place because it is my obvious duty, and it is my duty because I am not deemed fit for your blessed life. Let me be satisfied in faith that by this degradation I am not hereinafter impaired or separated from you.

There can, I think, be little doubt that on every ground Acland chose the right path when he resolved to persevere in that profession to which he had been dedicated from childhood. He would have made an excellent parish priest, and he might not improbably have attained high rank and distinction in the ecclesiastical world. But there was other work before him, both at Oxford and in a much wider sphere, for which he stood equipped beyond all his contemporaries. Deep personal piety, transparent sincerity of belief, and a courage which never shrank from expressing religious convictions, were mightier witnesses to Christianity and to the Church of England when united in the person of the Regius Professor of Medicine than they could ever have been in an ordained or consecrated minister of the Gospel.

In the autumn of 1841 Acland took a step to which he was impelled by the uncared-for condition of his fellow students at St. George's and in the metropolitan hospitals generally. He resolved to show to the best of his ability 'that trifling with death, whereby the affections are ruined, and want of moral control, are the causes which operate to make the medical student what he is; and that these things can be remedied by the country at a very trifling cost.'

The Rev. J. H. North, afterwards brother-in-law to Sir James Paget, and then Chaplain to St. George's Hospital, had recently published *A Letter addressed to*

Sir Benjamin Brodie Bart., on the Application of the Collegiate System to the Medical Schools of the Metropolis. On Nov. 17, 1841, there appeared, addressed to Mr. North himself, *A Letter from a Medical Student on some Moral Difficulties in his Studies, and on the Duty of the State to aid him in lessening them.* Acland was the author, but his anonymity was carefully preserved, and the details of publication were settled for him by his friend, the Rev. F. D. Maurice, then Chaplain at Guy's Hospital, to whom his eldest brother had stood sponsor when he was baptized at the age of twenty-six.

The plan suggested was that houses should be provided, with the aid of a temporary subsidy from the national exchequer, in or near the hospitals, in which the students might live economically and simply 'as fellows of a well-ordered college under an all-powerful head, rather than as undergraduates under a wakeful tutor.' But the writer disclaims the too close analogy with the Oxford and Cambridge system which Mr. North seemed to favour. 'It were well,' he thought, 'to make the admission to the college a favour, and existence in it dependent solely on good conduct.'

The heads of some such scheme had been drawn up a year or two earlier by the Governing Body at Guy's, though they failed to bring forth fruit; and in 1843 a hostel on these lines was founded for the benefit of the students of St. Bartholomew, through the munificence of some of the Governors of that hospital, but without recourse, it need hardly be said, to the public purse; Sir James Paget was the first Warden, and a full account of its working will be found in his *Life*[1]. Nothing, however, was done at St. George's; and the chief interest of Acland's pamphlet is to be found in its grave and earnest pleading on behalf of a class of young men who stood sorely in need of all the advocacy they could obtain. The influence of Sir Thomas Browne is apparent in many passages: e.g.

[1] See pp. 123, 124.

It is a disadvantage that no other class of youth labours under, the being deprived of that natural instinct which leads men to think of their own death when they hear of that of others; to be habitually called to a sense of religion (undefined, it is true) by the sound of the tolling bell. To us the mention of the dead calls up far other ideas.

The personal experiences related in the letters from which extracts have been made, lend point to the writer's picture of the introduction of the medical student to the scene of his vocation:

He enters a large hospital, with no adequate notion of medical study or its nature; no idea which had painted for him its wearisome details (if so he please to judge them), its many drawbacks, its sad accumulation of physical and mental sorrow. He had not thought upon the number of the sick and dying with whom he was to take up his abode; he had not been fully prepared for familiar contact with the dead, nor learned as yet to view his fellow men as machines without souls. Hitherto, it may be, he knew of disease only that it was from God; that it was a remedy applied to the body to cure the disorders of a sinning soul; a mark of chastisement; an act of love from the hand of a wise Father. As yet he had but thought death the flight of an immortal creature to some immortal abode; the passing of a lost being before the tribunal of an offended God, or the embracement of a saint in the arms of his Saviour.

A corpse, maybe, he had never seen; or if he had, it was that of a parent or a brother, or a friend, over which in his tender spirit he had wept and prayed; on both, on disease and on death, he had looked as the result of sin, the fruit of the fall of Adam, the perpetual remembrance of his forefather's guilt and his own wickedness. How could he do otherwise? As a boy he had shrunk instinctively from the contemplation of them; as a youth he had dreaded their approach; as both he had felt death itself a moral rather than a physical change.

It is now so with him no more: henceforth there is no mystery, no awe; he is guided to the dissecting-room and mystery is dragged out into fact, and awe banished and the

dead revealed in a guise that at first sight might appal the man that would mount a breach.

His affections, it may be, are yet untainted, and he is shocked to watch the indifference visible on every side. The jest, the laugh, the game, fall heavily on his unaccustomed ear, and he wonders, perhaps fears, or what is worse he goes prepared to brave it; he enters determined to show himself careless at the scene—there is small effort needed to part with innocence—he succeeds, and all his days remains unmoved.

Liddell must have had this passage in mind in his characteristically frank criticism:

My dear A.—You have written like an honest man and a Christian, but I fear not enough in the persuasive vein. I like least what I fear you like most, your argument from reverence to the dead.

More encouraging were the comments of Mr. Gladstone, the friend of his eldest brother, but as yet scarcely known to him personally:

I cannot avoid writing a few lines to say how much I have been pleased with your tract. I have a prejudice against anonymous writing in general, but in this case it is not difficult to appreciate the reasons of your choice. Of the bone and matter I will only say, that any one reading the pamphlet, and not acquainted with the author and his age, might I think be in doubt whether to ascribe it to a young person on account of its ingenuous freshness, or to one of years more advanced, for its practical sobriety.

Three years later, Acland told Lady Brodie that though he did not regret the publication of the letter, yet had he then enjoyed his present knowledge of the world, his profession, and himself, the feeling that it was presumptuous on his part would have effectually deterred him. Presumptuous or not, the letter is an illuminating revelation of the influences which then were working within him.

The following year (1842) brought a great disappoint-

My father still holds out an idea of a 'scientific man doing the same as if he was a Travelling Fellow,' and he offers me £100 a year in addition to my allowance for every year I like to spend abroad. Such a plan appears to me to be proposed either from want of thought or ignorance of what makes eminence or greatness in study—study, I mean, of abstract science in the practice of a profession. I do not conceive that wandering habits gave Mr. Owen his knowledge, nor, for myself, do I see any hope of turning to account a loose and inaccurate mind without regular drill and much self-denial. What to look forward to afterwards, whether practice in London, a college life in Oxford, or a county town as Exeter, I do not now determine. The only practical question is how to acquire the soundest knowledge of the means of curing disease.

It was obvious that the failure to obtain the Fellowship would necessitate a considerable change in the nature of his studies. Two years had now been spent in hard work at the hospital, but apart from his ineradicable tendency to 'diffuse' himself over a wide area, the preparation for ten years of travel in pursuit of learning, as a Radcliffe Fellow, differed widely from the narrower path to be trodden by one whose present aim was to become House Physician at St. George's. A new bent had been given to his mind, as appears in a letter to his mother:

October 4, 1842.

The upshot of the directions given by Dr. Chambers may be stated very concisely. That the art of curing disease or alleviating it is to be learnt in one way, and one alone: close application, a mind deeply set on the various forms of sickness, and entire carelessness to every subject or branch of a subject which does not tend directly to this one end. The business of a physician is to heal, and not to study as a philosopher. I have never seen the matter in this light before, nor even understood what I have undertaken till now. My own weakness, the Travelling Fellowship, and the way in which my future life has been mostly talked of by those around me, have all conduced to keep me in the dark.

And writing to his father a week or two later, he puts the matter even more directly:

The whole of Dr. Chambers' and Dr. Babington's professional advice was summed up in this: that everything must be renounced now for the one end of acquiring particular knowledge. That was a very difficult lesson to set before me. All my habits and education have tended any way but doing as plain men have done before. Following the directions given to me, I have been applying very diligently to the study of disease, and have in a month learnt far more than in the two previous years; indeed, of anatomy also. I find myself backward to an absurdity, yet not irrevocably. The work I have entered upon is very fascinating to me, and I think that in six months' time or by next summer I shall be in a very different state to what I now am. Mr. Babington has done more than give me mere directions. He made me understand plainly that I was deficient in those powers of mind that are essential to a great scientific man, a thing which I have long known, but that a veil was thrown over my eyes by the Travelling Fellowship and some other things. It remains for me now, therefore, to give all my faculties for the next few years to medicine alone in its most unadorned and simple form; and if I have strength and leisure hereafter to engraft collateral knowledge on practical experience, I may.

The value of this advice was largely enhanced by the character of the men who gave it. Dr. Chambers had known Henry Acland from boyhood, both personally and professionally, and Dr. Babington[1] was the one

[1] George Gisbourne Babington, cousin of Lord Macaulay and uncle by marriage of Charles Pearson, was a man of singularly subtle intellect and great capacity for acquiring knowledge of the most various kinds; a profound linguist, his favourite studies outside his profession are said to have been military tactics and controversial theology. Unfortunately, a neglected pleurisy had ruined his health just at the moment when he was rising to the first rank, and in Dec. 1843 he gave up his practice to reside in Rome. But the friendship begun at the hospital was only severed by death, and some of Acland's most intimate letters are addressed to him.

member of the hospital staff in whom he placed implicit confidence and reliance; 'far the most superior man about St. George's, with an enlarged mind that has ranged far and wide; in his extensive practice he possesses a knowledge very useful to his fellow creatures, a heart yearning to use it, and a grasp powerful to wield it.'

For the next eighteen months Acland pursued the line thus indicated.

October 27, 1843.

I am occupied very much (he writes to his mother), and on Monday next shall be much more so. In addition to Dr. Nairn's Clinical Clerkship I shall then have a lecture daily on Botany, one on Medicine—besides some on Anatomy, Insanity, and Chemistry, which are not daily. It is my intention during July to devote a great deal of time to Practical Pharmacy, and this in a druggist's shop. I have made some arrangements with an eminent chemist for this purpose, and I shall continue my study with him after my short summer holiday[1].

And to Charles Courtenay he writes:

When you consider that a young man knows that on his knowledge depends his usefulness, and on his intellectual labour depends the collecting, sifting, retaining that knowledge, you will perceive how greatly he is urged to guide all his thoughts and time to the one pursuit he is engaged in . . . I would never go to bed at all, would my health bear it and my head keep clear. I have been very late in the morning . . . I have to-night for the first time a clothes-puller that I hope will do something for me.

The latter sentence throws some light on an undated letter from Liddell, which seems to refer to these or similar excesses:

I was very much grieved to hear how seriously ill you had been. I feared you were unwell when you were in Oxford; but really you are yourself so much to blame. Why can you

[1] See p. 325, *infra*.

not learn common prudence at your time of life, with all your experience too, practical and medical? What could induce you, first, to give up your horse, when it answered so well; next, when you found yourself getting ill, to talk metaphysics with that strange Somersetshire parson? But why load you with reproaches? Merely to try and make you remember another time. 'There never yet was an Acland with common sense,' I have heard it said. You, I hoped, were in a fair way to give the lie to such a doctrine. But I shall give you up if you go on in that way. There! you have not had such a lecture, probably, since you left school!

Towards the close of the year (1843), a change of plan was recommended. In a letter to his mother (Dec. 31), after lamenting that the work of self-discipline was exceedingly painful at his age, when he had to do 'what ought to have been done ten years ago, in ordinary habits of self-restraint, calmness, regularity, bridling the tongue, cheerfulness, urbanity, and the like,' he goes on to say:

Among other things I have begun negotiations about a year at Edinburgh, but I have not fixed the date of its commencement. I am tired out of St. George's, and think to leave it at Easter for some other place; but whether Dublin, Paris, Edinburgh, or Guy's, I have not fixed.

Early in 1844, he writes to thank his father for a liberal present of game to his two late masters, 'for the days of my servitude to that strange being, Dr. Wilson, are nearly ended, and ended with real regret.' The middle of April found him on his way to the northern capital, pausing at Kidderminster on a visit to his brother Leopold, who was a curate there; and at Birmingham, where he renewed acquaintance with Dr. Prince Lee, Master of King Edward's School and shortly to be consecrated the first Bishop of Manchester. He made a short stay at York, where his diary records a minute examination of the Minster organ and a call at the Lunatic Asylum. He turned aside at Abbotsford

and cut himself a stick in the woods. He saw 'fair Melrose,' and re-read the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and reached Edinburgh on April 23.

The three years and a half which Acland spent as a medical student in London proved, as was almost inevitable, the pivot of his whole career. It was during them that he laid the foundation of his professional knowledge, and that his mind received that stimulus towards scientific pursuits which was destined to leave such lasting traces at Oxford. And the society in which his college friendships, his family connexions, his travels in Italy and the East, combined to launch him was in itself an education of the highest value. Into the London world of balls and routs and fashionable dinner-parties he had neither the time nor the inclination to enter. In spite of the self-reproaches as to wasted time and neglected opportunities which recur with almost painful iteration in his diary, it is clear that he was studying with the utmost assiduity and with a vehemence that often unduly taxed his health. Next to Sir Benjamin Brodie and Dr. Babington the most important intellectual influence exerted over him was that of Richard Owen, to whom he made twenty years afterwards ample acknowledgement :

> Among my first teachers of scientific anatomy you were the chief. At the College of Surgeons, while Mr. Clift was still there, and you were yet ascending the ladder to fame, you received and helped me with kindness; you first opened my eyes to the magnificent illustrations of physiological laws collected by your great master John Hunter; and long before the use of the microscope had become a fashion you first showed me how, without it, anatomical science would have been still in a stunted state. I therefore owe you all the regard—shall not I say reverence ?—of a willing pupil [1].

He had first heard Owen at the Royal Institution

[1] For the circumstances in which the letter from which this extract is taken came to be written, see p. 304, *infra*.

lecturing on the New Zealand dinornis and the dodo, and he made personal acquaintance with him at the house of Sir Robert Inglis. The following letter from their host shows that the charm of manner and sympathy which were Henry Acland's passport through life were already opening to him opportunities which were beyond the reach of the ordinary medical student:

Professor Owen has paid you so high a compliment that I must record it. He offered to call on me to-morrow on business at eleven. I said: 'Come at half-past nine to breakfast.' He said that he feared it was impossible. I added: 'I have asked Henry Acland, but do not know whether he will come.' He replied: 'If he comes I will.'

That this was no mere compliment on Owen's part is shown clearly by a letter of about this date from Acland to his father:

He, Professor Owen, is except Cuvier the greatest Physiologist of some centuries. He very kindly offered to have a microscope made for me very cheaply. I replied that I did not think to use a microscope now. I intended and desired to be a practical physician, and if I began to amuse myself with microscopical researches I should fail in them, and be no physician either. He answered: 'Quite right; but I will, if you will like it, do something else for you. If you care occasionally to spend an evening alone with me I will show you my researches, and that will be both relaxation and instruction for you[1].'

Under the hospitable roof of Sir Robert Inglis he made or renewed acquaintance with some of the celebrities of the day—with Sir Francis Palgrave, with Vice-Chancellor Shadwell, with Archdeacon Wilberforce; while Sir Benjamin Brodie, both in Savile Row and in his house near Dorking, made him welcome to a pleasant

[1] It was either at this time or earlier that Acland and two fellow students joined together to learn the use of the microscope from Mr. T. J. Quekett, Owen's assistant at the College of Surgeons.

and cultivated circle. The Chancellor of the Exchequer (Goulburn), Professor Owen, the Dean of Salisbury, Hugh Fortescue, and Judge Erskine, are among the guests whose names he notes at a dinner-party at Sir Benjamin's in 1842; and on another occasion he sets down some interesting remarks made by the latter on the disadvantages entailed upon the younger Pitt by his secluded bringing-up and ignorance of the world: 'Old Lord Chatham even attended him to the dancing-master; all that Pitt had of mixing in life was learned at the University, and that was reduced to a minimum by the jealous care of Pretyman.'

Bunsen was now the Prussian Minister at the Court of St. James's, accompanied by Abeken, and Acland writes of repeated visits to them and 'much learned talk.' At his eldest brother's he met Mrs. Norton, and he often walked over to Guy's Hospital to breakfast with Maurice. Dr. Chambers showed him much kindness; he speaks of going there to a juvenile ball, and on another occasion of taking his microscope to exhibit to the family. The doctor's conversation must have encouraged him in the habit of keeping up his general reading, as an entry in his diary shows:

> A professional man of liberal education must read classic poetry constantly: it invigorates and purifies the mind. Dr. Chambers recited much Ovid to-day, Penelope to Ulysses.

And the following list of books taken at random from his diary shows that his taste was at any rate diversified: Bacon, Coleridge, Crabbe, the Sibylline leaves! Schlegel on Shakespeare, Hooker, the *Père Goriot* and *Eugénie Grandet* of Balzac (the latter he pronounces to be a touching and graphic work), Malebranche (whom Liddell advises him to leave severely alone), Pascal, Talfourd's tragedies of *The Athenian Captive* and *Ion*, Burns, Southey's *Life of Bunyan*, Gay's *Fables*, the *Life of Sir Humphry Davy*, Fairfax's *Tasso*, and *Sense and*

Sensibility. On Liddell's recommendation he made a careful study of Locke; and he writes, 'were all literature save one branch cut off from me, the one branch I would preserve would be biography.' But he was at this date a somewhat austere critic of men and manners. He mentions meeting Lord Devon, Thesiger, and Sidney Smith at dinner:

The latter was infinitely amusing, and showed how slow men are to condemn lowness of thought when veiled under elegant language. He called Carlyle's language 'clotted nonsense.' But though the whole dinner was very amusing, it was strangely without thought and unprofitable.

More congenial than such an evening must have been the occasional revival of old Oxford days. Charles Newton, now established at the British Museum, was his constant guest at tea or breakfast, and introduced him to Panizzi. He mentions 'a most agreeable party' at his lodgings, 'Richmond, Ruskin, Newton, and Phillott[1].' In November, 1841, he records a 'day spent with curious Ruskin and his more curious household.' Readers of *Praeterita* will understand the adjective well enough to know that the impression conveyed by it would be no bar to the mutual regard which was to subsist between Acland and the parents of his friend. The same entry records unmeasured admiration for Ruskin's collection of drawings; and though it bears no date the following letter from Ruskin himself seems to belong to this period:

Some months ago—when I asked you why you had not made shadow darker than the dark side, you told me, you were not aware that it should be so. And some days ago—when I asked why you had no yellow ochre—with your Indian red—you replied—you did not know that it was

[1] The Rev. H. W. Phillott, then a master at the Charterhouse and afterwards Canon Residentiary of Hereford, was one of Acland's earliest Christ Church friends.

necessary, to make a grey. Now both of these admissions surprised me—because the *first* piece of knowledge, is requisite to the true representation of *every* solid form ; and the second to the production of the most important of all colours—grey. And both of them are things that you *should* have known from the time you first took up a pencil—and a brush.

And your saying this led me to suppose—forgive me if incorrectly—that you have paid very little attention to why's and wherefores—that you have acquired your very great power of drawing by feeling—and a high degree of natural taste and intellect—and by the study of the best masters—acquiring of course in practice—a habit of observing rules—of whose *necessity* you were not altogether aware.

Now—if this be so—and you have done so much—without study—you may rely upon it you can do anything and everything with it. And you will find your art infinitely easier—because more of a science, and infinitely more amusing.

And your success in this study will depend far more on yourself—and on the education you give your own mind—than on any instruction from men or books—if you accustom yourself—with every shadow and colour you notice to enquire—Why is this shadow of such a form—and such a depth—how will it change as the sun moves—how does it depend on the form of the object casting it—how far is it a repetition of this form—wherein and why does it differ—whence the colour is cast—why cast—when it is possible—and so on—with every circumstance—if with every thing that pleases you—or the contrary—you inquire which is right—you or it—and why right, you will gradually acquire an acquaintance with facts and principles—which will render your drawings not merely pieces of fine feeling—but embodied systems of beauty—with the stamp of truth on every line.

I have not time to press upon you the necessity of this study—and partly I am afraid to do so—because I can hardly believe that you are *not* engaged in it in some way or other.

But partly to illustrate my meaning—and partly—because I have some views—which I believe to be my own, on the subject—I have thrown together—on the enclosed sheets

a few hints relating to the first principle of composition showing how it—and all others—are to be arrived at.

All that I hope is—that I may be able to induce you to follow up the study of laws and rules—as necessary to all art—by showing you how high in its order—how far above dry or degraded technicality—that study ought to be.

Now—I do not say that you *will*, but I know many people *would*, when they had read thus far—(if they had your power of drawing) throw the paper into the fire—muttering—Here's a fellow—who never did anything but a bit of neat pencilling in his life—talking to me about composition and study as if he were Claude—or I a child. But—whether I am presuming—or conceited—or whatever I may be—consider if in this instance I may not be speaking truth. Might you not double your power—if you gave some time to technicalities? if they are to be so called. Do not you feel—in your efforts at fulfilling your really beautiful and classical conceptions—the want of the mechanical education of the hand—the absence of an accurate knowledge of the *truth* of effect? In the management of your light and shade—and other materials of composition—do you know exactly *where* you depart from truth—*and how far*—and *why*. Depend upon it—unless you do—you will be subject to perpetual mortification from a sense of failure—without being able to detect the reason of it. Your eye will tell you that something is wrong—and you will feel that your eye knows better what it is about, than your mind.

I know of no book which is a sufficient guide in this study. Most artists learn their rules mechanically—and never trouble themselves about the reason of them. You had much better arrive at the rules by a process of reasoning—you will then feel as well as know them. And above all—in every good work of art—find out the mainspring—the keynote of its melody. Seek for the primary idea of the artist—and observe how he has adorned and set it off—for it is in the subjugation of his secondary features that his powers of composition are chiefly shown. Watch nature constantly—and let the spirit of your contemplation be a perpetual 'Why.'

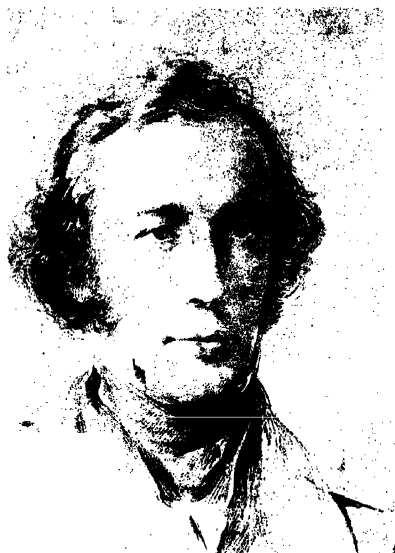
As I have time—by fits and starts—I will send you such

ideas as I have received on the subject from the conversation of artists—and my own modes of accounting for these rules. If you find my letters a bore—you can throw them into the fire—or tell me to mind my own business. And once more —forgive me for seeming to assume the slightest claim to be able to teach you. I appreciate—and envy—your classical feeling—and fine perception of beauty in the very *highest* walks of art. But—when I came first to Ch. Ch. I showed Hill—with some pride—an effort to solve a problem which had puzzled *Biot.* Hill said it was 'very fine' but puzzled *me* with a quadratic equation. One day—I was declaiming to Gordon on the poetical merits of a noble passage in one of the Dramatists—but could not construe the first line accurately—when requested so to do. In Drawing only, I learned my *grammar* thoroughly—and it is only as a grammarian—that I speak to you.

I have been chiefly induced to write you all this stuff— because you have several times said something to me about not being able to do what I could—in some mechanical points. Now as I believe you mean't what you said—and as I can tell you exactly how I have acquired any power I may have—you may as well know it.

In the house of George Richmond, Acland had from the first found help and comfort and delightful companionship. The artist was then living up in Hampstead, though shortly to move down into York Street, and Acland would often walk out to tea or breakfast. Richmond would return the compliment, and on one of these occasions Acland writes:

Richmond sat with me till late: told him all the circumstances of the Travelling Fellowship, which I had no business to do, and must have bored him very much. He is a dear fellow, and I am never with him without learning something.

And there is a charming letter in which, a year or two later, he depicts the family life of his friend. It was Christmas Eve, and he is writing in the train on his way home to Holnicote.

HENRY ACLAND

CRAYON BY GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A., 1846

I found I was opposite Baker Street at nine, and so I went to Richmond. He was in bed, but was soon routed up, or down, or both, and then I had tea and bacon with all the children, and danced about the room with them to the utter despair of the day governess. For Richmond was going to a Christmas tree at Roehampton to-night, and yesterday he bought a wolf's skin for five shillings, and two glass eyes large enough for a whale, and then he made a great head of it that would fill a washerwoman's basket, a magnificent red tongue covered with foam, teeth like sharks, and nostrils of black calico glossy with gum water: made it so fierce a wolf as is not to be seen in any menagerie in the Queen's dominions. The owner of the said wolf gambolled round the room with the head on his own shoulders, amidst the roars of Tommy, and the half terror of all the Julias and Marys, and the whole was crowned by wolf drinking tea out of the governess's cup.

It was shortly after the date of this letter that Richmond executed the crayon drawing of Acland which is reproduced here. The artist regarded it as almost the most perfect specimen of his own workmanship, but for some reason it did not meet with the approval of Ruskin. The story goes that, on being brought to see it in the studio in York Street, he examined it critically for some time as it stood on the easel, and then turning to his friend said: 'Now, Richmond, where is Henry?' The embarrassment of the three—for Acland had come with his friend—may be imagined; and they are said to have taken up their hats and walked off silently arm-in-arm, not speaking until they had completed the circuit of the Regent's Park.

Acland's correspondence with Charles Courtenay was kept up with unabated vigour. The latter had been presented by Sir Thomas to the family living at Broad Clyst, the parish in which Killerton stood. But in April, 1843, Sir Robert Peel conveyed to him the invitation to occupy the post of Queen's chaplain. Acland's delight may be imagined, and the alternation between Windsor and Buckingham Palace brought the

two friends more constantly together than at any time since their Oxford days. A touching illustration of the care with which Acland watched over his Pylades, as he loved to call him, appears in a letter which he wrote to a friend who held office about the Court, begging that owing to his extreme delicacy special care might be bestowed on Courtenay at Buckingham Palace. The message reached the ears of Queen Victoria, who was pleased to express a very kindly interest in her young chaplain, and to direct that 'an excellent room and bed' should be provided for him.

During these days he kept a diary with fair regularity. We find him calling on Lady Emily Pusey, the mother of the Professor of Hebrew; and he records how on another occasion he 'talked much on the real character and high value of so-called Puseyism.' He goes to see Mr. Severn, his old acquaintance in Rome; calls on the Bishop of London (Blomfield) at Fulham; and spends an evening with Dr. Bird watching the circulation in a frog's foot, a favourite demonstration in those days. More than once he alludes to dinners at the house of Lady Raffles (widow of that Sir Stamford Raffles who saved Singapore to the Empire, and founded the London Zoological Gardens); he spends an occasional evening with Sir John Taylor Coleridge, Justice of the Queen's Bench and father of the late Lord Chief Justice. He dines with Stafford Northcote to meet the bride of the latter, and one day he is introduced to 'Mr. Paget, Warden of St. Bartholomew's School,' that realization of the scheme sketched out in his letter to Mr. North. He made the acquaintance of Mr. Gull, then a student at Guy's; and there occur with growing frequency allusions to Henry Cotton and to visits to Walwood.

For the greater part of his student days Acland occupied lodgings at 67 Jermyn Street, but in 1842, after a sharp attack of illness, he removed to his eldest brother's house, 12 Queen Street, Mayfair, and remained there as a guest for some considerable time. Mrs. T. D.

Acland, a daughter of Sir Charles Mordaunt, became one of his fastest friends: 'Mary's gentleness, forbearance, and good nature, her pleasant, light, cheerful spirit, had made her loved by us all in no common degree.'

Of the routine of his daily life we have already had a sufficient outline. He was working at high pressure, probably beyond his physical strength, for there is a morbid strain in his diary. In more than one entry he mentions that Liddell, who was a frequent visitor, had urged on him the necessity of mental relaxation. And he deplores his 'foolish habit of going to bed often at 2 a.m.; a habit most baneful in itself, injurious to progress and study, and in any case fatal to devotion either at night or morning.' His amusements were few and simple: sometimes Lord Courtenay lent him a horse; on one occasion he speaks of bathing below Westminster Bridge at 7 a.m. But as a general rule his recreation was nothing more than a modicum of walking exercise to Lincoln's Inn Fields, Regent's Park, and the houses of his friends in the suburbs.

He occasionally indulged himself with a concert ticket, but for the theatre he had little taste; in strong contrast to Liddell, who was perpetually proposing visits to see Macready in his Shakespearian rôles. His sensitive disposition made the stage too realistic and exciting a diversion. In later years he is said to have been so affected by the burning of Joan of Arc, in the play of Tom Taylor's to which he went accompanied by Richmond, that he was ill for a week, and could never afterwards bear to hear the Maid of Orleans alluded to.

In 1844 he had been elected to the Athenaeum; his first mention of that club is in connexion with a dispute about Ward, author of the *Ideal of a Christian Church.* Acland records that at Oxford he had been prejudiced against him for his levity, and had no notion that he was a man of such powerful intellect. He adjourned to the Athenaeum to read his article on Mill's Logic in the last number of the *British Critic.*

CHAPTER V

EDINBURGH—THE LEE'S READERSHIP—MARRIAGE

1844-1846

ACLAND took with him to Edinburgh letters of introduction from Sir Benjamin Brodie to Alison, Abercrombie, and Christison, then the leaders of the medical profession in Scotland. They were duly presented, and he soon found himself engrossed in a continuation of his London studies, attending lectures and accompanying Dr. Alison round the wards of the infirmary. Great were the obligations under which he lay to the latter, and the acquaintance now begun ripened in due time into affectionate intimacy; but the man of all others who exercised the greatest influence over his immediate future was John Goodsir, the Demonstrator and Curator of the University Museum. The interest in comparative anatomy which Owen's lectures had first aroused in him was rekindled under this stimulating and inspiring teacher. Before he had been ten days in Edinburgh he had been 'round the Pathology Museum of the College of Surgeons with Mr. Goodsir, with whom I was pleased.'

He seemed earnest, and conversant with all he had to do; but of course we went into special topics, conversing about points of arrangement, classification, and such like. He stated that they are spoiling the Museum of Coll. Chir. in London by adding to Hunter's collection. The latter was a perfect representation of Hunter's views, and burthening it with specimens was useless. And we agreed that the true forms of collection must be twofold, one enumerating the changes to which organs are liable, all the various forms and

characters, and another assorted to show the cause, progress, and ultimate result. This last scheme, the higher one, is not attempted generally; but, as he remarked, it is the only one worthy of a great museum.

Among the professional lectures he attended were those of Dr. Trail on Medical Jurisprudence, and he was successful in winning a Gold Medal offered by the lecturer for the best Essay on the Detection of Feigned Insanity; a considerable number of the candidates were graduates in medicine and much his senior. The result was encouraging to him, for the time had been one of great mental depression, as is shown by the letter in which he announces his success to his mother and begs her acceptance of the medal.

'I arrived in Edinburgh, impressed with the conviction that my strength was failing, and considerably alarmed about myself, as I had been for several weeks before I left London. I determined to struggle against it, but soon was obliged to put myself into Dr. Alison's hands. He thought my mind was excited from want of *regular application*.' The competition for the medal was the result; and the writer adds that—'All this time my mind was quailing under the misery which I was seeing. I was now put in charge of women in childbed. I had to visit them in circumstances akin to starvation. I had to study very closely for them, and was besides engaged in some other investigations of a painful kind which I need not dwell upon.'

Early in his Edinburgh days he had come upon obstacles that put no small tax upon his moral courage. One of the lecturers, whose syllabus dealt with a theme which lends itself only too easily to indelicacy and innuendo, was in the habit of indulging in coarseness and ribaldry beyond anything that Acland had ever met with in his London studies, though Sir James Paget tells us that a similar abuse was by no means unknown even there[1]. 'With much pain and difficulty' he called upon

[1] See his *Life*, p. 50.

Dr. C. and told him, 'with an apology for obtruding my private feelings,' that he should be unable to continue attendance at the lectures if they were to be couched in the same strain. It is pleasant to read that after his initial astonishment the lecturer received the rebuke in good part, and as an act of reconciliation sent his son to call upon the remonstrant. The offence was not repeated, and a few days later Acland mentions in his diary: 'an excellent lecture on washing babies and on avoiding choosing nurses for our patients, on holding our tongues, and listening withal. Shrewd man Dr. C.'

In after years Acland wrote of the teaching body at St. George's as 'able men of the old school, despising the stethoscope and the microscope,' which they regarded as 'unpractical toys[1].' The same reproach could not have been levelled against Edinburgh. Alison was most delighted with the microscope which he had brought with him from London, and Acland declares 'that almost all points of physiology pass under the judicial eye of this instrument, and many of chemistry and practical medicine are, if not determined, yet simplified by it; and it provides more topics for controversy than Church Government.'

The possession of a microscope, then a comparative rarity, gave him both an advantage over his fellow-students and a sort of standing among the teachers. In these few months indeed he made a considerable acquaintance, professional and otherwise. The Northerner is not as a rule spontaneous or demonstrative in his attentions to new-comers. Acland was a little hurt

[1] In another place he limits the rebuke to 'some of the teachers,' and in particular to the physician to whom he was clinical clerk. 'Acland was accused of wasting his time, because in conjunction with his brother Arthur he studied Laennec's writings, and mastered the art of mediate auscultation to such effect that they were able to diagnose and locate a cavity the presence of which the physician of the case would not admit until convinced as to the accuracy of the observation by the stern facts of the necropsy.' *British Medical Journal*, Oct. 27, 1900, p. 1282.

by the way in which his introductions were received; and even in cases where, after a moderate delay, he was treated with abundant kindness, he at first speaks bitterly of his cold and formal reception. One person was 'dry and fidgety to get me out.' Another said, 'that he should be happy to see me at any time—at the infirmary.' But the acme was reached by a certain advocate on whom he called with a note from a London acquaintance. The worthy Scot, in the very spirit of Dr. Portman of Brazenface, 'was much overwhelmed in the strife of life—tho' it is called vacation—otherwise should have real gratification in showing kindness or attention to a friend of Mr. Blackwell's. And after some further conversation, lunch being on the table, I walked off.'

His rooms were at 118 Princes Street, 'in a cheap respectable lodging, fit for my station as a student.' He had been much oppressed by the noisomeness and the stinks of the venerable wynds and closes, and he noted as a query for reference: 'Is there such a thing as the idea of a smell?' Once settled down, he proceeded to interest himself in the welfare of those around him. He instituted family prayers and Bible-readings, using his experience as a traveller in Asia Minor to illustrate the journeyings of St. Paul, and on occasion expounding portions of the Shorter Catechism to the Presbyterian handmaidens. With this high thinking he pushed plain living to a very unwise degree. He directs his landlady to give him 'no more than eight ounces of meat with the bone daily and a pound of bread.' One is not surprised to find him complaining of constant indigestion and sleeplessness.

Among those from whom he received much hospitality were Edward Ramsay—afterwards that Dean Ramsay whose *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character* are a treasure for all time—and Dr. Abercrombie. At the house of the latter he made the acquaintance of Dr. Chalmers: 'he did not talk much; the little was with great kindness towards me: after lunch he called upon

me and talked about Greece.' This was the beginning of an intimacy which was afterwards continued at Oxford, and Acland was a not infrequent guest of the Free Kirk leader. He also attended the High Commissioner's Levee, and dined with that functionary at Holyrood. He appears to have had a good deal of friendly disputation with various of his Presbyterian acquaintances, and to have attended occasionally at St. Giles's, where he says that they sang horribly out of tune, although the baptismal service impressed him with its simplicity and solemnity. He mentions on one occasion being instructed in the art of golf, but long rambles in the neighbourhood were his staple form of exercise; and, weary of his confinement in the old city, he breaks out after one of these country walks, 'Cocks crowing and hens clucking are become sounds as of Eden to me.'

Coming south at the conclusion of the medical term he had an unsatisfactory interview with Dr. Chambers, who told him that he was at present wholly unfit for the responsibilities of practice. And Sir Benjamin Brodie now renewed an invitation to spend a few weeks of quiet, under his eye and in his charge, at Broome Park, his country house near Dorking, until he felt better able to face his family circle, 'where,' as he wrote, 'the good people live in a fever that would soon drive a nervous creature wild.' Of this visit, and of Brodie's kindness to him, Acland never tired of telling. Years afterwards, when delivering the obituary notice of the great surgeon before the Royal Society, he spoke of him as 'training his powers from youth upwards by linguistic and literary studies, by scientific pursuits, by the diligent practice of his art, by mixing with men'; and as 'bringing to bear on the multitudinous questions which come before a great master of healing a mind accustomed to acquire and to communicate, a temper made gentle by considerate kindness, a tact that became all but unerring from his perfect integrity.' And

we recognize the reminiscences of these August weeks when the speaker added that: 'Those who knew him only as a man of business would little suspect the playful humour which sparkled by his fireside, the fund of anecdote, the harmless wit, the simple pleasures of his country walk.'

It was during this visit that one night, lying restlessly in bed and tormented with insomnia, the door of his room opened, and a thin small voice was heard to say, 'You are very unwell; I will read to you.' It was Jowett, and the passage he chose to soothe his fellow guest was the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel of St. John.

Yet neither the influence of Broome Park, nor the subsequent rambling holiday in the West of England, could conquer the depression from which he was suffering, nor the conviction which he had acquired of never again being anything but an invalid. 'But I must tell you,' he wrote to his mother, 'my notion of an invalid: one who is obliged to conform to certain rules and habits, and because he does so is able silently and unobserved to do more than most persons in health who are less observant in method.'

Fortunately, both Brodie and Chambers were agreed on urging the advisability of regular employment, and in dissuading him from even thinking of abandoning his profession. But the notion of a return to the solitary lodging in Princes Street was unendurable, and he wrote to ask Dr. Alison if he could take him into his house as a resident pupil. 'Long habit,' he explained, 'and not over strong health render my living alone disadvantageous to the progress of my work'; and he gave his sister-in-law, Mrs. T. D. Acland, as a reference for the simplicity of his wants and habits. Dr. Alison assented to the proposal, and it was arranged that the residence should begin with the new year. Before that time, however, Acland had gone through a period of sore mental trial, and it was in a mood of renewed depression

and despondency that he presented himself at the Alisons' house in Heriot Row.

Among Acland's friends and contemporaries at Christ Church mention has already been made of William Cotton, one of the Students, distinguished among his fellows by overflowing animal spirits[1] and an inexhaustible fund of humour. He had taken a first in classics and a second in mathematics. Devoted to the study of natural history, he had anticipated Lord Avebury as a lover of bees, he had founded an 'Apiarian Society,' and *My Bee Book* is still on the shelves of those who love racy English and curious lore. In 1842 he went out to New Zealand as chaplain to Bishop Selwyn, whose curate he had previously been at Windsor. Unhappily his health failed, and on his return to England he buried himself in a country parish where the brilliant promise of his early years was little guessed at. Yet those who knew them both regarded his younger brother, Henry, afterwards Lord Justice Cotton, as inferior to William in many of the qualities which are deemed essential to success.

With Henry Cotton, as with William, Acland had maintained the old Oxford friendship. They had for a time shared rooms in Jermyn Street, and the future Lord Justice is described as 'a keen, accurate, acute little man'; a thumb-nail sketch, to the accuracy of which the Chancery Bar of ten years ago would have borne ample testimony. He had been moreover a constant guest at Walwood, the Cottons' home on the borders of Epping Forest. The memory of William Cotton the elder is now chiefly associated with that ingenious piece of mechanism, in daily work at the Mint and the Bank,

[1] See p. 42, *supra*. Once on a visit to Holnicote his room was near that of the housekeeper, Mrs. Fletcher. About daylight he used to crow like a cock, and this so exasperated the old lady that she declared to Leopold Acland, whose guest he was, that none of his brothers had ever brought such a 'riotous-like' gentleman to Sir Thomas's house before.

which automatically detects any deficiency of weight in the gold coinage. One of the old-fashioned merchants, in the days before limited liability had swept them into limbo, he rendered distinguished services in connexion with the renewal of the Bank Charter, in acknowledgement of which his term of office as Governor of the Bank of England had been prolonged by an extra year. Enjoying great influence in the City of London, and possessed of a substantial fortune, he made it a principle not to accumulate riches, and his generosity was out of all proportion to his income. As one of the originators of the National Society he had worked side by side with Sir Thomas Acland, and he had been brought into further contact with him in his capacity as Treasurer of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. His efforts in the direction of church-building and endowment were one of the first symptoms of ecclesiastical revival in the diocese of London, and Bishop Blomfield used to speak of him as his lay archdeacon. He was one of those who had held aloft the venerable standard of the Church of England during a period of sloth and laxity, and the recollection of him and of those like him whose number is not altogether inconsiderable, should serve to correct the impression that all was darkness in the early days of the nineteenth century. His wife was a woman in benevolence and piety the equal of her husband, and endowed with a strong and resolute will. Her full energies had been thrown into the education of her daughters, and they had undergone a mental training which would stand the test not unfavourably against the accomplishments of the young ladies of to-day. Of Sarah Cotton, the eldest of the sisters, the late Charles Pearson has written [1]:

> I am sure many who knew her for years never dreamed how rare and how severely trained her intellectual powers were. She could follow Dante's Sonnets by ear, translating them as they were read out to her. She knew some Greek,

[1] See his *Memorials*, p. 84.

and was thoroughly at home in the last results of metaphysical thought or political economy; a dangerous disputer if she was roused to controversy; an admirable counsellor if the aid of her clear judgement was invoked.

'The religious views of her parents,' adds one who remembered her as a girl, 'though strict, were in no way narrow.' Whatever was really good and elevating in music, poetry, or literature, the daughters were encouraged to study and enjoy. A perfect simplicity of manner set off a beautiful countenance which lives in one of Richmond's crayon drawings. It is difficult to use in connexion with it any other term but 'saintly,' an epithet which rises unbidden to the lips of those who, in her passage through life, knew and loved her.

Towards Miss Sarah Cotton Acland had felt from the first a strong attraction; and after 1842, the year her brother William sailed for New Zealand, he did not attempt to conceal from himself its real nature. There was the customary alternation of hope and fear, but he spoke no word. The state of his health and the doubt as to the possibility of his being able to pursue his profession were grave obstacles. He had nothing to expect from his father beyond a younger son's portion, and it was owing in no small degree to the embarrassment of the situation that he shifted the scene of his studies from London to Edinburgh. While he was on his holiday in the autumn of 1844, a chance expression of Mrs. Cotton's made him believe that his secret was known. After taking counsel with his parents, he wrote frankly to Mr. Cotton. The latter, however, in terms to the kindliness of which Henry Acland bore full witness, declined to give him any encouragement, for the present at any rate, and begged him not to broach the subject to his daughter. Acland had no course but to acquiesce; it was a grievous disappointment, though, as he wrote, Mr. Cotton's letter 'did not cut off the possibility of future union.' Without resentment, but with a crushed and wounded spirit, he fell back for

solace on hard work. He sets down in his diary the advice given him by Liddell in this apparent shipwreck of his hopes: 'Think less and relax yourself more; do not pore over things. Look at Nature and read Ruskin's books. Life *is* unhappy: every good man will tell you so, if you ask him.'

On his return to Edinburgh he was received by the Alisons with simple and genuine kindness. His host, elder brother of Sir Archibald the historian, was one of the most notable figures in the northern capital[1]. He filled the Chair of the Practice of Medicine, was physician to the Infirmary, and enjoyed a large consulting practice. A physiological teacher of the first rank, and unremitting in discharge of his clinical duties, he was also a constant writer both on medical and on social topics. His professional experience among the poorest classes had made him well acquainted with their wants and sufferings. And the great work of his life was to reform the provision, or rather want of provision, for the relief of the poor, and to assimilate in some degree the Scotch Law on this subject to the more humane code south of the border. It has been finely said of him that his moral superiority was such as to cause his intellectual powers to appear of secondary importance. His rugged grandeur of character, his absolute devotion to duty made an ineffaceable impression on Acland; and to the end of his life the debt which he owed morally and intellectually to William Pulteney Alison was seldom absent for long from his speech. The eighteen months which he passed in the

[1] Acland wrote many years later of him, and of his other Edinburgh masters: 'I was working under Allen Thompson, John Goodsir, and Alison—three men with no superiors and scarce rivals in their departments of Medicine, Anatomy, and Physiology in the whole kingdom.' Dr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Christison, who was Alison's colleague at the Infirmary, he styles 'the acutest man certainly among the Professors, and as I know him pretty well I cannot elude his grasp or avoid contact with his active searching mind.'

little house in Heriot Row formed a memorable epoch in his history.

To Mrs. Alison, though in a different way, he was scarcely less beholden. A typical Scotchwoman, hers was a character of that mingled strength and sweetness and reserve to which there was something very responsive in his own affectionate and highly-strung nature. Only a few years older than himself, Mrs. Alison, who had no children of her own, had undergone more than her share of sorrow, culminating in the successive loss of three younger brothers. The last of them, whose early success at Cambridge augured a brilliant future, had died only a few months previously; and it seemed to her as if Henry Acland had been sent to supply his place. In a very few days he had become an integral part of the household, and he writes to Lady Acland:

> I should have been quite distressed by Mrs. Alison's little kindnesses and providing, not for my wants but my luxury, were it not that I see that to withhold them would pain her. And the great good Professor is beginning to relax and throw aside the veil of reserve and modesty which concealed him from view. And he is beginning to drop into my room and talk and laugh and say very wise or instructive things in an incredibly short time, and then glide off again to his avocations: and he refers me to books or papers and tells me how to resolve all doubts and difficulties—in short I am in a little Elysium of goodness and knowledge[1].

Though Acland speaks of 'our arrangements' as 'savouring of luxury,' they seem to have been conspicuous rather for that modest comfort and simplicity which was his ideal of wellbeing.

> I do nothing before breakfast. Prayers are at 8.30. Breakfast over by 9.30: then I go to my room. Soon after eleven I walk a good mile or more to the Hospital. Remain

[1] In another place he records with pride that 'Dr. Alison patted me on the back yesterday—no trifle, I can assure you. He never does it but to poor people, his wife, and Fairy.'

there till nearly two, get ½*d.* of milk and a biscuit—go to lecture at two—to a lecture of Dr. Alison; then walk or ride till five except twice a week, when I have another lecture at four; and Saturday, when I have none. About five we dine. Dr. Alison has coffee about seven unless we stay long in the dining-room, and when he has done I go to my room till about eight, when he goes out, and Mrs. Alison and I have tea. After tea she works worsted and I read aloud. At 9.30 I am peremptorily dismissed, and at 10.15 a knock at my wall sends me off to my room.

The quiet tenor of this life was suddenly broken. The unexpected resignation by Dr. Kidd of the Lee's Readership in Anatomy placed the appointment in the hands of the Dean of Christ Church, and Gaisford offered it to Acland. It carried a stipend of £200 a year, and was tenable with the All Souls Fellowship[1]. After much correspondence with his friends, and especially with Brodie and Liddell, he accepted, and on March 5 the Dean wrote to inform him that the Chapter had approved of the appointment, adding that he need not abandon the advantage of another winter at Edinburgh if he wished to remain there.

It was a momentous decision, for it imposed an almost insuperable bar on a London practice, and on what had been the ambition of his life, the prospect of some day becoming Physician to St. George's Hospital. But Brodie put it bluntly—'If you settle in London you will not live to be forty.' A sharp attack of illness, from which he was suffering at the time when the offer of the Readership was made, rendered him particularly susceptible to such a warning; and Sir Benjamin did not omit to dwell upon other considerations—the 'well-informed and intellectual society' of Oxford, its proximity to London, and the influence for good which the Reader in Anatomy might bring to bear on under-

[1] The All Souls Fellowships were then worth under £100 a year, and barely covered the owner's 'battels.'

graduates destined for the medical profession. He added also that the cheaper rate of living would bring marriage on a modest income within his reach.

This last was a potent argument, and Acland, as soon as the choice was made, wrote to inform Mr. Cotton of the change in his plans; on Good Friday, 1845, he enters in his diary: 'Mr. Cotton invited me to Walwood: God be thanked for His accumulating mercy.' All his friends were delighted at the prospect before him at Oxford, and Richard Owen in particular treated him with the greatest kindness, 'and bid me use him as the brazen head' associated in legend with Friars Bacon and Bungay.

The first course of lectures was to be given in the October Term, and Acland, desirous of losing as little as possible of his time with Alison, hastened up to Oxford to be installed as Reader, and then returned to Edinburgh by sea. A passenger died at midnight in the cabin next to his. He rose, and in the saloon where he went to sit, took up a volume: it was *Travels in England*, by Dr. C. G. Carus, Physician to the Court of Saxony, who had recently visited Oxford and spoke with undisguised contempt of the Christ Church Museum, its apparatus, and its teacher[1]. 'Was this to be borne?' wrote Acland in after years when telling the story of his midnight vigil. 'John Goodsir was making a Hunterian series for Edinburgh; should I be rash enough, so ill-fitted as I was by intellect and health, to do the same at Oxford?'

For any such project the collection of specimens must be an indispensable preliminary, and that would have to wait till the summer. Meanwhile there was plenty to do in helping Dr. Alison with his sick and in applying himself more sedulously to anatomy and physiology. Then a fresh complication arose: Dr. Wootton,

[1] See *Oxford and Modern Medicine*, p. 14, and *infra*, p. 137. The full title of the book is *The King of Saxony's Journey through England and Scotland in the year* 1844.

one of the most popular physicians in Oxford, was in failing health, and the transference of his practice could not be long deferred. Why should not the new Reader in Anatomy step into the vacancy?

The suggestion had much to commend it. The Anatomy Lectures by themselves could only occupy a comparatively small portion of his time; there seemed little prospect, in the then state of opinion at Oxford, of any further outlet for his energies in the way of scientific teaching, and success would bring a very substantial addition to his income. On the other hand it meant a reversal of all the expectations formed by himself and those about him. The whole status of the Medical Profession has so altered that it is difficult for us now to realize the very moderate degree of estimation in which the country practitioner was held during the first half of the nineteenth century. The great London physicians and surgeons had then, as to-day, the *entrée* into the best society, but in the provinces the gradual process by which the doctor has emancipated himself from the surroundings and associations of the apothecary was far from complete. The pestle and the apron were still inveterately associated in the minds of older folk with the doctor on his rounds, and one remembers 'that the secret ambition' of the father of Arthur Pendennis 'had always been to be "a gentleman,"' an ambition which was only gratified when he had quitted the surgery at Bath and bought the little house at Fairoaks.

> The old man never spoke about the shop himself, never alluded to it; called in the medical practitioners of Clavering[1] to attend his family; sunk the black breeches and stockings altogether; attended markets and sessions, and wore a bottle-green coat and brass buttons just as if he had been an English gentleman all his life.

[1] Clavering (Ottery St. Mary) is not far from Killerton, it may be added.

Old Mr. Pendennis had been borne to the grave many years before the date of which we are writing; but one cannot read Mr. Tuckwell's amusing chapter on 'Aesculapius in the Thirties[1]' without seeing that, at Oxford at any rate, the old school held the field, and that the transition had scarcely begun. Sir Christopher Pegge with his old-fashioned cocked hat and wig and his massive gold-headed cane; Dr. Kidd 'trotting about the streets in a spencer'; Dr. Bourne with his 'insinuating, smiling, soft-voiced' manner and his ultra delicacy of inquiry are picturesque memories; but they are hardly what Sir Thomas Acland had in mind when he dedicated his son to the healing art. An extensive and lucrative practice in London, with possibly an appointment at the Court, the fame derived from scientific researches, the applause of crowded audiences at one or another of the great medical schools—these were objects worthy of a young man's ambition. But to settle down at the age of thirty as a teacher of science in a place where science commanded scant respect—with the chance of a limited practice in the town and surrounding neighbourhood—may well have seemed an inadequate fulfilment of early aspirations.

The question was arduously debated. Liddell had once said, with regard to some question of conduct, 'Acland, I shall not give you any advice. Would to God every one in Oxford did the same, and then you would be compelled to act for yourself.' On the present occasion every one within range was consulted, and great variety of opinion manifested. Acland wavered more than once. Finally, the die was cast in favour of Oxford: his path was now clear before him, and in the closing days of the year he had the unspeakable happiness of being accepted by Miss Cotton as her future husband. On December 11, Charles Courtenay received a hasty note: 'You will have in your nearest and dearest friend a twofold welcome for the future. Pray for us.'

[1] *Oxford Reminiscences*, ch. v.

Meanwhile we have somewhat anticipated matters. The past summer had been spent by Acland in preparing himself for his lectures and in laying the foundation of a collection which was one day to form the basis of the Oxford Museum. He amassed microscopic slides and preparations, and got together diagrams and dissections, the latter prepared for the most part under the eye of John Goodsir, the former made by Mr. John Crawford Wintour, a young artist just rising to fame. Acting on the advice of Edward Forbes, the all-accomplished naturalist, he travelled as his companion to Orkney and Shetland to dredge for specimens of the marine fauna. Nor could he ever sufficiently express his admiration for the self-abnegation of the older man in presenting to him the dissections and memoranda which he had previously worked out in those islands—'The discovery, not my credit,' he said, 'is the important point. Whether you or I promulgate it matters nothing.'

By the beginning of term he was back again in Oxford with fourteen large packing-cases to show for his labours. The vexations which were to beset his path as a pioneer of science had already commenced, for the cases sent from Edinburgh by sea were taken into custody at the London Docks, and the consignee found himself for the moment under suspicion of attempting to smuggle whisky, that spirit having been employed to preserve the specimens. On October 22, 1845, he delivered his inaugural lecture in the lecture theatre at Christ Church. The original MS. is preserved in the form in which it was submitted to Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, and with his pencilled marks of query and objection. On the front page is the following note, written fifty years after:

I was working then at Edinburgh under John Goodsir, Allen Thompson, and Professor Alison. I was deeply impressed by the marvels of organization, with the revelations of the microscope, notably the dawn of development

for which Allen Thompson was doing so much, and the noble character of Alison. There is therefore to be noted in it, with all the marks of ill-formed youth, a vein of seriousness and a yearning for knowledge.

The lecture was an unqualified success, and Mrs. Alison, who in her Edinburgh home had, together with her husband, been most vividly excited at the thought of what was going on in Oxford, received a letter from Tom Acland in which he described it as 'well given with an excellent manner,' and himself as being 'heartily interested, though listening as a critic rather than as an admirer.' A few weeks later she was able to convey a compliment less open to the suggestion of partiality, extracted from the letter of an anonymous Oxonian: 'Acland is very well, and lecturing away most admirably; he has a larger audience than he expected, and gives general satisfaction. I am extremely glad that I thought of attending them.' But more pleasing to his mind than any of the congratulations with which he was overwhelmed must have been the assurance he was able to give Mrs. Alison 'that Liddell was quite satisfied.'

It was not until after the first course of lectures had been delivered and the term at an end that he tried his fate at Walwood. The Christmas Vacation was spent at Holnicote, when Miss Cotton was formally introduced into the family circle; and then the Lee's Reader had to hasten up to Oxford. It was his intention to proceed to Edinburgh; but a sharp return of typhlitis, from which he had suffered a year before, detained him in London. It yielded to a regimen of systematic starving; and Mrs. Alison wrote to express her husband's strong disapproval of the excessive reliance on the virtues of calomel, to which the English faculty were supposed to be prone. By the middle of March he was back again in Heriot Row, where he spent a couple of months in hard work. His marriage was fixed for the summer, and, as he was to commence residence and practice in the ensuing October, it would be necessary

to obtain his professional qualification without delay. He resolved to take the degree of Bachelor of Medicine from his own University, and also to obtain the diploma of the Royal College of Physicians in London.

For the moment, however, his object was to prepare himself for his duties as Lee's Reader and his work as a physician rather than for any examinations. He made the utmost use of Alison, and laboured assiduously under Goodsir, into whose intimacy and good graces he drifted more and more. It was at this date that the fine cast now in the anatomical department of the Oxford Museum was executed from a 'dissection subject' which Acland and Goodsir had combined in making the year before[1]. His old Edinburgh friendships were renewed and strengthened in many directions; but the homely life with the Alisons was ever the centre of his existence, and forms a staple topic in his correspondence with Miss Cotton. Mrs. Alison's sympathy in his happiness, and the eagerness with which she flung herself into all their schemes and plans, did much to abridge the time of separation. She herself had always been helpful to her own husband in his busy life; and the Professor, in detecting a beautiful and unfamiliar Italian penmanship in the MS. of a Christ Church lecture for the ensuing term, said with a chuckle: 'Ha, ha! Wifie! Miss Cotton, I suspect, does not eat the bread of idleness any more than Wifie does on these occasions.'

Before the end of May Acland was residing at All Souls, and there was some question as to whether he should undertake the office of Proctor for the ensuing academic year. It meant a welcome £300; but, acting on Dean Gaisford's advice, he decided against it, though looking wistfully at the emolument. The Oxford Medical Examination was pending, and he made a short excursion to London for a fortnight's cram with a 'grinder,' in Sloane Street—such assistance not being

[1] See p. 478, *infra*.

obtainable in Oxford itself. On June 13 he presented himself before the examiners, the only candidate; and on June 16 received his 'testamur' from Drs. Ogle, Daubeny, and Greenhill, the two former of whom had been attendants at the lectures in his own class-room.

A further ordeal remained, before the College of Physicians, where he found himself, on June 19, 'in a dreadful stew' with a solitary and highly nervous companion, 'partaking of French rolls and coffee.' 'I was asked a few but *hard* questions,' in viva voce, 'which happily I knew. The President and Censor examined me in Latin.' With regard to the paper-work, in which he was somewhat harassed by the importunities of his fellow sufferer, he makes the naive admission that he 'had no idea what a pleasant thing it was to sit still and write quietly for six hours.' On June 24 he received the grateful intelligence that he had passed a very creditable examination, and on July 14 he was married.

Of the intense happiness of that union it is not for me to speak: I will only quote the words of one who was well acquainted both with Acland and his wife[1]:

Mrs. Acland was not a woman to be easily known. She was naturally reserved, from modesty, from the austere habit of a Puritan bringing-up, from a strong will that kept every word and act in control; and perhaps also from an unconscious jealousy of tenderness which dedicated whatever was best in her to those she loved, and would not squander it upon strangers. The contrast of her serene cheerfulness[2], calm strength, and scientific habit of thought with her husband's impulsive nature, generally cheerful as a child, but easily chafed and depressed, was very interesting and

[1] Charles Pearson, *Memorials*, p. 83.

[2] Her future husband paid homage to this characteristic in a letter written shortly before their marriage, when the troubles of house-hunting seemed cumulative and unending: 'I am much afraid you will be a good deal worried—no, by the way, you never are—at all this.'

admirable. In general each completed the other. Acland forced his wife into society, which she gradually came to enjoy; and she ordered the household sympathetically so as not to clash with his irregular wants, trained the children during their early years, and counselled him wisely and well in all difficulties.

After long and troubled tossing the spirit of Henry Acland was in quiet water. Up till now, in spite of high gifts, fine character, and generous disposition, there had been something noticeably lacking. He had missed that repose and sympathy which his most intimate friendships had failed to bring. Depression due to ill-health and to want of complete accord with those dearest to him, an almost morbid self-consciousness, and a habit of introspection carried to excess, had made his diaries and his letters a record of exaggerated self-depreciation and reproach. He was now to find that

> Steadfast rest of all things firmly stayed
> Upon the pillars of eternity

which is the crown of an ideally perfect marriage.

The honeymoon was spent in Switzerland, mainly on Liddell's persuasion. Acland had been inspired by some not over-prudent friends with the ambition to make a trip to Norway, then practically an unknown country [1]. Little encouragement or information was procurable [2],

[1] Sir Thomas Acland had had an unpleasant experience there in his youth; the kingdom of Denmark was under the heel of Napoleon, and he was arrested by the local authorities towards the close of the long war, and kept as a *détenu* for many months.

[2] The following letter reads in curious contrast with the present arrangements of the Wilson Line, which have made Norway the second playground in Europe:

Hull, March 27, 1846.

Professor Acland, 44 Heriot Row, Edinburgh.

SIR,—In reply to your favour of the 25th inst. we beg to inform you that the only communication between Hull and Norway will be by small Norwegian trading vessels, sailing about once a month. We have sailing vessels for Gothenburg about every

and the happy pair fell back on the more humdrum pleasures of the Rhine and the Swiss mountains. The latter were *terra incognita* to both of them, and Acland was now enabled for the first time to study a glacier. At Chamounix they were fortunate enough to fall in with Ruskin, who was there with his mother. Mrs. Acland was happy to stay and bear her company, while the men explored the Montanvert and the Jardin.

Early in September they were in Holland, and settled down at Leyden. Holiday time was over. Acland had brought introductions from Richard Owen to the leading scientific personages in the University[1], and was bent on seeking hints for the formation and arrangement of his Oxford collections. He was soon established at a desk in the Natural History Museum, devoting himself to the cases of fishes and reptiles, birds and quadrupeds. The stay in Holland lasted for about a month, and included visits to Utrecht and Haarlem, the Hague and Amsterdam; the absence of any English service at Leyden inducing them to spend Sunday at some place where an English chaplain could be found. In Leyden itself they lived pleasantly and economically, after the Dutch fashion, in lodgings opposite the Hotel de Ville; and they received much hospitality from the Profes-

fourteen to twenty-one days, some of which are very comfortably fitted up, and frequently carry passengers. We are not able to give any information about the Norwegian coasting steamers.

We are respectfully, Sir, your most obedient Servants,

pp. THOMAS WILSON, SONS & Co.

A. W. NEWBALD.

It should be added that the trip to Norway was only deferred, but to a distant date (1872).

[1] Among them was Professor Vrölik, the learned anthropologist, who wrote to his friend Mr. (afterwards Sir James) Paget in quaint English: 'Did Mr. Acland give you no velleity of making a trip to Holland? I was very much pleased with him and with his lady. He is a very respectable and good-informed young man.'

sociate, Schlegel, one of the Curators of the Museum, being especially kind to them[1].

By the beginning of October they were back in Oxford. It was the first visit on the continent that Acland had made since he had definitely adopted a medical career, and from it may be said to date the beginning of his intimate relations with the leaders of foreign scientific thought. The establishment of a better mutual understanding between Oxford and the Universities of continental Europe was by no means the least of the services which Acland was to render to his Alma Mater in the days that were rapidly approaching.

[1] They had previously stayed at Bonn with Professor Brandes and his family.

CHAPTER VI

EARLY STRUGGLES FOR SCIENCE TEACHING IN OXFORD

1846–1853.

THE first Oxford home of the Aclands was within the familiar precincts of Christ Church. Houses were not easy to find in those days, but a small dwelling had at last, after much search, been acquired in Merton Street. A great deal, however, remained to be done to it, and in the meantime Canon Jelf, whose duties as Principal of King's College took him up to London in the winter, had placed his 'lodgings' in Tom Quad at their disposal. The locality was most convenient for the lecture theatre and the museum, but it was not equally well adapted to the needs of a doctor in practice. Early in the following year Acland migrated to Merton Street, where he put up his door-plate and awaited his patients.

The fact that for so many years his strictly professional duties formed only a small part of Acland's multitudinous activities has caused some misconception as to the place which he held as a physician at Oxford. From his diaries and correspondence it is clear that he sprang into a large and rapidly increasing practice from the very beginning. But it is, however, to his work as an organizer, as a teacher of science, and as a pioneer of the movement which was so profoundly to affect the University, that our attention must for the moment be confined.

In his diary for Easter Day, 1845, when in the first flush of enthusiasm at his election to the Lee's Readership, and before the stern realities of the task had dawned upon him, Acland had given expression to his projects and hopes :

In relation to my Oxford appointment it occurs to me to endeavour as far as I can to raise the standard of physical study. I am sure that it would add to the health, usefulness, peace, and happiness of the place. And I think it may be done by me in this way: by doing my own work as well as I can, and if I find myself approved and am able by kindliness, courtesy, and the like, to get Johnson[1] the Observer to give some gratuitous lectures on astronomical subjects with astronomical soirées. I will whip in and try to get myself made Teacher of Artistic Anatomy in some manner to the Randolph Institution[2]; get Ruskin down; get him made Professor of Art; and invite Severn and some other enthusiasts. I think it is passing strange if with H. G. L. we cannot get up some life—and yet why did not Dr. Buckland? He did for awhile.

A few months later, writing to his father from Edinburgh, he shows that he had begun to realize something of the nature of the forces arrayed against him within the University, and of the spirit which was arising outside its walls:

. . . if I keep quiet now and hold my tongue and spend the next two, three, four, five years or twice as many in amassing knowledge, drawings, and dissections, and in lecturing to six or eight men a term, who knows but that either the University of herself may require more of her Professors, or that some Paul Pry Commission (I beg the pardon of the House of Commons) may not gently insinuate itself by the Great Western and say: 'Really, gentlemen, if you are so impressed with the fact that these branches of knowledge are useless you cannot object to surrendering your Professors; and we of the world who do think, wrongly enough according to you, that the history of the earth, the study of the vegetable and animal world, of the heavens, of matter and the like, are things which an University by her name professes to teach, *advance*, and uphold—we propose to remove the excrescences and place the burden on the back of Edinburgh, London,

[1] Manuel Johnson, the friend of Newman.

[2] Now the University Galleries, see *Oxford Historical Register* (1900), p. 100.

Glasgow, Dublin, and Durham, and to help such rising places as the collegiate establishment at Manchester and the school at Birmingham . . .

You ask me why I am so energetic. Because I have been a year *here*, and because I see that the utter severance of moral training from the communication of knowledge is a great evil; and because I believe that the pious foundations of Oxford *could* do more to regulate knowledge and to advance it in right directions by their wealth and their theological character than all Great Britain besides. But how is it now? Every reading man reads for honours, and his private tutor, if he has tastes for anything but his classics or his mathematics, says: 'You will lose your class.' I speak from personal knowledge. Why, I shall give next term about twenty-four lectures, twenty-four hours, one day out of three and a half years; and John Barton[1] has already told me (and he is fond of natural objects) that he cannot come—he should like, but he dares not. . . . I repeat Oxford may be of great service to England in guiding and regulating what she actually professes to teach, but as a fact entirely neglects—excepting at Christ Church, where the Dean makes the men attend the Professor of Natural Philosophy. She may; and I am satisfied that ten, twenty, fifty years hence—I know not when—she either will, or will forfeit the power and the means. . . . At the best, do what I will, I shall be a humble teacher to any that are committed to me. I might if I had not too much knowledge of Him, marvel that I am permitted to be a teacher at all; while on the other hand, in the face of all my faults, I think I shall prevail at last, and that while I am spared no one will explain the works of the Creator with more love, admiration, and gratitude. Would that in this my head would rival my heart.

Of the attitude of Oxford to Natural Science in the middle of the last century much has been written, and Acland himself has painted in vivid colours the condition of things which he found on his election to the Readership:

[1] His youngest brother.

The Science studies of the University were from various causes almost extinct, notwithstanding the efforts of Buckland, Kidd, and Daubeny: Kidd, a man of a truly scientific spirit; Daubeny a sincere, high-minded, able chemist, both had failed. I felt the work before me desperate or hopeless. The intellect of the University was wholly given to ecclesiastical and theological questions. All physical science was discountenanced[1].

And in his *Letter to Dr. James Andrew*[2] he has traced the decay which had overtaken the various efforts at a scientific revival:

As you know the Royal Society was at least half founded in your College of Wadham about 1650, before it was removed to London. Linacre had been Fellow of All Souls in the fifteenth and Sydenham in the seventeenth century. Harvey had become Warden of Merton for a short period during the stormy time of 1645. Radcliffe had left money in the following century to build a library near the Bodleian (not, as is often said, for the purpose of medicine especially). From funds bequeathed by him, his trustees built a hospital to his memory, and with a wide scientific appreciation erected an observatory, with provision for its endowment and maintenance. Willis and others had adorned the University, studying medicine, however, on the Continent. Dr. Lee left estates to Christ Church out of which a small stipend was to be paid to a Reader in Anatomy. Dr. George Aldrich had given about £130 a year each for a Professor of Chemistry, of Anatomy, and Medicine; and other endowments, modest enough, were made for Geology, Mineralogy, Astronomy, Mathematics, Geometry.... The University had not a single laboratory for students in any subject. The Regius Professor

[1] Extracted from memoranda supplied by him to the biographers of Dr. Pusey, see p. 141, *infra*. As Lord Salisbury put it in his Presidential Address to the British Association at their Oxford meeting in 1894: 'Science with the University for many generations bore a signification different from that which belongs to it in this assembly. It represented the knowledge which alone in the Middle Ages was thought worthy of the name of science—the knowledge gained not by external observation but by mere reflection.'

[2] See *Oxford and Modern Medicine* (1890), pp. 14–19.

of Medicine had neither books, drawings, apparatus, nor apartment, and was not necessarily attached to the hospital[1]. A residence, of which a long lease had been left for his use[2], his only visible dignity, had ceased to be his. Great efforts had been made by Dr. Kidd and the two brothers Duncan to light the torch of Science. Daubeny had won golden opinions by his industry, single-heartedness, and devotion, both to Chemistry and Botany. He practically made the Botanical Gardens. Buckland had carried by storm some of the most intelligent residents, and commanded a large audience by his graphic eloquence and his enthusiastic devotion to the new study of the formation and growth of our planet. He had disturbed the slumbers of many who could not open their eyes to the true genesis of the earth. Sir Charles Lyell[3] had led attacks on the University for its neglect of natural knowledge, for whose advancement so much had been done by the able men I have named. But waves of indifference had swept over the University at the end of the last century and the beginning of this. The revival which began partly no doubt with Wesley, but in right earnest about 1830, was wholly theological. It was theological, however, in a limited way. It was not, as I read the story or watched its developments, an open fight for those deepest questions which agitated men in the time of Bishop Butler, or stir men now throughout the world of human thought. It took in large measure the form of a struggle between thinkers and Christian historians on questions, vital, without doubt, to the forms and history of Christianity, but which left comparatively on one side the primary questions which belong to the unfolding knowledge of the nature and origin of organic beings, and the unity of the material universe.

The Professorships in connexion with Medicine and its kindred studies were so poorly remunerated as to be scarcely worth possessing unless two or three were held by the same person. Thus the Regius Professor

[1] The Radcliffe Infirmary.

[2] Frewin Hall.

[3] The famous geologist graduated at Exeter College in 1819.

of Medicine was, *ex officio*, Aldrichian Professor of Anatomy and Tomlin's Reader of Anatomy; but no museum, no dissecting-room, and no apparatus was attached to any of these offices. A glance at the University Calendar for 1846 will show the *personnel* and the distribution of the Oxford Professoriate in the field of Natural Science.

Regius Professor of Medicine	Dr. Kidd.
Sedleian Professor of Natural Philosophy	G. L. Cooke, B.D.
Savilian Professor of Geometry	Baden Powell, M.A.
" " " Astronomy	W. F. Donkin, M.A.
Professor of Botany and Rural Economy	Dr. Daubeny.
Tomlin Prælector of Anatomy	Dr. Kidd.
Clinical Professor of Medicine	Dr. Ogle.
Aldrichian Professor of the Practice of Medicine	Dr. Ogle.
Professor of Anatomy	Dr. Kidd.
Professor of Chemistry	Dr. Daubeny[1].
Reader in Experimental Philosophy	R. Walker, B.D.
Reader in Mineralogy	Dr. Buckland.
Reader in Geology	Dr. Buckland.

The Readership in Anatomy to which Acland had been appointed was not a University office. It was founded under the will of Dr. Matthew Lee, a former Student of Christ Church and a munificent benefactor to that foundation and to Westminster School[2]. That instrument—dated August 27, 1755—directed that the sum of £100 a year, clear of all deduction, was to be paid out of the revenues of certain of his estates for the maintenance of an Anatomical Lecturer and the encouragement of the study of Anatomy. The Lecturer was to be, for choice, a Westminster Student, but any member

[1] His immediate predecessor in this chair was Dr. Kidd.

[2] It was with money bequeathed by him that the 'old Library' at Christ Church was converted into rooms for Students and Commoners.

of the House was eligible: he was to be a Master of Arts, and his name must have been entered previously to his election 'in the physic line in the University of Oxford,' and he was to be a layman and immediately removed from office should he take Priest's or Deacon's orders. He was required to reside in Oxford for six months in the year and 'to take, teach and instruct no Gentleman Pupil or Pupils in any art or science whatever except Anatomy, Physick or Botany.' He was to go through two 'regular and compleat courses of anatomy every year, in each of which he was to dissect at least one adult human body and distinctly explain and regularly demonstrate all the bones, viscera, blood vessels, muscles, nerves and all other parts of the human body with their respective uses.' Four Students and two commoners of the House were to attend the course of Lectures gratuitously, for all others a proper fee might be taken. A further sum of £40 was charged on the estates towards the expense of making proper anatomical preparations and of procuring at least two adult human bodies every year, and for decently carrying away and burying the said bodies. Failure to give the lectures or to procure the bodies was to be visited by forfeiture of the stipend, which was then to be expended in books for such Students from Westminster as should be adjudged to want them most and deserve them best.

The property came into the hands of Christ Church in 1755, and in the following year two rooms serving for a museum and lecture theatre were built at the back of the dining-hall. When Acland entered upon his duties the value of the estate had largely increased, the Reader's salary had been raised to £200 a year, and the Dean and Chapter were quite prepared to expend the surplus income on objects connected with the study of anatomy. Originally the purchases appear to have been confined to subjects for dissection, but in 1828, as the result of a Chancery suit, it was discovered that a considerable sum had accumulated which might

be claimed for the benefit of the museum. Dr. Buckland, then Canon of Christ Church, was characteristically prominent in this lucky find. The Anatomical Act of 1832 had placed difficulties in the way of providing human subjects, and Dr. Kidd had obtained permission from the Trustees to lecture from models and preparations. In this arrangement Acland willingly acquiesced. He held that human dissection was no recreation for amateurs, and ought to be confined to lectures intended exclusively for serious students. The receipt of a corpse in a box by coach, and the consequent speculations and inquiries of the undergraduates at the door of the museum, were evils which outweighed any good that could be derived by the Westminster Students from a hasty and imperfect demonstration upon it.

Dr. Kidd had himself succeeded Sir Christopher Pegge, whose 'fluent desultory lectures,' as Mr. Tuckwell calls them, had created some little sensation in the Oxford of his day. Of Kidd, Acland always spoke with respect. In his inaugural lecture he referred to 'the patient research, conscientious zeal and elevated tone which during twenty-five years characterized all his doings within these walls'; and he has elsewhere[1] described him as 'an admirable man gifted with a real scientific insight.'

Others, however, were less complimentary, and among them, Carus, the Physician to the King of Saxony, in that passage from his *Travels*, to which reference has already been made.

We have also visited the *theatrum anatomicum*, the whole arrangements of which brought back the times of Vesal to my mind. Above the Professor's table hung a human skeleton, and a figure showing the muscular conformation of the human subject, so that they could be let down and drawn up again by cords: the latter was that sort of preparation which Albin

[1] *Oxford and Modern Medicine.* Kidd was the author, amongst other works, of a Bridgewater Treatise on *The Adaptation of External Nature to the Physical Condition of Man.*

was celebrated for, and is such as to cause a feeling of disgust in an uninitiated spectator. All round the theatre, behind the amphitheatrical seats of the audience, were skulls and anatomical preparations, everything quite in the antique style. Professor Kidd, a good-natured old gentleman, quite corresponded with these ancient treasures. He may, probably, formerly have had some talents, or at least some liking for personal activity and inquiry. But, at a later period, without any excitement from without in a University devoted almost entirely to philology and theology (which is indeed no *Universitas*) and without sufficient inward power and excitement, the stagnation of all philosophical study, of natural history, soon put a stop to his activity.

Thus whatever was done in Oxford in the way of teaching anatomy was done not by the University but by a college. Kidd, while retaining the Regius Professorship and its concomitant offices, withdrew from all active teaching, and abandoned the field to the Lee's Reader, upon whose shoulders now rested the entire burden of the anatomical and physiological studies of the University. In November, 1845, Dr. Buckland had been preferred to the Deanery of Westminster. With it he held the living of Islip, a few miles out of Oxford, and he kept on his Readerships, occasionally revisiting the University to deliver a lecture. But the classes which had once filled the Ashmolean to overflowing[1] and followed their enthusiastic instructor to the top of Shotover were scattered and gone. Dr. Daubeny, whose zeal in scientific studies was untiring, and to whose importunity the eventual establishment of the Natural Science School was largely due, had failed to obtain the success as a teacher which his energy and devotion deserved. Neither in his Chemistry lectures, where his demonstrations are said to have invariably

[1] 'In Ashmole's ample dome, with looks sedate,
Midst heads of Mammoths heads of houses sate:
And Tutors, close with undergraduates jammed,
Released from cramming waited to be crammed.'

gone wrong[1], nor in Botany, where he was unable or unwilling to descend to rudimentary teaching, did his real merits succeed in attracting an audience from among the undergraduates. He does not appear to have done more than take an occasional pupil into his Laboratory for experiment and instruction.

It must be remembered that scientific pursuits at that date, and for some years to come, found no place whatever in the authorized University course, and that there was absolutely no means of practical work for students. The Natural Science School did not yet exist; even the most sanguine reformers scarcely aimed at more than a recognition of the claim to impart the rudiments of Natural Science to those who came to Oxford to be educated. Neither the Classical nor the Mathematical examinations gave much opportunity for turning to account in the schools that which the jargon of the day termed 'useful knowledge.' The occupants of the various chairs enumerated on a previous page were made to feel that they stood outside the general current of University thought and University interests. Nor in the appointment to these Professorships was any special qualification demanded; it was held that any man of ability could find time to master his subject, sufficiently to give the very limited amount of instruction required, after he had been elected to the Chair. Moreover the methods of study, and the ways of thought which were inculcated therefrom, were alien and distasteful not only to the obscurantists who sought to prolong the torpor of the eighteenth century, but to many of those who honestly strove to raise the intellectual standard of the place. The strongest influences in the University actively discouraged the new learning. Of the sciences one was already suspect in the eyes of the orthodox. Dean Gaisford's well-known saying, 'Buckland is gone to Italy, so thank God we shall have no more of this Geology,' must have found response in many an anxious

[1] Tuckwell, *Reminiscences*, p. 32.

breast. Fortunately for Acland it had not yet been revealed to the members of the Hebdomadal Board that in the realms of Physiology and Comparative Anatomy there lurked the germs of theories which were to fan the *odium theologicum* into a flame as fierce as that kindled by any geological discovery.

Early in his official career it had come to the knowledge of the new Lee's Reader that Dr. Pusey, then in the zenith of his power and himself one of the Lee's Trustees, had spoken strongly of the evils and dangers of scientific studies. The great Tractarian had shown much kindness to Acland in his undergraduate days, and the latter resolved to put the case plainly and boldly before one towards whom on public and private grounds he entertained a profound reverence. The interview is best narrated in his own words.

I see the scene as yesterday—now forty-six years ago. The great man sat, as I have since seen him a hundred times and more, in an arm-chair to the west of the fire-place. After a very few words explaining what I have written above[1], I said: 'I am come, Dr. Pusey, to ask you *two* questions, if you will kindly allow me. First, is it true that you, Mr. Keble and your friends seriously discourage the study of Natural Science? I am told that this is certainly the case.' After a little pause:—'It is so. We notice that it engenders in those we know a temper of irreverence and often of arrogance inconsistent with a truly Christian character. You must allow that, for instance, this is so with A. and B. and C. and others.' I was silent—we sat on the chairs well known to all who have entered the study of the great and good man. Presently I continued:—

'Then, am I to understand that in proportion as I devote my life with earnestness to discharge the duties to which you, under Providence, have appointed me, I am to be held up as a dangerous and mischievous member of Society?'

Dr. Pusey, as most great men, had a certain, even keen, sense of humour. He threw himself back in his chair in

[1] See p. 133, *supra*.

a fit of laughter: soon he recovered himself and, sitting straight upright, he slowly said in the solemn and almost stern way which to many seemed his chief expression:—'The desire to possess such knowledge and the power to attain to it are alike the gift of God. They are to be used as such. While you discharge your duties in that spirit you may count on my assistance whenever you need it[1].'

How that assistance was rendered, and at what a critical moment, the course of this narrative will show.

It was not to be expected that the junior members of the University would prosecute studies so unremunerative from an academical standpoint. Dean Gaisford, indeed, required all Christ Church undergraduates to attend a course of Mechanical Philosophy under Professor Walker, 'a cheery gentleman who constructed and exploded gases, forced mercury through wood blocks in a vacuum, manipulated galvanic batteries, magic lanterns, air-guns[2].' At a later period this compulsory attendance and the production at Collections of an abstract of the lectures were relinquished. In spite of the fact that half a dozen members of the House were entitled to be admitted gratuitously to the lectures of the Lee's Reader, they do not seem to have availed themselves of the privilege to any large extent; nor do the authorities appear to have enforced such attendance. Dr. Kidd on resigning the Readership informed his successor that his class then consisted of one or two members of Christ Church, one pupil from the University, and an occasional medical apprentice from the town.

In his own evidence before the University Commissioners five or six years later, Acland described his pupils as ranging from twelve to twenty, mostly undergraduates, but including the sons and apprentices of medical men, sometimes the medical men themselves,

[1] The account given above is transcribed from a paper drawn up in 1891 for Canon Gore: it differs slightly and immaterially from the version contained in *Pusey's Life*, vol. iv, p. 331.

[2] Tuckwell, *Reminiscences*, p. 41.

and other residents in the city who were not members of the University. Mr. Tuckwell[1], vivacious as ever, and himself one of the original class, writes as follows:

> The lectures were delivered in the downstairs theatre, whence we ascended to the room above to sit at tables furnished with little railroads on which ran microscopes charged with illustrations of the lecture, alternately with trays of coffee. A few senior men came from time to time, but could not force their minds into the new groove. Dr. Ogle, applying his eye to the microscope, screwed a quarter inch right through the object, and Dr. Kidd, after examining some delicate morphological preparation, while his young colleague explained the meaning, made answer first, that he did not believe in it, and, secondly that if it were true, he did not think God meant us to know it. So we were mostly undergraduates; and greatly we enjoyed lectures, microscopes, and the discussions which Dr. Acland encouraged[2].

His practice, as he told the Commissioners in 1851, was as follows:

> I usually give two courses of lectures annually, each containing from fifteen to twenty lectures besides several evenings devoted to Histological demonstrations. The first course treats usually of General Physiology, the second of Anatomy, or sometimes I run the subjects through the two courses by condensing one half in the first and expanding it in the second or vice versa.

[1] *Reminiscences*, p. 45.

[2] 'These last exercises,' continued Mr. Tuckwell, 'were after a time suppressed as endangering lapses into the "leve et ludicrum." On one occasion, so fame reported, the men being invited to relate instances of surprising animal instinct, it was announced by an imaginative student to the consternation of the Professor who did not appreciate jokes, that 'he knew a man whose sister had a tame jelly-fish which would sit up and beg.'

I think my readers will agree that this was hardly a fair test of Acland's appreciation of humour, and will feel inclined with Mr. Pickwick to 'envy the facility with which Mr. Peter Magnus's friends were amused.'

In addition to Dr. Kidd and Dr. Ogle, Acland mentions Church, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's, J. M. Wilson, afterwards President of Corpus, and Charles Marriott of Oriel as among the regular workers during the long winter evenings, till ten or eleven o'clock, at his practical classes in Histology and Embryology. The hand of time has spared but few of those who were his pupils in Christ Church lecture theatre, but the present Regius Professor of Medicine [1], in the obituary notice of his predecessor which he contributed to the Royal Society, has summarized the impressions of such of them as he was able to consult.

They agree that his prelections were eminently suited to awaken interest in biological science, and that the lecturer was not only master of his subject, but was able to clothe in attractive language anatomical details which had they been less skilfully handled would have repelled his too fastidious auditors.

The late Charles Pearson, who was for a time his clinical clerk at the Radcliffe Infirmary, describes him as 'an elegant and suggestive lecturer, but too preoccupied to give any real instruction in anatomy and physiology.' Technical instruction to fit the learner for medical practice was never contemplated, it should be pointed out, by Dr. Lee, and was expressly disclaimed by his Reader. Pearson adds that Acland 'turned us loose into the Christ Church Museum, with directions to study the preparations, and with a cupboard full of unarticulated human bones to assist us in practical anatomy. Altogether we learned no more about the bones of the human body in those four months than an ordinary grinder would have taught us in a fortnight; but we learnt something about first principles and analogies which is not commonly taught in the medical class-room.'

Another of his early pupils has described him to the

[1] Sir John Burdon-Sanderson.

present writer as being good and clear as a lecturer, while insisting that his real strength lay in the formation, arrangement, and classification of his osteological collections. It was from these collections that the present University Museum, together with all that it imports, was to spring. The arrival in Oxford of the fourteen cases of skeletons and dissections referred to on a former page marked the beginning of a new epoch in that ancient seat of learning. During the thirteen years for which Acland's tenure of the Readership extended the collection grew, till it occupied a whole series of rooms and comprised over 1,700 anatomical preparations. In J. G. Wood[1], afterwards well known as the successful lecturer and popularizer of Natural History, and then an undergraduate at Merton, he found an enthusiast whose skilful fingers were of the highest use in minute dissection. A still more invaluable assistant had accompanied him from Edinburgh in the person of Mr. Charles Robertson, whose whole life has been devoted to the service of science in the University, who has been the friend of generations of students, and is still unwearied in his attendance at the Museum and in the fulfilment of those tasks which have earned him a reputation far beyond the walls of Oxford[2].

It was from the lips of Richard Owen and under the inspiration of the great Hunterian collection in the College of Surgeons that Acland had received his first lessons in Comparative Anatomy. And the arrangement of his cases and specimens at Christ Church followed

[1] Mr. Wood was the son of a surgeon who lived in a house at the corner of Holywell facing Broad Street, which has long since been pulled down to make room for the Indian Institute.

[2] Robertson was only a boy of twelve when he first attracted Acland's attention at Edinburgh. During the early Oxford days he was practically a member of his household, and he still remains 'Charlie Robertson' to the family. At a later date he became Aldrichian Demonstrator in Anatomy, and a 'coach' for the Science Schools, and his case of zoological preparations gained a medal at the Exhibition of 1862.

the plan with which he had been familiarized in Edinburgh as well as in London—the Hunterian classification, by which the parts of the animal body are grouped according to their uses.

'The aim of John Hunter,' he wrote, 'was to illustrate the entire processes and causation of all disease by the complete study of every attainable organism, animal or vegetable, extinct or recent, in every stage of development, and in every condition normal or abnormal.' And in his *Synopsis of the Physiological Series in the Christ Church Museum*, published in 1853, Acland set forth the principles which had guided him, and expounded the philosophic views which such an arrangement was calculated to introduce to the student. Visitors to the University Museum, whither his work was transferred in 1861, will search in vain for the Hunterian collection as it left the hands of Acland and Rolleston[1]. The arrangement has been altered totally and radically. The most valuable of the preparations are still to be seen there, but the collection is a Hunterian collection no longer. The old Comparative Anatomy has given place to the new 'Animal Morphology,' and the change was only one of the many which Acland lived to see made among the ideals of his manhood.

The formation of the collection was attended by various little vexations, of which in after years Acland was able to see the humorous side. His troubles with the Custom House have already been recounted. The accommodation in Christ Church, both for research and storage, was limited. Dr. Pusey allowed his stables to be used for the preparation and preservation of the anatomical specimens. But unfortunately they abutted on those of another of the canons, Dr. Godfrey Faussett, who was less gracious. The smells resulting from the labours of the Reader and his assistants were disagreeable to the delicate olfactory nerves of the Canon's coachman, and were pronounced by that functionary to

[1] His successor as Lee's Reader.

be injurious to the horses. A peremptory notice to remove the bones was issued by the Canon, but before it could be complied with a raid was made by his servants and the offending preparations were thrown into the street. Dr. Faussett was appealed to, but, though himself one of the Lee's trustees, he replied in such terms as to create the impression that the action of the servants was, at the least, condoned by the master. Redress there was none; but the following letter from Dr. Pusey should be put on record to the credit of the capitular body:

I am very sorry indeed for these angry and unjustifiable proceedings of Dr. F. I shall remonstrate with him. It would not be right in me to do anything which would be an inconvenience to my neighbours in point of smell, &c.; but I hope that you will make any use of my stables for any purpose connected with the Museum which cannot affect Dr. F.'s horses and men. It is very stupid for people to lose their tempers, but worse for old men and clergymen.

In your first note you admit that a horse may have been injured. This I suppose could hardly have been. I will return the letters when I have written mine to Dr. F., but I want to see Clark, who has had the care of my stables. Marriott tells me that you require a change. I hope that the beautiful air of Sark will do you good. It is, I think, the finest air I know, and letters used to be only twice a week[1].

A more serious interference with his labours resulted from the action of the trustees as a body. He had, as we have already seen, instituted a practical course of

[1] Among the objects which perished in the raid was the tail of a giraffe then macerating in water; the dogs ran away with it, and it could not be recovered. The tail of the specimen now at the Oxford Museum is a plaster cast, made from the one in the College of Surgeons to supply the deficiency caused by this act of vandalism. Acland's giraffe had been obtained from the authorities of the Zoo. But one can imagine that the odours wafted into Dr. Faussett's stables were somewhat pungent.

Histology and Embryology, such as was, at that time, scarcely to be found in any of the English Medical Schools. His object was to teach men to study for themselves, by dissecting with them, and by demonstrating to them the animal textures generally, from such specimens, human or otherwise, as he could procure. These demonstrations lasted for three or four hours at a time, and entailed much sustained and exacting labour on the part of the teacher. But it was suggested to the trustees that they were not in accordance with the will of the founder—for one reason, on the ground that they were not 'lectures.' The Lee's Reader was informed that he must keep within the four corners of that document, or otherwise the trustees would be unable to continue his salary[1]. The deviation from the terms of the will by which dissection of *corpora mortuorum* had been dropped would suggest that the trustees had a wider discretion than they cared to exercise; but Acland always declared that Dean Gaisford had persuaded himself that the 'demonstrations' were not lectures, and acted most reluctantly. Liddell, who was now Head Master of Westminster, wrote to him sympathetically and practically:

Oct. 23, 1850.

I am grieved to hear that you have again run your head against a brick wall—to wit, the Chapter of Ch. Ch. . . . Look at the advertisement of the Cambridge Anatomical Professor's Lectures in the *Times* of this day, and see whether by adopting a notice of similar kind you could not satisfy their demands and give your lectures *ex sententia tua*; for I presume you think that you fulfil the purpose of your lectures in spirit.

Acland, however, convinced though he was that these demonstrations not only encouraged the study of anatomy but furthered the intentions of the founder's will, was

[1] The salary for one half-year actually was stopped, and in order to earn it Acland had to give an additional course of formal lectures.

restrained by the 'dead hand,' and the course was discontinued.

His first anatomical assistant at the Museum had been Dr. Melville of Galway, whom, like Robertson, he had imported from Edinburgh. Melville was a man to whose ability, industry, and scientific power he never ceased to testify, but he was not an easy person to work with. In the course of 1847 he left Oxford, and his place was taken by Mr. Lionel Beale, with whom Acland formed a life-long friendship. To him succeeded in September, 1849, Victor Carus, for many years 'Professor Extraordinarius' of Comparative Anatomy at Leipzig, and then a fellow student of Max Müller, through whose instrumentality he was brought to England. In his Leipzig home Professor Carus never ceased to cherish the memory of those far-off days, and in a letter to the present writer dated February 19, 1902, he refers to the many tokens of practical sympathy which he received at the hands both of Mrs. Acland and her husband, 'the kindest, most regardful, sympathetic, industrious, clear-sighted, noble-hearted man.' *Laudari a laudato viro!* 'At my very entrance on the Museum work I was led to admire the judicious, grand, far-seeing way in which he had organized that dear old place, laying thereby the foundation of what, chiefly by his endeavours, has grown out to that magnificent new Museum of which Oxford has a right to be proud[1].'

In 1851 Carus returned to Germany, and he was succeeded at the Museum by a young Oxford graduate who is now Sir William Church, President of the Royal College of Physicians. Two years previously, however, he had been dispatched, together with 'Charlie' Robertson, on a prolonged expedition to the Scilly Islands to dredge and dissect.

'Dredging,' Acland wrote long afterwards, 'was then a comparatively new thing, inspired by the rare genius

[1] Professor Carus 'gently fell asleep' on March 16, 1903, while these pages were being revised for the Press.

of Edward Forbes; but it was intended by me both for purposes of zoological research and to get material for the anatomical series. I then thought that "Rennel's branch of the Gulf Stream" might have established sub-tropical forms on our coast, and that they might be found by these zealous workers[1].' The practical result of the expedition is to be found in Carus's *System der tierischen Morphologie*.

We have seen on a previous page something of the frame of mind in which Acland entered upon his Oxford duties. The success which had attended his lectures, the encouragement afforded by many whose opinion he had just reason for valuing, the signs that theology no longer monopolized the intellect of the University, all contributed to urge him on in the course which he had marked out for himself. In 1847 the British Association came to Oxford. He was appointed local secretary, and threw himself into the work with characteristic energy and thoroughness. The meeting brought him into pleasant and intimate relations with many men of eminence; some of them, like Richard Owen and Bunsen, old friends; others, such as Joseph Henry Green, Milne Edwards, Van der Hoven, Faraday and Hooker, who were hitherto known to him only by name. In allotting the accommodation for the visitors Pusey, absent himself from Oxford, placed his house at Acland's disposal, and some half-dozen of the leading scientists and doctors of medicine enjoyed the hospitality of Christ Church for the week.

This gathering gave occasion for much talk as to the deficiencies of scientific training in England and the discouragement which it had long encountered at Oxford. The time seemed ripe for at least a tentative step towards the enlargement of the University studies, and the admission of science to a recognized position in the scheme of a liberal education. To Acland's mind the preliminary to any system of practical instruction

[1] *Oxford and Modern Medicine*, p. 21.

lay in bringing together under one roof the various departments of physical science scattered over Oxford. In concert with the three or four men who were with himself engaged in the work of tuition he drew up the following memorandum, which he afterwards described as the origin of the Oxford Museum:

OXFORD, *July* 12, 1847.

We, the undersigned, being officially connected with various institutions for the advancement of natural knowledge in this University, are of opinion that the several collections contained in the Clarendon, the Ashmolean Museum, the Anatomical Museum in Christ Church, are deposited in rooms of inadequate dimensions and inconvenient arrangement, and that their present efficiency and future progress are by these means retarded.

Believing that the future welfare of the University is intimately connected with the progress of all her institutions, we are desirous of furthering such steps as may tend to the erection of an edifice within the precincts of the University for the better display of materials illustrative of the facts and laws of the natural world.

And in connexion with such an edifice we should recommend that there should be one or more lecture-rooms arranged in a manner suited to demonstrative lectures, and an apartment calculated to serve the purpose of a library and place for scientific meetings as occasion may require.

We earnestly commend this to the consideration of those who are interested in the future welfare of Oxford, and we shall be grateful for their opinions and advice as to future proceedings on this subject.

To this document were appended the signatures of CHARLES DAUBENY, Professor of Chemistry and Botany; P. B. DUNCAN, Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum; ROBERT WALKER, Reader in Experimental Philosophy; HENRY WENTWORTH ACLAND, Lee's Reader in Anatomy. One name was wanting, that of the only member of the body officially connected with the advancement of natural knowledge in Oxford who enjoyed a European reputation, the Reader in Geology. Dean Buckland was

non-resident, but he had not altogether ceased to lecture. The magnificent series of geological specimens, charts, sections, and engravings, eventually bequeathed by him to the University, was stored in the Clarendon Buildings, and formed one of those very collections on behalf of which the appeal was put forward. Acland had known him from boyhood, had attended his lectures, and was on terms of friendly correspondence with him. It was with some confidence that he enclosed to one whom he regarded as their revered chief the gravamen of the science teachers in Oxford. But the veteran had shot his bolt and could not be brought back to the colours. After a few kindly words of congratulation on the birth of Acland's eldest boy, the Dean proceeded to pour the coldest of cold water on the aspirations of the reformers:

> Some years ago I was sanguine as you are now as to the possibility of Natural History making some progress in Oxford, but I have long come to the conclusion that it is utterly hopeless. The idle part of the young men will do nothing, and the studious portion will throw their attention into the channel of honours and profits which can alone be gained by the staple subjects of examination for degrees and fellowships.
>
> At present it is a detriment to a candidate for either to have given any portion of his time and attention to objects so alien from what is thought to be the proper business of the University as Natural History in any of its branches.
>
> I therefore return the paper, which I think it would be useless mockery to put my name to.

The blow was complete and crushing, the more so that on further pressure the Dean refused to bring the matter before his personal friend Sir Robert Peel. Without the name of Buckland the memorial was doomed, nor could his want of sympathy, to put it in the mildest way, remain a secret. The paper was withdrawn, but the unexpected rebuff made an ineffaceable impression on Acland's mind. In his own words, there was nothing to be done but 'work and wait.'

The period of inaction was not destined to be a long one. The new leaven had already worked to such purpose that the creation of an Honour School in Natural Science at the final examination had come within the region of practical politics. In November, 1848, Acland published some *Remarks on the Extension of Education at the University of Oxford, in a Letter to the Rev. W. Jacobson, Regius Professor of Divinity and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford.* Dr. Jacobson, afterwards Bishop of Chester, was a prominent personage among the forces of University Liberalism, and was an active supporter of Mr. Gladstone in his electoral battles. He was moreover an old friend of Acland's family, and had been private tutor to his eldest brother during the latter's undergraduate days.

The points which the writer strove, in his letter, to impress on the members of Convocation, with whom the establishment of the new school would ultimately rest, were two in number:

(1) 'The duty of introducing the elements of certain branches of natural knowledge into the list of studies necessary for all persons taking the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

(2) 'The necessity of a reconsideration of our responsibilities and prospects as a University having the privilege of granting degrees in medicine and giving licence to practise.'

It will be more convenient to discuss the latter topic at a later stage, in connexion with Acland's attitude towards the study of medicine at Oxford, premising that he expressly repudiated 'the erroneous but prevalent opinion' that the sciences in which Oxford professed to give instruction belonged solely to the department of medicine. On the general question of Natural Science his primary contention was that, 'whether it be or be not our duty to provide against our graduates leaving the University in utter ignorance of the first principles of those great laws which are imposed on the material

world, *it is a* duty to make *some* reasonable use, in respect of education, of the foundations we have accepted and now possess for the furtherance of knowledge in Anatomy, Botany, Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, Geology, &c.' And he enunciated the proposition, from which he never swerved, that 'the real value of the foundations of which I speak arises wholly from the service they perform for general liberal education and not for detailed professional instruction.'

Much of the argument of this little pamphlet would ill bear reproduction to-day, for it has passed into the realm of truism:

> Any man really anxious for the full development of the mental powers of his pupils is doing himself and them a serious disservice, nay (considering the station of many educated here) an injury to his country, who does not set himself to ascertain what is the most feasible method of adding to the study of Language, Logic, History, and Religion, the study of the general nature of the planet in which he is placed, and of the material conditions under which his work of probation is to be performed.

A general insight into natural laws, he maintained, was ennobling; and he referred effectively to the second volume of *Modern Painters* which was then creating a profound sensation at Oxford. Moreover, even an elementary acquaintance with the laws of Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, and Physiology was not without its practical use to the lawyer, the country gentleman, and the clergyman:

> 'That is very true,' I hear it said; 'but all men have not inclination or taste for these things.' 'Have all men for Logic or Euclid?' 'But they have no time.' 'Well, they spend three years here; and I propose three courses of lectures to be attended, no one exceeding twenty-four lectures. Could they not find twenty-four hours a year for this purpose, and some three hours for reading or for the study of museums after each lecture? If the elements of

these objects help to enlarge their minds, to raise their thoughts, to train their faculties, cannot the length of a single day for demonstrative lectures, and some two or three for reading, be added yearly to the working hours they now have?

'And just as the most detailed instruction is not necessarily philosophical, so elementary teaching need not be superficial. Some men are always superficial, and some never; and some laws which in the advance and progress of human knowledge were not reached for some thousands of years, may be made to reveal themselves in a short and simple way, and to leave an impress never to be effaced from any mind capable of receiving it.'

Acland did not shrink from asking that attendance at such lectures should be made compulsory, nor from requiring a reproduction before examiners of the matter thus learned as a condition for the acquisition of the B.A. degree. Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Physiology should all be essential, and not more than one course should be taken in any one term, nor need the examination be at the same time as those for 'Little Go' or the Final Schools. The requirements for Passmen need not be severe, but the possession of a 'testamur' in each subject ought to be rigorously enforced.

If Honours are to be obtained for proficiency in such knowledge there is no fear but that many will seek and obtain them. Men distinguished for such knowledge will soon find Fellowships open to them; the teachers will not so much complain of necessary idleness; and at least *some* men (I am not Utopian enough to say all or even *most*) will leave the place with an awakened curiosity and general habits of industry, who under the present confined system learn nothing with interest, remember little of what they have learnt, and then in later life abuse us for not doing our duty.

Acland's dream has been in part fulfilled, but much of it still remains a counsel of perfection. When sending a copy of the pamphlet to a friend in 1896 he wrote in it: 'I thought you wished to look at the fossil letter to

Dr. Jacobson. It has some interest still as a milestone.' That it excited interest and even enthusiasm among thoughtful minds is apparent from the following letter from Charles Newton, fresh from two months' patient work among the statues of Florence, Rome, and Naples:

BRITISH MUSEUM, *Jan.* 2, 1849.

. . . I can appreciate the value of your proposed General and Semi-professional Education to precede the more practical instruction of the hospitals, because I have above all men from Oxford been placed in circumstances analogous to those which are the conditions under which the young medical student is trained. When I began my career at the British Museum I found myself suddenly introduced to a world of new objects at once attractive and distracting, requiring the most minute and painful attention of the senses, the most subtle mental analysis, the most unwearied scrutiny before they could be received in evidence—long and earnest contemplation before they could be finally arranged in scientific order; and yet all these objects presented to the mind, not methodically as a teacher or a good elementary treatise would have presented them, but in the order of official business, which is practically for us here no order at all. What would have become of me without a framework, however slight, of general education? How should I have steered my way on that wide and unknown ocean without some previous knowledge of the general principles of navigation? The history of the Alexandrian and Byzantine literature will best answer that question. Learned men were first turned loose in great public libraries, but having no great guiding principle of selection and arrangement they became mere triflers and pedants.

But to return to your pamphlet. Pray let me know if you want a vote in Convocation at any time to carry out your views. And have you taken any steps to lay your pamphlet before Lord John Russell and Lord Lansdowne? If you have not, I think, perhaps, I can manage this for you, though I daresay you have better avenues to approach them by.

The project for the institution of Examination Schools in Law and Modern History and in Natural Science

had long been germinating, and Acland's letter to Dr. Jacobson had no small share in hastening on its accomplishment, though he would have been the last to deny to Dr. Daubeny full credit for years of patient and insistent effort in the same direction. In February, 1849, notice was given to Convocation of the proposed constitution of a Delegacy for the appointment of Examiners in Mechanical Philosophy, Chemistry, and Physiology. To the notice were appended the names of those whom the Heads of Houses—the Hebdomadal Board in which was vested the right of initiative in all University matters—proposed as members of the Delegacy, and Acland was not among them. Considering that the only anatomical and physiological lectures delivered in the University were given by the Lee's Reader, and that the portion of the new statute dealing with the Natural Science School was drawn on the lines so recently laid down by him in print, such an omission could scarcely be constructed otherwise than as a direct slight. And the mortification was the more intentional from the fact that Acland's name had originally been included, but had been erased by the Hebdomadal Board.

He at once (Feb. 13, 1849) dispatched a letter to the Vice-Chancellor, the Rev. Frederick Plumptre, Master of University, in which he ventured, 'as one of the public teachers in the University, to put to you a question concerning a detail in the construction of the new statute':

> The only instruction in Anatomy or Physiology publicly given in the University for many years past has been given by Dr. Lee's Reader in Dr. Lee's theatre; the only anatomical or physiological collection in the University is in his keeping. May I be allowed to ask whether, under the circumstances, it is intended that he shall not be a member of the Board connected with the School of Natural Philosophy?

Dr. Plumptre's reply is a perfect specimen of that

courtly Mandarin logic which, perhaps more than anything else, makes a young and ardent reformer feel as if he would like to go out and hang himself:

UNIV. COLL., *Feb.* 17, '49.

MY DEAR DR. ACLAND,

I am sincerely sorry that a succession of engagements should not have allowed me an opportunity of returning an earlier answer to your letter.

In answer to your inquiry why the name of Dr. Lee's Reader in Anatomy is not included in the list of those official persons who are to nominate the Examiners for the School of Natural Science, I ought to state that the sole reason is that he is, strictly speaking, not a University Professor or Reader. He is not appointed by the University, and he must give his lectures in the Museum, which is not the property of the University, and this Readership is not under the control of the University.

It was felt by some that those only should constitute the Board who are strictly University Professors or Readers. And the name of Dr. Lee's Reader was accordingly omitted from the list.

Believe me, yours very truly,

F. C. PLUMPTRE, V. C.

The full irony of the situation will be appreciated on referring to the number of 'strictly University Professors or Readers' in Natural Science given on a previous page, and to the summary of the share taken by them in University teaching. Acland replied dryly that he was much obliged for the Vice-Chancellor's kind answer, and for the information of the grounds on which Lee's Reader in Anatomy was not included on the Board. It ought, however, in fairness to the Vice-Chancellor, to be added that the prime objector was the Dean of Christ Church himself, who was unwilling to give the University any pretext for interference in the operation of Dr. Lee's trusts.

The new examination statute came into existence in

1850[1], and the first examination under it was held in the Easter Term of 1853, the University Commission having sat and reported in the interim. Acland was the examiner in the Physiological Section. The post had been pressed upon him very earnestly by Lake, afterwards Dean of Durham, and then Tutor of Balliol and Senior Proctor. He had strongly disapproved of some of the arrangements of the School, from the discussion of which he had been excluded, and he felt that the studies necessary for the adequate discharge of his duty as examiner would impose a tax upon his time inconsistent with his practice as a physician. Accordingly, in the first instance he declined the offer, though he willingly drew up, at Lake's request, a statement of what he was prepared to recommend as a first essay in the Physiological Examination; and he wrote to him at large with respect to the new School:

I wish to remark concerning the proposed plan for the Physiological Examination that any such will require tact and experience before the precise limits can be determined which should be set to the minimum or pass examination, or before the extent can be decided to which the qualification for the highest honours in Physiology may be pushed with advantage.

What is chiefly important to the University is, that the Passmen should possess a fair amount of general knowledge such as will ensure a moderate understanding of the broad laws which have been appointed to organized beings; and that the Classmen should show more or less proficiency in the methods by which the knowledge of these laws has been gained, so that the best men may have some knowledge of original memoirs and of the means of investigating nature for themselves.

With respect to the Classmen, it may also be remarked that it would have been far better that the University should never have founded this School at all than that doubts should

[1] It also introduced the intermediate School of Moderations both for Passmen and Classmen.

exist or questions should be raised concerning the value of the Honours conferred in Natural Science at Oxford; and it must be clearly understood that a first class man in Chemistry or in Physiology must have gone through such a course of study and passed such an examination in Chemistry or in Physiology as shall entitle him to similar estimation among chemists or physiologists as that in which a first class man in Classics is held among men of letters.

Acland was begged to reconsider his decision, and on finding that the refusal of Dr. Ogle to examine in Physiology placed the Board in a real difficulty, he consented to act in conjunction with Dr. Daubeny and the Rev. Robert Walker.

The immediate result was not encouraging. Though the School 'Scientiae Naturalis' followed the example of the older examinations in providing four classes, the examiners were unable at the initial trial to find any one worthy of Honours. In the Michaelmas Term they were more successful, and a third class was awarded to Mr. G. G. Ross. Acland may well have felt that his time was being withdrawn from his profession without due justification, and he retired from the Board, his place being taken by Dr. Ogle, now appeased. In Easter, 1854, the examiners were able to award three first classes and a second; and though in the next term the Honours List was again a blank, the tide had turned. The School began slowly to assert itself[1], and to take an acknowledged place in the course of University study; while the infusion of new blood among those engaged in the teaching of Natural Science brought Story-Maskelyne and John Phillips upon the scene as examiners.

[1] It ought to be added that Acland always maintained that the number of men in the class-list was no fair criterion of the work being done, and that many men went through a course of study in Natural Science without caring to present themselves before the examiners, especially in the days after the New Museum had come into existence.

But there were still serious obstacles which militated against the success of the new School, and of the studies of which it was the outcome. Those only who had previously obtained Honours in Classics or Mathematics were allowed to present themselves for examination. There was not yet, nor for many years to come, any indication of willingness on the part of the colleges to make distinction in this new field a passport to a Fellowship, or to allow their promising members to stray into these unfruitful pastures. The very moderate success—to put it delicately—of the Oriental Language School at Oxford, and of certain new Triposes at Cambridge, will serve to show the difficulties which beset the early years of any academical innovation. And it was apparent from the beginning, and became more and more obvious every day, that science teaching in Oxford would be futile for practical purposes until the several departments of Physical Science were gathered together under one roof, with fitting apparatus and with appropriate surroundings. The next step was the conversion of the University to the need of providing a building for the prosecution of the new studies on a scale adequate to its wealth and its traditions.

CHAPTER VII

HOME LIFE—PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCES —THE CHOLERA

1847-1856

IN the October of 1847 the Aclands had migrated from Merton Lane to the house in Broad Street which was to be their home for the remainder of their lives. It had belonged to Dr. Wootton, to whose practice Acland had succeeded; and after taking a lease of it for a term of years, the latter purchased the freehold and proceeded to enlarge it in accordance with his rapidly-growing requirements. For while the Lee's Reader had been engrossed in the labours and struggles recorded in the last chapter, his practice, both in Oxford and in the neighbourhood, had been increasing by leaps and bounds. In the memory of the present generation Acland figures as the dignified head of the medical profession in Oxford, the venerable *doyen* whose attendance on Pusey and Jowett during their last hours was rather a tribute of long friendship than the visit of a physician. It is difficult for them to realize, and it has been largely forgotten, that for a quarter of a century Acland possessed the largest consulting practice in Oxfordshire, and was probably the hardest-worked man in the University. The railway service was very imperfectly developed, and Abingdon and Bicester and Dorchester and Ewelme, to name only a few of the places on his list, had to be reached by long carriage-drives. Seventy miles a day was no unusual journey, and often it was not till four o'clock in the afternoon that he began his country rounds.

I was not home till midnight (he wrote to his father),

so you had no Christmas letter. The days of adventure not being quite over, I had to go by cross-roads to the riverside near Lechlade in a thick fog, to break a boat through the ice in the pitch dark, and on, through slush, a mile and a half to a farm called 'Chimney—God help us!' the latter being an expression of the difficulty of reaching it. There was a farm of eighty cows, and the primitive farmer thought £15 a great price for a bull. I got back in time to hear Pergolesi's *Gloria in Excelsis* sung at Magdalen as the clock struck twelve.

And some years later he recounts another of his nocturnal drives:

I had the whole night out, and am only just back at 8 a.m. I had to go round by Thame. Near Waterstock, it being a most violent and boisterous night, the horses got frightened, and without hurting any thing or body or themselves much, landed the whole party, i.e. carriage, themselves, Whitlock and me, on a bank. They set off next, and Whitlock groaning and sighing worse than Dr. Stokes, and the rain *pelting*, we walked after them, caught them in about a mile, knocked up the Ashhursts, and got between some sheets for two or three hours, then in here by eight. I am only sorry for the scrimmage because I am so busy.

Among the county families who desired a 'second opinion' he stood practically without a rival. In the members of the University, both undergraduates and dons, and even in the charmed circle of the 'heads' and professors, he had an ever-growing circle of patients. But with the townspeople, the tradesmen, and the poorer classes of the neighbourhood generally, his influence became unique. His kindness and unconventionality in attending the poor won their absolute devotion; while his dignity, his gentleness, and his extreme sympathy impressed those who consulted him, utterly irrespective of their station in life. On many an afternoon his waiting-room would be so full of patients that an overflow into the dining-room was rendered necessary. There were frequent cases after he had

become Physician to the Radcliffe Infirmary[1] when poor people suffered serious injury by waiting for his day with the out-patients; and the part which he played during the terrible cholera visitations of 1849 and 1854 gave him a position as the head of the medical profession in Oxford which he never lost.

His probationary period as a student had been much shorter than is usually the case; much of his time, as we have seen, had been occupied with studies of an abstract nature; and he had never filled any of those posts of responsibility connected with a great hospital which are generally considered as an essential qualification for success in any branch of medicine. Yet from his first beginning at Oxford till pressure of outside work rendered it impossible for him to treat his medical practice as the main interest of his life, he had his hands more than full; and even now the elder citizens will tell inquirers that their first recollection of Dr. Acland is bound up with his reputation as the most successful physician in the city. As it was put only the other day, 'No one of any respectability thought of dying without seeing Dr. Acland'—a double-edged compliment which the doctor would have been the first to appreciate.

But it would be idle to deny that there were extraneous circumstances which told largely in his favour. No one at all resembling Henry Acland had ever practised medicine in Oxford before, and it is extremely unlikely that any one of quite the same stamp ever will again. Allusion has been made on a former page to Mr. Tuckwell's sketch of 'Aesculapius in the Thirties'; and though it is not difficult to detect the hand of a caricaturist, there is a large substratum of reality in the description. Oxford has never been wanting in skilful, accomplished, and devoted surgeons and physicians; and many of the innovations introduced by Acland have become part of the ordinary environment

[1] In 1847.

of the modern man of medicine. But he was the first of the new school, the first who broke down the little etiquettes and formalities and mannerisms which lent themselves to cheap satire and brought ridicule on a noble profession. When it was known that Dr. Wootton's successor had been seen rowing his wife and children on the river in boating costume, there was a shaking of heads at such a lowering of professional dignity. When it was announced that he was going to deliver in the Town Hall a popular physiological lecture of the University Extension type, he was threatened with social and professional ostracism [1]. A man of weaker character or less assured position might have yielded to the remonstrances of his professional brethren or suffered from their resentment. Acland did neither. A member of one of the oldest families in the West, with the prestige of two such foundations as Christ Church and All Souls to back him, the intimate friend of the Parliamentary representatives of the University, the disciple and protégé of the leading men of science in Europe, himself the exponent of the new learning which was winning an entry into the citadel of conservatism, he could afford to go his own way regardless of criticism and remonstrance.

But birth and breeding and influential friends were only a few among the advantages which fortune had bestowed on Henry Acland. A striking and stately

[1] In 1847 Alderman Sadler invited Professor Baden Powell, Dr. Daubeny, and Acland to deliver lectures in the Town Hall on Natural Science. And among his most carefully cherished autographs, side by side with letters from Gladstone and Lord Robert Cecil, is the ill-spelt outpouring of gratitude on the part of an employé at Swindon Station 'for the kind and courteous manner you evinced towards me and those that were with me on that never-to-be-forgotten day of our visit' to Oxford and to the Christ Church Museum. 'Sir Walter Scott,' the writer adds, 'was in Oxford a week, and said he was quite confused with so many sights: if he was confused in a week, what must we have been in a day?'

presence, a courtly and graceful manner which inspired confidence and affection, a look which was genial, alert, and almost boyish in its breezy cheerfulness—all these contributed to bring the healthiest of atmospheres into the sick-room or the anxious household. Some are still left who can write of his unwearied, his unending kindness, of his patience and his sympathy, of many a dying pillow smoothed by his hand, of many a prayer whispered over the death-bed. In diseases of the body as well as of the mind there are times when the personality of the doctor is as important an element as his skill.

It is not to be supposed that Acland's place in the medical world at Oxford was won without heart-burning and jealousies on the part of those who were distanced in the race. His letters show that he was acutely sensitive to what he could not ignore, and to sayings and doings which were all the more painful from the friendly relations which had long subsisted between himself and many of his rivals. They have passed happily into oblivion, though at more than one period he was made to suffer not only personal annoyance but serious hindrance in his Oxford work. Not the least of his difficulties arose from the practice, which still held good in the rural districts, of paying the doctor not per visit but by the drugs which he ordered and supplied. One of his patients was a retired officer living near Islip; after consultation with the local practitioner, whom we will call Mr. D., he drew up a trifling prescription of opium pills and observed a look of dismay on his colleague's countenance. It was borne in upon him that the latter's fee would be derived from the drugs prescribed, and he charitably added some harmless medicaments for which it would be possible to make a remunerative charge. On showing the complete prescription to the patient, he advised him to take only the pills, and he explained the presence of the latter incongruous items by saying that they were for 'poor old D.'; and he added, 'I find

that you pay Mr. D. in proportion to the amount of medicine he can persuade you to swallow, and don't give him anything for driving over here six miles and giving you advice.' The hint was taken for the future. On another occasion, when he had disregarded the pocket of the local doctor, he was told, 'When we send for a physician from Oxford we expect the prescription to come to at least a guinea; this comes to eighteen-pence': and he was never called in again in the injured gentleman's district. Acland ultimately succeeded in breaking down the practice, and putting the payment of medical men on a proper footing.

In 1847 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and he acted, as we have seen, as local Secretary of the British Association on their visit to Oxford. In 1848 he took his Oxford degree as Doctor of Medicine, and in the following year he was admitted a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians. In 1851 he was elected Radcliffe Librarian. This event was hailed by some of his London medical friends as giving him an excuse and an opportunity for resigning the Lee's Readership and devoting himself solely to the practice of his profession.

Well, my dear Acland (wrote Dr. Latham), you have just passed your finger into the right ring for holding you in connexion with the University and letting you be free at the same time for the proper business of your profession. I congratulate you and Mrs. Acland that your plan of professional life is now fairly fixed and circumscribed. Let it be your business, as it is your duty (*vive memor Ruskini*), to lop off excrescences and bring your daily work within the compass of your mind, body, and health.

May you live long, and be happy and useful in your generation.

Indeed, the strain which Acland was putting upon himself was causing much anxiety to his friends, not merely from the fear that his scientific and medical ambitions should prove mutually destructive, but from

the apprehension that his bodily health must give out. 'I was obliged to practise in my profession by day to enable me to carry on the work of which my share was done chiefly at night,' he wrote long afterwards. The preparation for his lectures was no light tax, though small in comparison with the labours which he bestowed on the collection and arrangement of the specimens in the Christ Church Museum; but his work as Lee's Reader and as a consulting physician seemed to guests in his household to be only a fraction of the absorbing calls on him, which left scarce a moment of the day or night unoccupied. In the June of 1851 Ruskin paid him a visit, and on departure gave vent to his feelings in the letter to which Dr. Latham alludes:

DEAR ACLAND,

I was going to write to your wife about you but I don't like to frighten her—as you say she is sad enough already: but I *will* frighten her unless I hear that you are going to leave Oxford directly. You cannot work less if you stay there—or if you do, it will be at the cost of continual vexation and annoyance—just as bad for you as work. I never saw such a life as you live there—you never were able so much as to put a piece of meat in your mouth without writing a note at the side of your plate—you were everlastingly going somewhere and going somewhere else on the way to it—and doing something on the way to somewhere else, and something else at the same time that you did the something—and then another thing by the bye—and two or three other things besides—and then—wherever you went, there were always five or six people lying in wait at corners and catching hold of you and asking questions, and leading you aside into private conferences and making engagements to come at a quarter to six—and send two other people at a quarter-past—and three or four more to hear what had been said to them, at five-and-twenty minutes past—and to have an answer to a note at half-past—and get tickets for soup at five-and-twenty minutes to seven—and just to see you in the passage as you were going to dinner—and so on.

I am as sure that you cannot stay in Oxford as if your house was on fire—or the whole place—I never was so annoyed at you as yesterday—or so sorry for you—I don't know whether you ever mind what anybody says—but perhaps you may mind it a little more in writing; and yet I have nothing to say but what you know as well—or better than I—that you are doing a great wrong to your wife and to all who regard either you or her, and to your children—Would it not be better for them to be bred *peasants* on the Devonshire hills, so long as they had their father to teach them what was good and noble, than to be bred in gentilities and silkennesses, without a father—though I suppose they would still be poor, if you were to kill yourself as you are likely to do in six months? I am perfectly certain you cannot stay in Oxford—nor continue your profession at present. You *must* give up for an entire year. Lay this matter *barely* before God—and take care there is no dread of what is to be done or said by other people—and see what answer you will get.

Or suppose you were a tyrant, and had in your service Dr. Henry Acland—and could make him keep at his work—if you chose—would you not be afraid to do it—afraid of doing murder; but self-murder you think venial. Don't answer this—of course. I hardly know why I write it, for there is nothing to be said which you do not know—but I could not rest without saying it again.

Yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

Acland forwarded the letter to the same kind friend whose letter has just been quoted, and Dr. Latham's reply showed that Ruskin's remonstrance had hit the mark:

Mr. Ruskin's humorous note is a serious affair. It is full of friendship and truth, comical and pathetic together. You are beset with a legion of little amiable devils, bespeaking your health and strength for their various virtuous impracticabilities and twaddlements. You must get rid of them either by flight or by force; you cannot remain in Oxford if your present obligation of surrendering yourself to every-

body's use is to continue. You must be either a physican or a professor, not both.

Excellent as the advice must be admitted to have been, Acland was in no mood to take it. Dr. Latham's prediction was to a certain extent verified. It was neither as a teacher nor as a physician that he won the position in Oxford which he retained for so many years; but we may safely say that he would hardly stand where he does in the annals of the University had he consented to put aside either of the great activities which to the outside observer seemed incompatible with one another. He never wavered in his single-minded desire to advance scientific teaching in the University of Oxford, and to serve the cause of medical education in its truest sense. But to enable him to pursue this object the stern necessity for daily bread tied him to his profession. The escape from the dilemma was to come, but not yet; and meanwhile that versatility which was the birthright of his family, which Liddell had prophesied would be his ruin, did undoubtedly raise up stumbling-blocks to threaten his usefulness in the cause that he had most at heart. In the midst of these incessant labours it is curious but characteristic to find him full of self-reproach for indolence, and asking himself, 'Is it remediable, is it physical or mental?'

Amongst other reasons which rendered it impossible for Acland to relax in his professiona efforts, the rapid growth of his family must be reckoned. His eldest child, now Rear-Admiral Sir William Alison Dyke Acland, was born on December 18, 1847, receiving his second name from Dr. Alison, who stood as his godfather. Between that date and August, 1858, came one daughter and six more sons. The growth of this young family necessitated not unfrequent separation between husband and wife; the babies had to be taken for change of air to Essex, or to Holnicote, or Bude, at times when the doctor was unable to leave his work; and occasionally an urgent professional call would remove

him from home for days together. Such a summons took him to Paris in the January of 1848, where he enjoyed the privilege of an introduction to many of the leading scientific men in France and to the official and military circles of the Court. His hosts and himself seem to be equally unsuspicious of the downfall which was about to overwhelm the throne of Louis Philippe. In the same year Mrs. Liddell's desperate attack of typhoid fever caused him to be hastily summoned to Westminster, and kept him for days at her bedside. 'Mrs. Liddell lives still. I have been with her since I came, and have fed her every twenty minutes. Liddell's conduct is beautiful,' he wrote on his arrival at what seemed a dying bed. Thanks in no small measure to his assiduous care the patient made a wonderful recovery, and still lives, one of the last survivors of the golden age of Christ Church. Her husband's removal to Westminster just before the Aclands settled down in Oxford had been a grievous disappointment to both families; but it wrought no change in the relation between Liddell and his old pupil, and the former's appointment to the Deanery of Christ Church in 1855 placed them on terms of almost daily intimacy.

The letters which are preserved during the temporary absence of husband and wife would be sufficient to prove that the union had more than realized Henry Acland's hopes and prayers. A few extracts will suffice to show the whirl of varied interests and the relentless press of work in which his professional life was passed; but there is no stronger tribute to Mrs. Acland than a couple of lines taken from a letter of her husband's written in 1849: 'My views of life and society are wholly changed within the last two or three years. All things wear another aspect.'

OXFORD, 1848.

Heavy business has pressed on me all day, without a fee; from half-past six till a quarter-past seven I have hardly sat down; I was not ten minutes at dinner. However, the proof-

sheets of half the pamphlet[1] are in; and all the preparations are in, but the unarranged zoological series; and seven or eight others are entered and done, except a few minutes; and the place[2] looks so nice. I cannot get on at all with the said pamphlet; it can only be written after tea, and about eleven I become so fatigued that I cannot hold even a pen. I am unfortunate in one respect. I have lost Sir Robert Inglis's copy of the Medical Bill, which is quite essential to my safety, for I am sure to be attacked for my pamphlet by some wretched fellow. Oh! I am so tired; and I cannot have tea because of writing to you, and I cannot wait for it because Jackson[3] is coming here to do some work he wants. I am becoming again quite popular among the doctors. I have had to-day from two persons objects sent for examination in the microscope. Charlie[4] is getting on famously with a stag's skeleton; it will be done this week.

OXFORD, 1848.

I am immensely doleful; it is Saturday evening, and I am not coming to you. I scarcely know what to make of it. I have had a hard and unsatisfactory week, always at work and getting little wisdom or money. I was struck by what Wood said to me: 'I wonder you can go on as you do. Always in and out, and always pressed; it cannot be good for you.' I think myself that the Museum must be given up. Whether the Readership is continued or not, I must give up all thoughts of continuing to gain knowledge in that department. The Dean of Westminster wished me to dine with him to-day at Islip. I had meant to go, but I felt unable. I was very weary, and so thought that his flow of talk would do more harm than good. He tells me that F. Buckland is in Paris at work. He seemed in high feather, and had with him Mr. Warburton, the Radical M.P. who attacked me for my pamphlet, amongst other things because it proposed to surrender privileges when we ought to have them increased!![5]

[1] The letter to Dr. Jacobson. [2] The Christ Church Museum.

[3] One of his colleagues at the Infirmary.

[4] i. e. Charlie Robertson.

[5] See p. 247, *infra*.

OXFORD, *May* 3, 1848.

I am sorry to say that I am going to London to-morrow, as I thought I might have to do; but only to see Sir Benjamin Brodie and Gladstone, which you are not to mention to any one, about University alterations in medical matters. I have in common with all the other resident doctors been consulted, and feel (it being a matter which will probably seal the fate of Oxford for ever in the department of her medical privileges) that I must give my utmost attention before I give an answer. Dr. Bliss is the new head[1]; Jacobson is vastly happy, and walks about quad in bands without gown.

OXFORD, *August*, 1848.

I have got through my work well, but, besides the others, had to go to Ewelme. I met also a caravan belonging to a brother of Mr. Batty. There was a sick leopardess whom I doctored, but I fear she will die. They made me go into the den where she was with a lion. They gave me two young leopards which died to-day.

'The poor leopardess,' he adds a day or two afterwards, 'died, and I had a terrible struggle with her all yesterday.'

OXFORD, *September* 5, 1848.

I have no news for you, except that I am bored with the horrid mess of the workmen, and the great dilatoriness at the Museum: it surpasses anything I could conceive as possible. The elk is come, and very fine. I fancy it is 11 feet across the horns, but I have not measured it. I am so tired I cannot write. I was called out to Jericho last night, and besides that I scarce slept.

OXFORD, *October*, 1848.

Hussey preached on Natural History. In the course of his sermon he had a curious account of scavengers—worms, beetles, carrion crows and ravens, not to mention the rest—and then he described the swallows flitting. There was a good deal of astronomy, but I was amused at his not taking on himself to say the stars are fixed stars: 'the stars which those who pay particular attention to them, and are called astrono-

[1] Of St. Mary Hall.

mers, say keep the same place.' Worthy of the Regius Professor of Divinity!

The holidays, or such brief holidays as he could snatch, were variously spent. In 1848 he visited Ardrishaig; in 1849 he spent a week or two in North Wales, and crossing over to Dublin on the eve of the Queen's visit, made the aquaintance of Dr. Stokes, the learned author of *Stokes on Fevers*, whom he records as being 'like Babington, a very great man out of his profession'; in 1850 he joined Liddell in an expedition to the English Lakes; in 1851 he spent part of the summer with his wife and children at Sark dredging for marine specimens; in 1853 his brother Arthur Troyte lent the family a house at Teignmouth, while Acland himself journeyed north on a memorable week's visit to Ruskin at Glenfinlas in the neighbourhood of Dunblane, where the latter was established in a small cottage with his wife and the brothers Millais, artist and engineer. Ruskin was engaged upon the second volume of the *Stones of Venice*, and Millais was painting whenever the weather would allow him[1]. The weather was characteristic of Scotland at its worst, but Acland managed to do a fair amount of work with his pencil. 'Ruskin,' he writes, 'has knocked off my sketching for ever, having quite convinced me that the paltry drawings I have been in the habit of are most injurious to the doer in his moral nature. What I can try to do is to draw something really well. I hope to be well enough to try to-morrow a bit of rock and water.' When the rain was too torrential the party played battledore till they were exhausted, and Ruskin read aloud and talked to Acland. 'Ruskin,' he wrote, 'I understand more than I have before: truth and earnestness of purpose are his great guides, and no labour of thought or work is wearisome

[1] It was on this occasion that, on Acland's suggestion, Millais began his well-known portrait of Ruskin as he stood 'contemplatively on the rocks, with the torrent thundering beside him.' The picture is now in Miss Acland's house at Oxford.

to him'; and again: 'I ought to say, as a key to Ruskin, I had no idea of the intensity of his religious feeling before now.' In contrast to the profound wisdom and intenseness of Ruskin came the never-ceasing flow of badinage on the part of the other guests. Acland had never been accustomed to what is called 'chaff,' and mingled bewilderment and amusement are portrayed in his letter. Millais he had met before at Oxford, and had not known what to make of him. 'I wronged and could not read him,' he wrote to Mrs. Acland. 'Now I feel as though Ruskin's conversation and Millais' genius should have made an impression on me for life.'

You will be disappointed in Millais, and wonder what I mean, for he will come to see us. To read him you must be in the mind to value Art highly—to take it as a message from Heaven, and see the point in his work and not in his words. So you will attain to the conviction that he is a man with powers and perception granted to very few; not more imagination, not more feeling, but a finer feeling and more intuitive and instantaneous imagination than other men. Of this his nonsense affords the most striking proof. It was curious to see how puzzled he was by me. He found out first, that I was obstinate; second, that I was eager; third, that I was full of fun; fourth, about the third day, 'I do so like this doctor, I don't know what we shall do when he is gone'—which I mention to show his dogged investigation of everything about him.

Millais' regret at Acland's departure was shared by himself as well as by his host; and at parting Ruskin said, 'Tell Mrs. Acland that if she will come and see us here I will give £10 to any charity she will name.' The bribe was useless, and the visit to Glenfinlas was never to be paid.

In 1854 the early summer before the great cholera outbreak was passed at Walmer. In 1855 he made a journey to Bonn and Heidelberg, renewing his old friendship with Bunsen, who joined in the protest against his attempting to combine the pursuit of science with

the practice of medicine. In 1856 he spent a few days down the river at Pangbourne with Severn and Richmond, and he chronicles the latter's insistence upon having gooseberry-pie for tea. He also paid a short visit to Charles Courtenay, now married and settled in his living at Bovey Tracy: 'I see his life is as happy as it is holy.' Later in the year he was called upon to deliver lectures at Durham and at Newcastle.

... I was really sorry to add another public effort to my year's work; but the occasion was a special one that can never recur, and I further had reason to think that *my* help would be of special value to meritorious persons. The University of Durham and the town of Newcastle are starting a Medical Faculty, and starting it in a very thorough way. They wanted a Professor from Oxford and one from the London University to be the first examiners. This was wisely planned and honestly, and it rested with me whether to help or thwart them. I have never had a more interesting excursion. The ordeal was a severe one for the pupils—a delicate one for us. We examined them, besides two days of paper-work: 1st, in Dissections on a Subject; 2nd, in Surgical Operations on the Subject; 3rd, in the Detection of Disease in the Surgical Wards of the Hospital; 4th, in Medical Disease in other Wards; 5th, in a Public Viva Voce on Treatment. I do not suppose there is so thorough a thing in the kingdom. My London University colleague, Mr. Erichsson, Professor of Surgery, is a capital man, and the head people at Newcastle thorough fellows. I 'delivered an address' both at Newcastle and at Durham. The subjects were interesting enough:

1. The Cause of Doubtings in Medicine, and the Remedy.
2. The Effect of the Study of Medicine on the other Studies of the University. ...

I go to London Tuesday evening to the Queen's ball, and return after Tom's marriage[1].

On a subsequent journey to Edinburgh he broke his journey at Wallington, the home of Sir Walter and

[1] T. D. Acland had been left a widower in 1851. His second wife was Mary, daughter of John Erskine, Esq.

Lady Trevelyan; and he spent a few days with the Liddells at Bamborough Castle, of which the Dean's father was one of the trustees. The Christ Church undergraduates would have stared had they seen the Dean and the Lee's Reader tramping over moor and fell, and, when the exigencies of the route required it, divesting themselves of their nether garments and fording the streams like a brace of Highlanders. Here he seized the opportunity to inspect the lighthouses on Fern Island, famous as the scene of Grace Darling's heroism. Grace herself was dead, of consumption following her great exploit, and he could only send home a pen-and-ink sketch of her tomb; but Acland spent a couple of nights with her father on the outer lighthouse.

Darling is seventy years of age, a tall man, most intelligent and much read. For instance, he has read Wordsworth, Byron, Keble, some of Scott; and considers romances foolishness which some people cannot keep off from . . . makes nests to the present day for the sea-birds, because, if he don't, they make them in places where the young will be washed away if there is a gale of wind while they are being reared.

The hospitable homes of Sir Thomas and Lady Acland and of Mr. and Mrs. Cotton were ever open to children and grandchildren. The picturesque old house at Holnicote was unfortunately burnt to the ground on Aug. 30, 1851; but at Killerton and at Efford Down, near Bude, they were always sure of a welcome. Among those who had taken to paying yearly visits to the West of England were Dr. and Mrs. Alison, and on more than one occasion they broke the journey at Oxford. Unhappily, the malady which clouded Dr. Alison's later years had begun to manifest itself, and the constant strain and heart-breaking anxiety which it entailed were too much for the strength of his wife. Her letters during those days to Henry Acland, whom she had consulted both as a doctor and a friend, are indescribably touching.

The end came in December, 1849. 'Margaret died,' is the brief entry among Acland's papers, which marks the close of one of the strongest attachments of a life that abounded in high and generous friendships. During the years that followed he scarcely ever failed to pay at least one visit to her husband, who lived on till 1859, a heart-broken man in failing health, clinging to work as his only solace. In 1850 Alison received, largely through the instrumentality of his old pupil, the honorary degree of an Oxford D.C.L.

With Acland's own family these years dealt tenderly, though the day of sorrow and separation was not far off. One great bereavement fell upon them. In the year 1851, Mrs. T. D. Acland died of scarlet fever, contracted while nursing her children and husband. Of her simple and beautiful character something has been said on an earlier page, and a full account will be found in the Memoir of her husband privately printed in 1902. With her death went another of the links which bound Henry Acland to the hopes and fears and ambitions and discouragements which marked the old life in London and Edinburgh.

In another place there will be something to say of Acland's ever-growing circle of acquaintance inside the University and out. But two bearers of historic names, on which they were destined to shed additional lustre, are associated with these days. Among his earliest undergraduate patients was a tall, hollow-chested stripling from 'the House,' the Lord Robert Cecil, who, as Marquis of Salisbury, four times Prime Minister of England, has so recently retired from the service of his sovereign, rich in years and honours. The extreme delicacy of Lord Salisbury's boyhood, which debarred him from outdoor sports at Eton and from the strenuous competition of the Oxford Class-Lists, is matter of history. In Acland he found an adviser as apt to 'minister to a mind diseased' as to correct ordinary physical ailments. I betray no secrets in saying that it was mainly owing

to his constant sympathy and encouragement that Lord Robert fought down the ill-health which threatened to debar him from a public career, and it was to Acland's advice to try the effect of travel and sea air that he afterwards said he owed his life.

The other name is that of Lord Carnarvon, whose political life was to run so closely parallel to that of Lord Robert Cecil, his colleague in three administrations, his chief in one; with whom he was associated in a notable resignation, and from whom he parted company at another great crisis in the fortunes of the Conservative party. Lord Carnarvon had succeeded to the title in 1849, when on the very threshold of the University, and Sir Thomas Acland, who was a connexion of the Herberts, was his guardian during the few months of his minority. In the hour of her bereavement Henry Acland had promised the widowed mother that her son should be watched over by him with a brother's care during his time at Christ Church. The young lord, who to the end of his days retained his scholarly tastes, was an ardent student who required holding back rather than pressing on. His efforts were rewarded by a First Class in Classics in December, 1852, and Lady Carnarvon, in pouring out her thanks to Acland for his letter of congratulation on her son's success, adds: 'He told me of what service your prescriptions had been to him, and it made me feel comparatively easy and tranquil during all that time to know that your kind and skilful eye was watching him.'

Among Lord Carnarvon's closest Oxford friends was Lord Sandon, and to him Acland had telegraphed the news of his friend's First Class. 'It may alter the complexion of his whole life,' wrote Lord Sandon in reply, 'with regard to vigour and self-reliance. . . . An increasing melancholy comes over me at the thought of my Oxford time being completely closed. How much of the pleasure and benefit of that time was received in those pleasant evenings at your house. For no small

share of the delightful recollections of the last three years I have to thank Mrs. Acland and yourself.'

This letter contains the earliest allusion I have been able to find to the practice, inaugurated by the Aclands at the very beginning of their Oxford life, of keeping open house to their undergraduate acquaintances on Sunday evenings. The conditions of the University have been so utterly transformed by the system of married fellows and the extension of South Kensington into North Oxford, that it is difficult to appreciate the startling innovation caused by this introduction of a weekly 'At Home.' Acland had realized what a blank the long Sunday evenings formed to the majority of the Oxford undergraduates, how fertile in opportunities for mischief, active and passive, and how especially depressing to the 'men' who, though they would have died rather than confess it, were pining for the gentler side of life and the associations of home. It was intimated to his pupils, and to any undergraduates with whom he was acquainted, personally, or through the introduction of others, that the house in Broad Street would always be open from 8 to 11 on Sunday evenings in term time to those of them who cared for music and quiet talk. It was one of the first steps which broke down the wall of separation between the older and younger members of the University. The old relation of tutor and pupil, when exemplified by such cases as Liddell and Acland or Newman and Rogers, was perhaps the ideal link. But the modern intercourse, free and unrestrained, between the dons and the fleeting generations of undergraduates dates from Acland's Sunday evenings[1].

It will be more convenient to defer to another chapter an account of the parallel process by which 'Town' and 'Gown,' then as far asunder as the Jews and Samaritans of old, were drawn together, and of the position which Acland gradually acquired among the citizens of Oxford

[1] See p. 384, *infra*.

and among those responsible for its municipal administration. From the very first years of his working life in the city Acland had thrown himself heart and soul into every project for the amelioration of the condition of those around him. His house became the centre of charitable relief, not in the shape of loaves and shillings, though the hungry and needy were never sent empty away, but in the far more valuable matter of organization. He and his wife were the centre of every movement which aimed at brightening the lives of the poor, or at rendering their existence healthier and more hopeful. They were the means of opening up countless unsuspected channels through which schemes of charity were inaugurated, and of enlisting the sympathies of classes and individuals who would otherwise have remained untouched. Acland's most strenuous aim was to get at the cause of poverty before attempting to relieve the symptoms. Though his goodness to the poor was unstinted and his sympathy and personal charity knew no bounds, he was well aware of the evils of promiscuous almsgiving, and despised the easy reputation for generosity which lies that way. He preferred to incur the hostility of vested interests and the imputation of hardness of heart which attach themselves to the efforts of the sanitary reformer.

To any one who once got to know the doctor the folly and injustice of this latter charge became ludicrously apparent. The man who would take a homeless foreigner into his own house late at night and with the assistance of his wife make up a bed in a spare room, rather than disturb his servants, was of a different kidney to the armchair philanthropist[1]. And, on behalf of the

[1] The following specimen of German-Baboo-English throws a light upon Acland's kindly relations with foreigners in distress:

HONOURABLE SIR AND DOCTOR,

I feel myself so much benefitted and improved by the excellent and almost new waistcoat, of which I really stood in great need of, that I cannot omit to acknowledge hereby most gratefully, your

victims of a trade which has now happily disappeared, he devoted himself to a work the memory of which still lingers on at Oxford.

In the forties and fifties the bitter cry of the little chimney-sweeps was still unheeded in the land, though Lord Shaftesbury was striving with all his noble pertinacity to effect their rescue from white slavery. Their condition in Oxford was no worse than anywhere else, but it was enough to move the hearts of Dr. and Mrs. Acland to compassion. First one poor lad and then another was sought out and questioned, and invited to come round to Broad Street on Sunday afternoon and rest his little aching limbs: in summer in the garden, in winter in a corner by the fire. After a plentiful tea Mrs. Acland would read to them, and would elicit the story of their lives; and by degrees some rays of light would penetrate the darkness of their lot, and some seeds of instruction in the sacred story would fall on ground however ill-prepared for its reception. Gradually the news spread, and little sweeps from Abingdon and the neighbouring towns would find their way to Oxford on a Sunday, and spend their one day of freedom in surroundings so different from the squalid misery which made up the staple of their existence. Thank God, the

generous benevolence, kindness, and philanthropy. If you should be in possession of a pair of old trousers; they would highly suit me, and it would be no matter, if they should be an inch too long, or might be an inch too narrow, as I could easily mend this myself. My landlady has offered to make them to suit, as she is very kind to me. I am much afraid of having no trousers; but I have two coats in London, also still another pair of boots. It is an article so costly, that I should be most happy, to get a pair of your old ones. I will take the liberty to call to morrow at noon, and hear, if you have been able to find a pair of your or your honoured family's. People is generally looking so much at trousers, and in fact are indispensable. Hoping, Honourable Sir and Doctor, you will kindly pardon this considerate application. I remain, with the most profound respect, and the most sincere gratitude

Honourable Sir and Doctor,

Your most humble servant.

days are past when such an example of Christian charity could excite wonder, and when a class so forlorn and helpless could exist uncared for in a Christian city. The following letter preserved among Acland's papers shows that his kindness was not always misplaced:

ST. JAMES'S ROAD, CROYDON, *November* 29, 1871.

DEAR DR. ACLAND,

As an old member of your Clinical Class at the Radcliffe you will, I am sure, forgive my writing.

In my present parish (and this is the cause of my writing) there resides a sweep named Ludlow, a native of Oxford, who was a member of the class you used to assemble at your house on Sunday. He has a very grateful sense of very much kindness, and, more than that, of the instruction and good advice you gave him and his companions. When in Oxford this year he called at your house with his wife, but you were out of town.

I regret to say he is much out of health, and I do not think the medical men he has here been able to consult have done him much good, though they give him great hopes of being better. This does not satisfy him, and frequent visits are costly—more particularly if there is no good result. He still works, and has a large business. He tells me he is going home on business, and I suggested that he should call on you at the Hospital as an out-patient, as I felt sure you would be glad if you could put him in the way of getting relief, and perhaps might suggest to him some one fully able to carry on the treatment in London; for I am sure he is getting no good by going from one to another of the local general practitioners.

You will, I am sure, be glad to know that he is much respected here.

Feeling sure that you will not think that I am taking a liberty by writing to you on such a subject,

I remain, dear Dr. Acland,

Very faithfully yours,

A. J. BENNOCH,

Curate of St. James's, Croydon.

Whatever doubts may have existed as to Acland's position as the leading medical man in Oxford were set at rest in the autumn of 1854, when the cholera, which had spread its ravages up and down England with a strange capriciousness, settled on Oxford. It was the year of the Crimean war. All through the summer months the members of the expeditionary force, English and French, had been dying like flies at Varna and Scutari. Charles Kingsley has used the visitation in the finest chapters of *Two Years Ago*, and has made it the text for a sermon against dirt and uncleanness which atones for certain errors of taste and mawkishness of sentiment.

> He had come at last, Baalzebub, god of flies and of what flies are bred from; to visit his self-blinded worshippers, and bestow on them his own Cross of the Legion of Dishonour. He had come suddenly, capriciously, sportively, as he sometimes comes: as he had come to Newcastle the summer before while yet the rest of England was untouched. He had wandered all but harmless about the West Country that summer, as if his maw had been full glutted five years before, when he sat for many a week upon the Dartmoor hills amid the dull brown haze, and sunburnt bents, and dried-up water-courses of white dusty granite, looking far and wide over the plague-struck land, and listening to the death-bell booming all day long in Tavistock churchyard. But he was come at last —with appetite more fierce than ever [1].

The conditions of the little Devonshire fishing-village —the 'Aberalva' of the story—and the university town in the Midlands were widely different; but in each was to be found the same gross and appalling neglect of sanitary

[1] Writing to his wife on April 23, 1856, Acland says, 'I have been reading *Two Years Ago*. It tears me up and I reproach myself for all my carelessness and sin; and wonder how you bear with me. Yet, my Sarah, I do not wonder how *you* do. I think the home question is just a religious one, which way we can do best for the time that is allowed to us.' Few men with his record would have found in the tale a text for humility.

laws. Large portions of Oxford were practically without any drainage whatever, and the citizens pumped their water from wells out of gravel in which many hundreds of cesspools had been arranged during past centuries. The Isis and the Cherwell, in whose waters the undergraduates bathed and rowed, and whence the drinking supply of the citizens was largely derived, were polluted by the sewage filth which was poured into them.

Both the streams which pass through St. Thomas's are, before they enter the parish, contaminated by sewers from other parts of the town, receiving similar foul additions from the parish itself and the gaol; afterwards, before reaching the waterworks, various outpourings from St. Ebbe's enter the river. The stream called Trill Mill Stream, which passes through the north of St. Ebbe's and St. Aldate's, receives and contributes its quota to mingle with the main branch of the Isis, as it flows in front of the walk in Christ Church Meadow, the favourite resort of the boating community of Oxford. To fence off the foul odours of this Trill Mill Stream, or Pactolus, from those who frequent these grounds for health and pleasure the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church several years since munificently erected a substantial wall. The collected impurities which flow in the course that is now described are met at the mouth of the Cherwell by the refuse which that stream, pure in comparison before it reached the city, obtains from the drainage of parts of St. Mary Magdalen, Holywell, St. Peter in the East, together with the entire refuse of the district of St. Clement's.

The dwellings of the poorer classes were, as a whole, not below the standard of civilization of the day. Acland declares that in London and Edinburgh[1] and other

[1] His early medical experiences in the Northern capital are responsible for the remark that 'in some of the wynds of Edinburgh the poorest rooms were once the habitations of the nobles. Open stairs lead to high though divided rooms, and, much as fever and other sickness rages in them, yet through the larger approaches and the higher apartments the blessed air of the breezy Firth can sometimes wend its way.'—*Memoir on the Cholera*, p. 47.

large towns he had visited places incomparably worse than any to be found in Oxford. Many even of the lowest class of houses were airy and open, with gardens behind them, and in some the landlords insisted on a proper supply of sanitary conveniences; but in St. Thomas's and in St. Ebbe's were tenements whose condition was deplorable. Something had been done by private benevolence, and one of the worst alleys in the town had been cleared out for the erection of a model lodging-house. But the experiment had broken down commercially, and though the slum population was displaced there were no model dwellings. The fault of many of the lower tenements, then more than a century old, was radically implanted in them. 'The rooms are too low, the outlet too confined; they are in some places built back to back and have no thorough ventilation. And there is scarcely any remedy for some of the places but the remedy which followed the Plague of London.'

Apart from the alleys and courts in the poorer quarters, there was a plague-spot for whose existence no palliation could be pleaded. At a short distance from the county gaol flowed a branch of the river Isis, passing the castle mill, forming a brisk stream in the mill-tail and carrying with it whatever impurities it obtained in the mill-head. When the mill was not at work, and the water was ponded up, the mill-tail became, as such spots always do, a nearly stagnant pool. In 1854 the river was unusually low and the pool contained various garbage stationary on its surface and its bottom. A drain from the prison flowed into the pool; within ten feet of this running drain, the supply-pipe from the prison sucked up the contents of the pool for the prison use. From this source the kitchen coppers were supplied, and with this water the soup and the gruel for the prisoners were made[1].

[1] It should be added that no sooner was the attention of the governor of the gaol drawn to this somewhat obvious fact than the pipes were cut off and there were practically no fresh cases

On August 6 a butcher's wife in Walton Road, situated in that northern suburb known as Jericho, was seized with a case of undoubted cholera. In ten hours she was dead. On the 12th there were two more cases, a charwoman from Gas Street in the parish of St. Ebbe's, and a prisoner in the county gaol; neither of these cases terminated fatally, but on the 15th a carter's little daughter, also living in Gas Street, was struck down and died within forty-eight hours. There were one or two other cases at intervals of a day or two, and then on August 30 the occurrence of six cases placed the existence of an epidemic beyond all doubt, and with September set in a steady tide of victims. There was no day in which there were fewer than three; on ten days in that month the cases reached double figures, culminating with fourteen on September 20, the day 'of the winning of that terrible Hillside' on the banks of the Alma. The first half of October saw no diminution. There were ten cases on the 2nd, eleven on the 5th, and three as late as the 20th, but the disease had run its course, and the last case, a fatal one, was recorded on the 30th. Many of the cases were notified as choleraic diarrhoea, but the severity of the visitation may be gauged by the fact that out of 194 cases of undoubted cholera there were 115 deaths. In many instances there were no premonitory symptoms, collapse taking place within a few hours of the seizure.

This was not the first time that Oxford had been visited by a cholera epidemic. In 1832 there had been an outbreak which cost eighty-six lives; in 1849 a shorter but sharper visitation had claimed seventy-five victims [1]. Both of them had been described in print, the

within the walls of what had been up till then a main focus of disease.

[1] In 1849 Acland had laboured almost single-handed. Professor Max Müller had first assisted him, and then become one of his patients.

latter by Dr. Greenhill and Mr. Allen, and it might have been supposed that the lessons of those years would have been taken to heart by the Board of Guardians in whose care rested the sanitary condition of the city. On the contrary, nothing had been done; the inhabitants were as unprepared as they had been five years previously, and a disagreement which had arisen in 1849 between the Guardians and the Board of Health had left a doubt as to the spirit in which the contest with another epidemic would be attempted.

The history of one 'plague' is very like that of another so far as its effects upon the natures of men and women are concerned. There is the same mixture of panic and recklessness, of utter selfishness and of superhuman devotion, the same hideous agony in the midst of callous debauchery, whether the scene be Athens or Florence, London or Oxford. There is always the same picture of over-worked doctors with their heroic followers, men and women, clerical and lay, striving to make up for the sins of neglect and commission which have rendered such a visitation possible. In Oxford towards the end of that August it was generally rumoured that cholera in its worst shape was spreading through the city. The alarm was profound and amply justified, for the fatal cases had occurred in widely distant localities; not in the lowest tenements only, or in filthy slums, but in the centre of the city and among persons of easy circumstances whose conditions of life should have precluded the likelihood of any attack. As early as August 31 the Board of Guardians appointed a small unpaid committee of their body to act as a Board of Health; on September 6, when the epidemic was almost at its height, Acland was added to their number as Consulting Physician, and from that date the organization of the measures to combat the outbreak fell almost exclusively into his hands. He was well supported by the staff of the Radcliffe Infirmary and by many of

the resident Oxford practitioners, but the control and initiative rested with him.

Provision was made for prompt attendance at the houses of persons affected with cholera or with choleraic symptoms, for which purpose the city was divided into districts, and medical attendants were appointed to each of them in numbers proportioned to the probable wants of the locality. Resident medical men well acquainted with the city were urged to undertake those duties, and for their assistance messengers were placed in a central spot to convey medicines, blankets, hot bottles or tins, food, and such other necessaries as might be ordered. In this central spot were kept the addresses of all nurses available, and a medical man was accessible by night and day. In each district a dispensary was kept open at certain stated hours, and if necessary at all hours, and provision was made for distributing with method rations for the nurses and food and bedding for the sick. An inspector was appointed to superintend the cleansing or destruction of clothes or articles of furniture belonging to cholera patients, and a staff was organized to regulate and arrange all matters connected with the burial of the dead. From time to time notices were published with the object of warning, instructing, or encouraging the public. On September 8 a general statement was issued of the precautionary or preventive measures which had been undertaken, together with a circular of general advice to all classes of persons adapted from instructions furnished by the General Board of Health. These were followed by a description of the several medical districts into which the city had been divided, and a summary of the general arrangements for the care of the public health. On September 19, when the disease was at its worst, a caution against the use of castor oil without medical advice was widely circulated.

In the method and businesslike detail of these notices, in the care with which order-books, forms of

daily returns, tables for entering choleraic disease, dispensary forms, &c., were provided, and their use enforced, it is easy to detect Acland's clear head and administrative capacity. He had grasped from the first the necessity of enlisting on his side the sympathy and intelligence of all the rational elements in the community. The members of the Board of Health for the most part seconded him loyally, and the secretary, Mr. Alderman Butler, was unremitting in his exertions; among the names of those to whom he records special obligation it is pleasant to read the name of Charles Neate, the truculent and accomplished Fellow of Oriel, whose hand-to-hand encounter with Bethell is now only a dimly-remembered tradition of the Bar.

The absence from Oxford of the members of the University, due to the Long Vacation, removed one great source of anxiety, but it deprived Acland of the assistance which the counsel and authority of heads and tutors had afforded during previous outbreaks; and such authority was sorely needed. The Guardians as a whole fell far behind the more enlightened members of the Board of Health; their notions of sanitary science and of the prevention of disease were on a par with those of the up-country Boer women. The callousness and stupidity displayed by one member of their body in particular wellnigh drove Acland to despair[1]. Popular prejudice rendered the removal of the sick to a regular hospital, or pest-house as it was termed, difficult and often impracticable. The cases were attended as far as possible in the houses of the persons affected. But a large open space was secured in the north of Jericho as a field of observation, where accommodation was provided by night and day for the families of those attacked, and where a building was erected in

[1] Some months afterwards he sent to one of the ladies who had been most zealous and devoted in her labours among the sick a little picture of St. Margaret trampling on a dragon whose features bore a fancied resemblance to the recalcitrant Guardian.

which cases of cholera among the inhabitants of the field, or among casual persons without a home, might be treated. Here also was placed a temporary laundry for examining, washing, and purifying clothes and bedding, and a shed was prepared as a shelter for the bodies of the dead. No house could be obtained in or out of Oxford for the reception of the convalescents, and it was necessary to provide accommodation for them in a close separated by a garden from the field of observation; and here among the sick, the recovering, and those yet in health, Charles Marriott, the saintly friend of Newman and of Pusey, was to be found day by day, working, praying, consoling.

Such arrangements, imperfect as they were, owed their existence to the pressure of sudden and overwhelming necessity. They were those of all the departments provided in the emergency upon which Acland looked back with least satisfaction. Our own experiences with the Concentration Camps in South Africa will help us to appreciate his feeling. But there was no choice, and the need of the hour was to make the best use of such means for combating the disease as could be improvised with least delay. And there was a constant battle to be waged with the interference and the ill-judged parsimony of some of those in authority, to whom expense was a nightmare far transcending the fear of infection or the demands of humanity. The issue of nourishing food to the necessitous poor in certain infected districts was judged by Acland to be absolutely essential if they were to be kept from succumbing to the disease. This was stopped by the Guardians, and left to the operation of private generosity, Acland himself undertaking the responsibility. The funds were soon forthcoming, and Dr. Pusey placed the kitchen of Christ Church at his disposal for this purpose. It was admitted that but for the almost unlimited distribution of broth and other nourishing food Oxford would have suffered a far heavier death-roll.

The organization of the nursing-staff had to be undertaken from the beginning: nursing as a profession was still largely in the hands of the Gamps and Prigs or of utterly unskilled amateurs, though only a few weeks were to elapse before Miss Nightingale was to begin her labours in the Crimean hospitals. Acland was fortunate in gathering round him a band of competent and well-conducted helpers. Some of the Oxford ladies responded nobly to the call. One of them visited daily every house within a certain district 'to instruct the nurses, to cheer the sick, and, where occasion arose, herself to supply a sudden emergency or relieve a wearied attendant.' Those who have read the recently-published memoir of Miss Felicia Skene will understand the invaluable assistance which she was able to render to the sufferers and to all who were engaged in their behalf, and will appreciate the regard and admiration which Acland felt for her during the remainder of their lives. Another of the most devoted and most helpful of the lady volunteers, Miss Hughes, now Mother Superior of the Anglican Convent of the Holy Trinity, still resides in Oxford, almost the last survivor of Acland's fellow-workers in the epidemic of 1854.

And terrible were some of the scenes amid which doctors and nurses had to labour:

Soon after five one morning a woman awoke in the agony of cramps with intense and sudden collapse. She was seen at six. There was in her room no article of furniture but one broken chair; no bed of any kind, no fire, no food; she lay on the bare boards; a bundle of old sacking served for a pillow; she had no blanket nor any covering but the ragged cotton clothes she had on. She rolled, screaming. One woman scarcely sober sat by, with a pipe in her mouth, looking on. To treat her in this state was hopeless. She was to be removed. There was a press of work at the hospital and a delay. When the carriers came her saturated garments were stripped off, and in the finer linen and blankets

of a wealthier woman she was borne away—and in the hospital she died. Her room was cleaned out: the woman that cleaned it had next night the cholera. She and her husband were drunk in bed. The agony sobered *her*, but her husband went reeling about the room: in a room below were smokers and drinkers. Then a woman of the streets in her gaudiness came to see her. They would not hear reason, but drank more spirits. The victim of the disease cried out to the end that her soul was everlastingly lost; and she died.

The epidemic ran its course; a heavy rate was required to meet the cost; the bill was presented and paid [1], and from that hour Oxford has been free from any serious epidemic. Its immunity is largely due to the lessons of the cholera, and to the complete reconstruction of its water-supply and sanitary arrangements, at which Acland never ceased to labour. What he had seen and experienced during the outbreak was to a certain extent only a confirmation of certain facts and truths with which he had long been acquainted. But he had learnt much, and he was resolved that the fruits of his experience should not be lost. He set at once to work, and prepared a *Memoir on the Cholera at Oxford in the Year 1854, with Considerations suggested by the Epidemic*, which was published in 1856. In it he carefully traced the course of the disease in Oxford and the neighbourhood, set out the local causes which had influenced its progress for good or evil, described the arrangements which had been made in Oxford, and discussed the various modes of treatment for cholera and its analogues.

The book was furnished with maps and diagrams. In one of these the daily number of cases of cholera and choleraic diarrhoea reported during the epidemic was tabulated, together with the daily maximum and

[1] Acland himself declined to accept any remuneration for his labours as Consulting Physician to the Board of Health. A vote of thanks to him for his services during the epidemic was passed by the Guardians on June 14, 1855.

minimum of temperature of the air, the degree of moisture, the amount of rain, the force and direction of the wind and the amount of cloud, the meteorological data being furnished by Manuel Johnson, the Radcliffe Observer. Another showed the localities in which the cholera had occurred in the three epidemics, together with the parts of the city which had been pronounced unhealthy previously to the last outbreak, the districts still undrained, and the parts of the river left contaminated by sewage after the visitation of the year 1854. For much of the infinite drudgery and painful exactitude required to render this and the other maps complete Acland was indebted to his sister-in-law, Miss Phoebe Cotton. It was destined to be one of the last labours of her life.

The work, however, was by no means confined to a record of dry statistics. Scattered through its pages are most interesting side-lights on the social history of the day: Acland's somewhat discursive pen carries him over the whole field of sanitary science and of 'The condition of England question.' He deals with ventilation, with drainage, with the disposition of town sewage, with poor-law medical administration, with parochial nursing, and with the management of hospitals. How far he was in advance of his time it is difficult for us now to imagine, but the widespread impression created by the book may be taken as some measure of the novelty of the views enunciated in it. One chapter of it, 'On the Connexion between Mental Cultivation and Physical Improvement,' was reprinted separately on the suggestion of some Oxford working-men [1], and, under the title of *Health, Work and Play*, enjoyed a wide circulation.

Both by the medical profession and by the public at large the book was read with avidity, and the letters

[1] One of these was a resident in 'the Friars'—a part of the city where the foul condition of the river and its floods of sewage matter were a constant scandal.

received by the author from those best qualified to judge of its merits form an interesting collection. I venture to quote two examples, neither of them from specialists. Bishop Wilberforce wrote:

Many thanks for your great kindness in sending me your book. I have devoured a great deal of it with intense interest: especially the part on *Work* and its moral effects—your old carpenter, the connexion between religious habits and healthfulness, &c., and the Thames Valley. It quite revives my spirit to come on the thoughts of one like you, to whom God has given at once the Scientific and Religious Mind, the mind of a Christian Philosopher[1].

The other letter, of a very different character, is from the Dowager Duchess of Argyll, the widowed step-mother of the late Duke; and I venture to print it because it throws light, not only on the beautiful character of the writer, but on the earliest visitation of the cholera to this country.

May 6, 1856.

How very kind it is of you to send me such a book as yours, and on such a subject. What a laborious task it must have been to compile this; it is beautiful, the maps are very beautiful and wonderful. 'I shall at the least read the Preface'—nay, the *whole*, with deep interest, however incapable I am of estimating the value of such a work. 'Many thanks' does not convey my real feeling, I shall lay the book before the Duke, and beg him to do what is impossible for me—*use* it for his country's good if he can.

When I see you again I could tell you much that would be

[1] The conclusion of the letter is too characteristic to be omitted, though quite irrelevant to the subject of this chapter. 'There was one expression of yours the other day as to which I must ask you. When I came into your drawing-room you told me you had been telling Mrs. Acland about my sermon, and that her last words were, "Why will he preach such sermons?" Did that mean that in your judgement it was not the useful sort of sermon for that time and place? If it did, in God's name, my dear friend, tell me more fully your view. If not, it matters not.'

of interest regarding the cholera as it came to us in the West of Scotland in 1832. Its approach was so dreaded. It was like a knell to my careless heart—one of the first successful knockings thereat. I was just one year married, and had the anxious care of three very delicate children, who were in some sense dearer to me than if they were my own: for they made up the happiness of one whom I loved as my own soul. We were sadly perplexed when it was rumoured that the pestilence had already appeared at Gateshead, and often spoke of the horror of seeing it in our own nursery.

No one was less fitted than I was to bear up under this, for, naturally anxious myself, and seeing the one to whom I looked so very much so, I felt the evil was to be met, but I could not make up my mind *how*. 'God's ways are not as our ways are.' And when the disease did actually come, my surprise was to find that neither my dear husband nor myself were really afraid. The sound of its ravages 200 miles off was so much more fearful than when we were told it was at Helensburgh. Lord John Campbell[1] had laid up all kinds of *stores*, and built a large oven and bake-house, so that we should not go to the village to buy bread, but shut up the gates of Arderachter until the storm should be past. None of these precautions were ever used. When he found that the gentlemen in the neighbourhood were afraid, and would not move as to a Board of Health, he came out of his den! Every day at 11 o'clock he was presiding at a Board of Health, which met at his own lodge gatehouse. He saw Dr. Fergusson, whom he appointed and paid, and heard from him all the wants and wishes, distributed medicine and flannels and hot-water bottles himself, without the usual care of wearing camphor or anything else to hinder infection.

Quite fearless as regarded himself or me, but not as to his children; for he never saw them after his Board-meeting without a change of clothes. I accompanied him daily, having no fear for myself, only for him; and desirous that he should not be near the doctor if he had seen the disease that day, for we believed it infectious. At the end of three months there had been only nine cases and six deaths, and the Hand was withdrawn which sent the disease to our locality, the

[1] Her husband.

doctor no longer excluded from the Castle, and all the neighbours astonished at the risk which they said Lord John Campbell had run! Lord John saw it was otherwise. He often said it was of God that he was enabled to do the service that he did. The Board of Health consisted of the Elders of the Kirk, the Magistrates of the Burgh, and himself their President, with Dr. Fergusson, who afterwards went to India and died there; indeed, I believe that I am the only one alive who took part in the scene. I feel that it is recorded as regards those now at rest 'That they did it unto Him.' May it be so of all those who like yourself have ministered to their fellow men under this strange disease!

Only in 1832 it was very different in many respects from its effects in 1849 and 1854. It seemed such suffering in 1832; in 1849 and 1854 quite the reverse. It was a painless, powerless death, with the mind alive and entire. In 1832 such cramps and spasms, and the terror amounting, Dr. Chalmers said, to despair at once.

I remember in 1849 Dr. Sutherland coming to Helensburgh; it was a damp, very peculiar fog. He foretold the approach of cholera, but was not believed. That very evening a gentleman in a healthy situation above the town of Helensburgh was the first attacked, and died. I am thinking aloud too long and writing the memories of those days, and forgetting that you have no time for my dreams.

May God bless your labour for the sick and poor!'

CHAPTER VIII

THE FIGHT FOR THE MUSEUM

1848–1859

THE publication of the cholera memoir raised Acland from the position of a country physician in good practice to that of an authority on sanitary and hygienic questions, of acknowledged repute not only at home, but on the Continent, and, as he was soon to discover, in Canada and the United States of America. He had become the pioneer of much that is now recognized as essential in the treatment of the sick; and while he had been toiling at his profession, grappling with the epidemic, and recording in print the lessons to be derived from it, an even harder battle had been fought and won over the subject of scientific education in Oxford.

We have seen in a previous chapter that Acland, smarting under the rebuff contained in Dean Buckland's letter, had set himself down to 'work and wait.' Keeping the erection of a common home for the sciences ever before him as the end to which all else must be subordinated, he felt, now that the efforts of the science teachers had been thwarted, that it was essential to appeal to a wider public. To enlist such support on anything like a sufficient scale involved 'the usual kind of laborious agitation that men who are bent upon an object in this country with which object their fellow creatures do not sympathize have to go through; the writing of hundreds and thousands of letters, the obtaining the services of persons more or less interested in the matter, the getting together supporters of all kinds [1].'

[1] Acland's evidence before the Royal Commission on Scientific Instruction and the Advancement of Science, 1872 (c. 536), xxvi, p. 171.

Eventually a very heterogeneous collection of helpers was brought together, but in the earliest days the movement was strictly confined to a small knot of resident members of the University, and it was Acland himself who in the midst of his busy professional life found time to undertake this enormous correspondence, with all the labour and anxieties which it entailed. The first practical step was taken at a meeting held on May 9, 1849, in the lodgings of the Warden of New College[1]. There were some twenty members of Convocation present, and the following resolutions were adopted, in the drafting of which Acland's hand may clearly be seen:

(1) Proposed by the Principal of B.N.C.[2] and seconded by Dr. Daubeny:

That whereas the rooms provided by the University for lectures on subjects connected with Natural Science are already insufficient and inconvenient and will hereafter be unequal to the requirements of the place, it is desirable that measures should be at once taken to supply the want.

(2) Proposed by the Master of Pembroke[3], and seconded by the Rev. R. Walker:

That whereas it would be consistent with a philosophical view of the connexion of the natural sciences that all the materials explanatory of the organic beings placed upon the globe shall be arranged in distinct departments under one roof, together with fit accommodation for preparing, studying, and lecturing on the same, it is much to be desired that a building should be erected within the University in which these several objects may be carried out.

Those present at the meeting who approved of the resolutions were formed into a committee for the purpose of inquiring into the best means of securing the erection of the proposed building, which was henceforward by common usage alluded to as 'the Museum.' The chairman was the Warden of New College; the

[1] The Rev. D. Williams, D.D.

[2] The Rev. R. Harington, D.D.

[3] The Rev. F. Jeune, D.D., afterwards Bishop of Peterborough.

Rev. Richard Greswell of Worcester was the treasurer; and Acland, the Rev. R. Walker, and the Rev. E. Hill were appointed secretaries. The following gave the support of their names to the committee: The Rector of Exeter[1], the Principal of B.N.C., the Master of Pembroke, Dr. Jacobson (Regius Professor of Divinity), Dr. Daubeny, the Vice-Principal of Magdalen Hall[2], William Fishburne Donkin (Savilian Professor of Astronomy), the Rev. Baden Powell (Savilian Professor of Geometry), Manuel Johnson (the Radcliffe Observer), the Rev. H. Binney of Worcester, the Rev. C. R. Conybeare of Christ Church, the Rev. W. B. Heathcote of New College, the Rev. Charles Marriott of Oriel, the Rev. A. P. Stanley[3] of University, and the Rev. W. Thomson[4] of Queen's. These were the pioneers of the Museum, and out of the twenty all but three were clergymen.

A copy of the resolutions was widely circulated in the University, and by the end of the month the Oxford Museum Committee was in full working order. It now consisted of sixty members, and had gathered some notable additions. Among them were Dean Buckland (who had been present at the original meeting, but had then adhered to the views expressed in his famous letter), Bishop Wilberforce, the Provost of Oriel[5], the President of St. John's[6], the President of Corpus[7], the Warden of All Souls[8], Dr. Pusey, Dr. Jelf, the Margaret Professor of Divinity[9], the Proctors, the Regius Pro-

[1] The Rev. J. L. Richards, D.D. [2] The Rev. R. Michell.

[3] Afterwards Dean of Westminster.

[4] Afterwards Archbishop of York.

[5] The Rev. E. Hawkins, D.D.

[6] The Rev. P. Wynter, D.D.

[7] The Rev. J. Norris, D.D.

[8] The Rev. L. Sneyd, M.A.

[9] The Rev. G. Faussett, D.D., of whom we have read on an earlier page; he was anxious perhaps to remove the evil smells of the Christ Church experiments as far away from his stables as possible.

fessor of Ecclesiastical History [1], Professor J. W. Wilson, the Rev. F. Bulley of Magdalen, the Rev. D. P. Chase of Oriel, the Rev. R. W. Church of Oriel [2], the Rev. Osborne Gordon of Christ Church, the Rev. H. L. Mansel [2] of St. John's, and the Rev. W. Sewell of Exeter.

The next thing to be done was to circulate an appeal for funds. Twenty years previously considerable subscriptions had been offered for the erection of a new museum, and though the scheme had then been laid aside, it was hoped that a similar readiness to contribute might still be reckoned on. The several Professors and Readers engaged in science teaching were asked to assist the committee with their opinions as to the requirements of their various departments. Mr. Story-Maskelyne, the Praelector of Mineralogy, and now the only survivor of those days, furnished a careful minute as to the various principles on which museums were lighted and arranged; a report was drawn up by the Rev. John Ley of Exeter, and a local architect (Mr. Underwood of Beaumont Street) was consulted as to the probable cost of a building containing the necessary accommodation. His rough estimate for such a building, of average decoration and substantial character, with all ordinary internal fittings, was from £25,000 to £30,000.

Lastly, a meeting of graduates and others who were favourable to the project was summoned in the Sheldonian Theatre for June 19, 1849, at which resolutions in support of the erection of the Museum, 'in order to carry into effect the vote of Convocation which established a School of Natural Science,' were enthusiastically carried. Subscriptions to the amount of nearly £3,000 were promised. Mr. Greswell headed the list by a donation of £250, subsequently raised to £400, with an additional £100 for an Antiquarian Museum. Acland himself contributed £100, as did Sir Robert Inglis,

[1] The Rev. R. Hussey, B.D. [2] Afterwards Dean of St. Paul's.

Mr. Gladstone, Sir Robert Peel, and some twelve or thirteen others. In the autumn it was announced that the authorities of Merton would be prepared to receive an application on the part of the Museum Committee for the acquisition of a part of their land known as 'the Parks.'

In June of the following year the Oxford Museum Committee issued a formal appeal to the University. They explained that they had abstained from soliciting further contributions until the Statute for establishing a School of Physical Science should have been formally passed; and they were now able to state that the Hebdomadal Board had been pleased to sanction their undertaking, and had appointed a Committee to consider 'the probable wants of the University in regard to the proposed Museum, to examination schools, and to public lecture-rooms.'

With respect to the extent of the plan hereafter to be submitted to Convocation (they continued), it would be premature at present to make any precise statement; but there is reason to expect that it will eventually include adequate room for the reception of Zoological, Geological, Mineralogical, Anatomical, and Chemical Collections; for a series of apparatus of experimental philosophy, together with lecture-rooms, laboratories, &c. for the use of the Professors and students of these several departments of Science; for the valuable Entomological Collection and Library lately presented by Mr. Hope; for a general Scientific Library and possibly for a Collection of Antiquities.

The purchase of the land and the erection of a building on such a scale as would answer the purposes of science and befit the character of the University must involve a very large expenditure.

And although it is not doubted that the members of Convocation will cordially approve of a liberal application of any funds at their disposal to the promotion of the Physical Sciences, in order to give full effect to the Statute recently passed, it may well be thought that, considering the many

important objects which the University is bound to support, an undue proportion of her means should not be exhausted on any one.'

An appeal was therefore made to the liberality of individual members, and a fresh avalanche of circulars and letters, inspired and in most cases written by Acland, descended upon all likely and unlikely persons. The Duke of Wellington, as Chancellor of the University, was naturally among the first to be memorialized, and his answer has been preserved:

LONDON, *August* 12, 1850.

The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Acland. He has received his letter.

The duke will subscribe or not to the expense of constructing the new Museum when he sees the list of subscribers. He is ready to peruse any documents, but he begs leave to decline to receive visits.

The Great Duke had died before the project had made any material progress, and meanwhile the subscription list was mounting very slowly. To raise any appreciable portion of the initial £30,000 was apparently beyond the resources of private generosity, and there were many who felt, in the words used by Dr. Jelf to Acland, 'that Alma Mater was rich enough to provide intellectual house-room for her children.' Dr. Cotton of Worcester, who had succeeded Plumptre as Vice-Chancellor, was strongly of this opinion; and Acland's delight may be imagined when the former told him one day that he thought the University authorities might be persuaded to vote the requisite amount.

A large sum of money (nearly £60,000) was then in the hands of the Curators of the Chest. It was derived from the profits of the Clarendon Press, and its existence had apparently been unknown outside the inner ring of those responsible for the management of the University finances until it was transferred from the Press account to the general account of the University. At any rate,

it came as a surprise to the Oxford world generally, and the first attempt at its appropriation to the educational needs of the University was not well received. In June, 1851, a vote was proposed in Convocation to allocate the sum of £53,000 towards the erection or repairs of examination schools, lecture-rooms, *and a Museum.* No definite plan was laid down as to how the money was to be expended, or what portions were to be assigned to the various objects specified. This ambiguity was by no means satisfactory to the Museum Committee, and in other quarters strong opposition was aroused. A few days before the meeting of Convocation an anonymous pamphlet, generally attributed to Pusey, vehemently denounced the proposed Statute. This windfall, the writer declared, which had come so unexpectedly into the hands of the University, was derived mostly, according to common belief, 'from a very sacred source, the profits upon the privilege of printing God's Word.' By means of it the influence of the University system might have been extended by aiding in different ways the admission of poor scholars or by the extension of the Professoriate. As it was, the haste which was being displayed in the matter gave the proposed Statute the appearance 'of a hurried attempt to remove money out of the way of thieves,' and to close the door upon any project for employing it for the benefit of the poor.

The Statute was rejected by a large majority, but the Museum Committee did not in any way relax their labours, and they were strengthened and encouraged by the recommendations of the University Commissioners, made in May of the following year (1852):

That the University should proceed with the plan lately brought forward for building a great Museum for all departments of physical science, with proper lecture-rooms, laboratories, and apparatus for lectures. That the trustees of the present collections of various kinds should be empowered to transfer their collections to this Museum; and that the

Curators of the Museum should be the Professors of Physical Science.

The Committee of the Hebdomadal Board continued to sit, and went so far as to call on Acland and Greswell to enlighten them on the size of the projected buildings and on other points. But their proceedings were slow and deliberate, and a meeting of the Museum Committee had to be summoned to memorialize the Heads of Houses to take immediate steps towards erecting the new Museum.

The memorial was successful, and at last, on February 17, 1853, Convocation voted that a Delegacy should be appointed to prepare a report on the buildings requisite for the study of Natural History and Physiology in such a form as might be laid before an architect. It was also decreed that the report should on a subsequent day be submitted to the approbation of the House, together with an estimate of the probable expense of the buildings recommended.

While the Delegacy was preparing the report, a protest was circulated against the adoption of the Parks as a site for the projected Museum. It was declared to be inconvenient in point of distance, and to involve the sacrifice 'of a most convenient and healthy walk,' though, as a matter of fact, the actual site proposed for the Museum was then a ploughed field. To this it was answered that the only other possible site was at the extremity of Broad Street, and that the price asked for it was so prohibitive and crippling that it would entail the indefinite postponement of the building operations.

On May 20, 1853, the Delegacy issued their report. It was satisfactory to the Museum Committee, who found that 'although sufficiently moderate in its proposals, the scheme recommended was at once philosophical, compact, convenient, and conceived not only for our present needs but for posterity.' Convocation

approved the report on the 24th of the same month, and in December the University seal was affixed to an agreement with Merton for the purchase of four acres in the Parks at the price of £4,000[1]. On January 31, 1854, a further Delegacy was appointed, 'To consider the question of erecting a Museum, with particular reference to the principle of constructing a building surrounding three sides of an area, which should be covered in and applied to the purpose of a general museum, receiving light from the roof.' And on April 8, the same tedious process was gone through, and another Delegacy was appointed *for the purpose of obtaining Designs and Estimates from Architects, of examining and selecting from them, and of reporting thereon for the approval of the House.*

The members of this latter Delegacy are worthy of record. They were the Vice-Chancellor (Dr. Cotton of Worcester), the President of St. John's (Dr. Wynter), the Master of University (Dr. Plumptre), the Warden of New College (Dr. Williams), the Master of Pembroke (Dr. Jeune), the Principal of New Inn Hall (Dr. Wellesley), the two Proctors (the Rev. D. P. Chase and the Rev. J. W. Knott), Professor Daubeny, the Lee's Reader (Dr. Acland), Professor Bartholomew Price, J. Phillips (Deputy-Professor of Geology), Manuel Johnson (Radcliffe Observer), the Rev. W. Hedley of University, the Rev. T. Chaffers of B.N.C., the Rev. J. W. Burgon of Oriel, and the Rev. George Butler of Exeter.

For the guidance of the competing architects a small pamphlet was issued, containing a statement of the requirements of the Museum and a plan of its site. No limitations as to the style of architecture were imposed, but the Museum was required to be a building of two stories in height, in the form of three sides of a quadrangle and with the area covered in by a glass roof, the fourth side being so adapted as to admit of

[1] The remainder was acquired in the following June.

extension of the building at some future period. Architects were reminded that excellence of interior arrangement would be judged more essential than exterior decoration, and each plan was to be accompanied by an estimate of the cost. The Delegacy was not empowered to entertain any plans of which the estimate exceeded £30,000[1], but this sum was not to include the general arrangement and ventilation of the area, the ventilation of the passages, the gas apparatus, drainage, and water-supply.

In answer to this invitation thirty-two designs were received, and were exhibited to the public on screens in the gallery of the Radcliffe Camera. On the first analysis six were selected, and after further examination two, bearing respectively the mottoes, *Fiat justitia, ruat coelum* and *Nisi Dominus aedificaverit domum*, were reported to Convocation as being suitable, with moderate changes and substitutions, for the purposes contemplated. Acland seized the opportunity of inviting the Members of Convocation and other residents in Oxford to a conversazione at the Radcliffe on December 9, 1854, to view the plans and listen to a statement concerning them. The invitation card announced that 'at 10 p.m. the National Anthem will be sung: all present are requested to join.' It was in the depth of the Crimean winter, and we who have gone through the black week of December, 1899, can understand the feeling that lay beneath this apparently superfluous announcement.

On December 12, 1854, Convocation was called upon to vote whether either—and if either, which—of the two plans, *Fiat Justitia* and *Nisi Dominus*, should be adopted. As to the merits of the two designs there was wide difference of opinion. *Fiat Justitia* was Palladian in character, *Nisi Dominus* was described

[1] This was practically all that was left of the £60,000 transferred from the Press account. £23,000 had been appropriated to the improvement of Professorships, and £3,000 had gone to provide an assistant to the Professor of Chemistry.

as 'Rhenish Gothic,' though to the eyes of Professor Hort of Cambridge it was 'Veronese Gothic of the best and manliest type in a new and striking combination.' On the eve of the poll a leaflet, signed ΕΡΓΑΤΗΣ, was circulated, in which it is not difficult to detect Acland's style. The writer was strongly in favour of *Nisi Dominus* on the ground, amongst others, that *Fiat Justitia*, 'though a carefully prepared design for an edifice adapted to a confined site, was not such a structure as the Oxford Delegates required.' The rooms, it was pointed out, and lecture theatres were placed on three floors instead of on two, only two-thirds of the plan could be erected for the sum allowed, leaving the University, for the time at least, with an unfinished, incomplete building on its hand. And the laboratory and yard of the Physiological Department were to be placed within the mass of the building from which they ought to be absolutely detached. On the other hand, *Nisi Dominus*, in the writer's judgement, furnished all that the University required for the practical purpose of a museum.

The large central museum space can, of course, be fitted in any way the collections require. The handsome arcaded corridors surrounding the central space will be both beautiful and convenient for communication and for the display of objects. Mr. Hope's museum (which by deed we are bound to provide for, and by gratitude to provide for liberally), together with his library, very properly forms the most important features in the edifice, occupying the whole front on the first floor. The large labboratory is wholly detached; and there are yards separate from the main building for all offensive purposes connected with the zoological, dissecting, chemical, and experimental departments. Whether these arrangements ought or ought not to be placed in an edifice harmonizing with the collegiate associations of Oxford, is a point which there are many more competent to discuss than myself; but it may be fairly asked whether it is desirable to detach these new sciences from those old associations? and whether they

cannot be combined with our old architecture, as in *Nisi Dominus* they are?

But there was a formidable party in the University to whom the niceties of architectural construction and the requirements of scientific students were alike indifferent. Let us vote against both plans' was the burden of one of the protests. It was argued that the University was being asked to sacrifice practically the whole of its savings for studies that were, to say the least, 'not extensively pursued,' and that if it was really necessary to have a costly museum instead of 'a few more rooms,' the expense ought to be spread over a number of years. The architects of both plans were accused of having enormously underestimated the cost, which, it was asserted, would swallow up from first to last something not far short of £100,000.

To this last assertion the Rev. George Butler[1], who had become Secretary to the Museum Delegacy, replied that he had in his possession offers from responsible contractors undertaking to execute either plan within the £30,000. But the assaults and misstatements came from all quarters.

Are Members of Convocation aware (asked another opponent) that it is only in compo (*sic*) that either of the two designs can be executed for a sum at all approximating to the £30,000 voted by Convocation? Will members of Convocation consent to sacrifice the Parks for a compo building? Lastly, is it fair to those architects who sent in designs for plain buildings which could be completed in stone for the sum named, to accept a design pretentious on paper but compo in execution?

A third pamphlet assumed a graver and more vindictive tone, combined, however, with equal looseness of fact:

With a notice of three days only, and one of them Sunday, the Hebdomadal Council has called on Members of Convo-

[1] Fellow of Exeter, and afterwards Canon of Winchester.

cation to commit the University purse into the hands of a set of visionary schemers and theorists, to found and complete a building which the most eminent authority procurable in the kingdom has pronounced undesirable as to plan and detail [1], impossible as to anything approaching the stated cost. Being unwilling to permit any such a Delegacy to play ducks and drakes with our Funds I earnestly call upon you to attend Convocation to-morrow at 2 o'clock, and to save Alma Mater from taking the dreadful jump in the dark so adroitly laid open for her. Where is the subscription list of 1848 [2]? Is the Museum required? We have two Museums as yet unused and unfrequented. Sell off your Cowley Cricket Ground and let the Parks (a most praiseworthy purchase) be converted into a place of exercise and recreation for Members of the University and other residents amongst us. Is there one shilling at hand to endow this gigantic Babylon [3]? *Non Placet* the proposition and we may yet be saved.

The elements of opposition were of a very diverse character. The conservatism of the University in matters academical had been sorely tried by the Commission of 1850, and by the bill founded on its recommendations which had just passed through Parliament. There was a thrill of jealousy at the notion of devoting a huge sum of money to objects which were held to be newfangled if not mischievous. Few of the older dons had the smallest conception of a modern museum or its uses; their simple requirements and their dormant curiosity were amply satisfied by the Ashmolean Collection and by the insect-eaten hyena which had been the admiration of their fathers. Mineralogy and Physics

[1] Who this most eminent authority may have been I am unable to say.

[2] See p. 225, note, *infra*.

[3] In allusion possibly to the hanging gardens of that long defunct city. A vision of Nebuchadnezzar in his pride and in his fall may also have been before the writer. The suggestion as to turning the Parks into a cricket and football ground shows an 'intelligent anticipation of future events'; its full realization was a long time in coming.

and Anatomy and Biology were alien bodies in that flood of ancient learning which, to use the immortal words of Dean Gaisford's Christmas sermon, 'not only elevates above the vulgar herd, but leads not infrequently to positions of considerable emolument.' Dr. Plumptre thought he had clinched the matter when he said to Acland, 'You want to have an immense place built here with great libraries and workshops and all manner of organization. How many people do you think are going to use it?' To such a thrust Acland returned the only parry, 'You must have a first-class apparatus if you want to have first-class men.'

The economists stood aghast at the expense, and it may be frankly acknowledged that the most ardent promoters of the scheme hardly anticipated the full extent of the obligations to which the University was committing itself, or the constant drain that would be made in future years upon very insufficient resources. A certain class of theologians dreaded the dissolvent effect of science, 'falsely so called,' upon the literal interpretation of the Books of Moses. There was a thumping of pulpit-cushions, and one divine, after the Museum had become an accomplished fact, would never allude to it save as 'the cockatrice's den.' Happily the most influential and most venerated of the religious leaders of the University took a broader view. Acland's bout with Pusey over the teaching of science has been narrated on an earlier page. Nothing in the intervening years had occurred to weaken the impression produced on that occasion; Pusey might have desired that the money should have gone to the support of poor scholars, but he felt that under the guidance of a man of Acland's disposition and character the hidden laws of the natural world might be studied without danger by the Oxford undergraduates. Accordingly he and Charles Marriott allowed it to be known to their friends that they were in favour of the vote for the Museum, and they attended in support of it on

December 11, 1854. It was they who turned the scale; the division was close, sixty-eight to sixty-four; had the old guard of the Tractarian Movement even stood neutral the vote would have been lost. And I think I may venture to say that if any other man in Oxford but Acland had been the originator of the scheme, it would have met not merely with neutrality, but with active opposition on the part of Dr. Pusey.

The design selected for the Museum was that with the motto *Nisi Dominus*, a premium of £100 being awarded to *Fiat Justitia*, the author of which proved to be Mr. E. M. Barry, son of the architect of the Houses of Parliament. The successful design was the work of Benjamin Woodward, of the Dublin firm of Deane, Woodward and Deane, 'a man of rare genius and deep artistic knowledge, beautiful in face and character, but with the shadow of an early death already stealing over him[1].'

The Museum was not even yet safely in harbour. On the morrow of the vote of December an ominous little leaflet had proclaimed that, 'The leap in the dark has been taken, but we can still stop its worst consequences.' In May of the following year (1855) the contract was formally submitted to Convocation, and the opposition was renewed with unabated vigour, as the following choice specimen of electioneering literature will show:

> This Babylon of a new Museum is again before us.
> Have we any students in Natural History? No.
> Do we require this new Museum? No.
> Have we one farthing justly wherewith to build? No.
> Have we one farthing justly wherewith to endow? No.
> Are these the times for setting about such a folly? No.

Another opponent declaredthat, 'The plan returns to you by no means the same; hacked about, cut up, altered, and remodelled externally and internally; indeed, as I am credibly informed, externally spoiled. The contract does not include internal fittings, fences,

[1] Tuckwell, *Reminiscences*, p. 48.

approaches; "building afterclaps," which may run up to any sum you please.'

In answer to this it was pointed out that express provision had been made in the notice inviting tenders that the estimate of £30,000 was not to include fittings and other specified extras, and that a large additional outlay beyond the mere cost of the shell of the building for future maintenance was inevitable. And 'Aliquis,' commonly supposed to be Dr. Daubeny, went on to urge that the deliberate opinion of the majority of Convocation had already decided the question of the erection of the Museum on an extensive scale, and that Convocation could not, with any regard to its own consistency or to fair dealing, turn round and say that it had changed its mind, and would not have any museum at all.

These sound counsels were happily followed, and the vote was agreed to; but the constant piecemeal applications to Convocation for sums large and small were a source of perpetual irritation and of much practical inconvenience. It was apparently thought impossible or inadvisable to make a single bite at the cherry, and not a term passed without a vote and a squabble. Now it would be for £200 for providing some chemistry apparatus, now £2,366 for 'roof, &c.,' now £495 for oiling and painting, now £350 for 'paving area,' now £2,850 for fittings. The opposition was on the alert at every stage, and on two occasions at least was temporarily successful.

> Almost at the last (wrote Acland[1]), we lost in Convocation, by two votes, the burners to the gas-pipes that would light the area, the vote for the pipes having been carried by two. The vote for oiling and varnishing all the fine oak window-frames of the front being lost, they baked unoiled through the hot summer of 1859.

It may be added that when, as a great concession, Acland was allowed at his own expense to place burners

[1] *Oxford and Modern Medicine*, Preface, p. 11.

on the gas-pipes for the occasion of a conversazione which he was giving in the unfinished building, it was only on the condition that they were removed the next morning!

But this is to anticipate events. The foundation-stone of the Museum was laid on June 20, 1855, by Edward Geoffrey, Earl of Derby, who had succeeded the Duke of Wellington as Chancellor of the University some two years previously. The ceremony took place in Commemoration week, and was brilliantly successful. The *Benedicite, omnia Opera* was sung, prayers were said, and the 'Old Hundredth' was followed by the National Anthem. Nor would it be possible to express the spirit which animated Henry Acland in his lifelong pursuit of science and of truth more aptly than in the words of one of the collects composed for this occasion:

As 'the unsearchable riches of Christ' remained a mystery from the beginning of the world, 'hid in God,' 'in other ages not made known to the sons of men,' till they were 'revealed to the Holy Apostles and Prophets by the Spirit,' so did wonderful things in Thy creation long remain unknown to the world, which Thou hast of late enabled man to discover. Such discoveries we earnestly entreat Thee to permit Thy people to carry forward; and we beseech thee to bless them to the promotion of Thy glory, and of the temporal and eternal benefit of mankind. For as the blessed Gospel itself may be 'a savour of death unto death,' as well as 'of life unto life,' so may the knowledge of Thy works tend to evil instead of good. Avert the evil, and promote the good, O merciful Father. Grant that the building now to be erected on this spot may foster the progress of those Sciences which reveal to us the wonders of Thy creative powers. And do Thou, by Thy heavenly grace, cause the knowledge thus imparted to us to fill us with apprehension of Thy greatness, Thy wisdom, and Thy love.

Both in the Delegacy and outside it Acland had been one of the strongest supporters of Woodward's design,

and its acceptance by Convocation gave him the most intense delight. His joy was shared by Ruskin, who had thrown himself into the fray with all his customary eagerness. His approval at first had been by no means unqualified. 'I think *N. D.*[1],' he wrote, 'though by no means a first-rate design, yet quite as good as is likely to be got in these days, and on the whole good.' By degrees, however, he waxed warmer, and acquaintance with Woodward himself made him a complete convert. On the evening of the day which decided the matter in Convocation he wrote to Acland:

> I have just received your telegraphic message from Woodward, and am going to thank God for it and lie down to sleep. It means much, I think, both to you and me. I trust you will have no anxiety, such as you have borne, to bear again in this cause. The Museum in your hands, as it must eventually be, will be the root of as much good to others as I suppose it is rational for any single living soul to hope to do in its earth-time.

Nor did his enthusiasm diminish on reflection:

> I hope to be able to get Millais and Rossetti to design flower and beast borders—crocodiles and various vermin—such as you are particularly fond of—Mrs. Buckland's 'dabby things'—and we will carve them and inlay them with Cornish serpentine all about your windows. I will pay for a good deal myself, and I doubt not to find funds. *Such* capitals as we will have!

I have no intention of describing the Oxford Museum. It stands to-day with its main body and its façade practically as Woodward designed it, though the expansions and extensions for which Acland had been careful to allow have almost doubled its dimensions, and have made large encroachments on the spacious surroundings which formed an essential portion of his plan[2]. In

[1] *Nisi Dominus.*

[2] During Acland's lifetime laboratories were rebuilt or added in the following Departments of Science: Physics, Chemistry,

1859, as the work was nearing completion, Acland, in conjunction with Ruskin, published a little book, *The Oxford Museum*, which depicts in clear and eloquent language the internal and external features of the building, and reveals the aspirations of those who had laboured so long against such heavy odds[1]. For an independent and less eulogistic view I am indebted to Mr. Lionel Muirhead, of Haseley Court, Wallingford, who, though belonging to a younger generation, entered perhaps more fully than any of his friends besides Ruskin into the artistic side of Acland's nature:

'Primarily no doubt Acland's long tenacious struggle to obtain recognition of Natural Science in the Oxford course of teaching was due to his deep conviction of the intellectual one-sidedness of the University, so long as she failed to engraft as a substantial part of the education of her youth any knowledge of the great material design of which the supreme Master-worker has made us a constituent part. When finally the University decided that the scheme of a Museum of Natural Science was to be carried out, and when a choice had to be made from amongst the designs sent in, his belief in the power of Gothic architecture to adapt itself to all modern requirements—a conviction strongly held by a large number of enthusiastic believers—caused him to exert all his influence in its favour. As he wrote in *The Oxford Museum*[2]: "Some professed advocates of Gothic architecture on this occasion deprecated

Physiology, Comparative Anatomy, Human Anatomy, and Geology. With these must be included the Pitt Rivers Museum, with its work-rooms, and the Astronomical Observatory. Since his death the new wing for the Radcliffe Library (due to the generosity of the Drapers' Company) has been completed.

[1] The second and subsequent editions were robbed of much of their value by the omission of Ruskin's contribution, which was restored in the final edition published in 1893. This last volume contains the photograph of the two authors, which is reproduced below facing p. 476.

[2] P. 34, 1859 ed.

the application of Gothic art to secular purposes, thereby denying to their own style that malleability which is perhaps its highest prerogative."

'In the middle of the nineteenth century the *Battle of the Styles*, as it was termed, was raging, and enthusiasm for the forms of severe Pointed architecture was such a vital force that it would have been surprising, especially at Oxford, if any other style than that of Pointed architecture had been adopted for an important building about to be erected there. Men had not yet come to realize that the abounding energy of ancient Gothic building tradition, frozen to death by the refined self-conscious formal classicism of more than two hundred years, could not be revivified at a word of command, not even by earnest enthusiasm seconded by rule and measurement of ancient buildings. And the Oxford Museum, though displaying much thought and refinement, on foreign rather than on English national lines, does not display the spontaneous energy and aptitude of ancient work. Something of partial failure may be set down to insufficient means—responsible for a lack of massiveness uncharacteristic of Gothic work, which was ever lavish of means towards the end in view—coupled with the desire to accomplish for scientific purposes the utmost possible with the sum set apart almost grudgingly by the University. Still it is remarkable that so competent a judge as Sir Charles Newton, writing to Acland in 1857, says, "How are you getting on with the Museum? I was much pleased with its style of architecture." It is probable that a building erected at that period on classical lines would have been not less obnoxious to criticism, and that, as Ruskin has expressed it:

The real fact is, as far as I can discern, that no other architecture would under the required circumstances have been *possible*; and that any effort to introduce classical types of form into these laboratories and Museums must have ended in ridiculous discomfiture. And although I doubt not

that lovelier and juster expressions of the Gothic principle will be ultimately arrived at by us than any which are possible in the Oxford Museum, its builders will never lose their claim to our chief gratitude, as the first guides in a right direction; and the building itself—the first exponent of the recovered truth—will only be the more venerated the more it is excelled.

'Acland's effort was always directed towards combining the artistic aims of the Museum with its purpose as an educational institution, and to this end he drew up a list of great men who first discovered, or first brought to important results, the several branches of knowledge which the edifice was intended to promote. And, in collaboration with Professor Phillips, he gave much time and attention to the collection and arrangement of one hundred and twenty-five polished shafts of granite, syenite, and marbles on the ground-floor, and along the upper corridors of the Museum, selected from quarries which furnish examples of many of the most important rocks of the British Islands. The capitals and bases of these shafts represent various groups of plants and animals illustrating different climates and epochs, arranged according to their natural orders. Unfortunately, out of four hundred capitals and bases about one hundred only are carved, owing to difficulties that arose out of want of accommodation between the wayward genius of the carver O'Shea and the more prosaic nature of the Delegates. The story is best told in Acland's own words[1]:

... The carvings done by the members of the O'Shea family were often as beautiful in design as in execution—though they would occasionally be as grotesque as the typical gurgoyle.... It had been intended from the first that all decoration should illustrate the Kosmos, as religious histories or allusions for the most part are represented in ecclesiastical edifices. The workmen generally made the designs for

[1] See *Oxford Museum*, ed. 1893, p. 105.

places and objects appointed to them by the architect. The upper windows in front were to illustrate some part of the *Fauna* and *Flora* of our planet, the windows on the south of the front the vertebrate classes: *Man, Quadrumana, Carnivora.*

The second window was first begun by order of the architect, but probably not by that of the Delegates, it being Long Vacation.

O'Shea rushed into my house one afternoon and—in a state of wild excitement—related as follows: 'The Master of the University,' cried he, 'found me on my scaffold just now. "What are you doing?" says he. "Monkeys," said I. "Come down directly," says he—"you shall not destroy the property of the University." "I work as Mr. Woodward orders me." "Come down directly," says he; "come down."'

'What shall I do?' said O'Shea to me. 'I don't know: Mr. Woodward told you monkeys; the Master tells you no monkeys: I don't know what you are to do.' He instantly rushed out as he came, without another word.

The next day I went to see what had happened. O'Shea was hammering furiously at the window. 'What are you at?' said I. 'Cats,' said he. 'The Master came along, and says: "You are doing monkeys, when I told you not." "To-day it's cats," says I.' The Master was terrified, and went away. It did not, however, so end: O'Shea was dismissed. I went to bid him good-bye with mixed and perplexed feelings.

I found O'Shea on a single ladder in the porch wielding heavy blows such as one imagines the genius of Michael Angelo might have struck when he was first blocking out the design of some immortal work. 'What are you doing, O'Shea? I thought you were gone; and Mr. Woodward has given no design for the long moulding in the hard green stone.' Striking on still, O'Shea shouted, 'Parrhots and Owwls! Parrhots and Owwls! Members of Convocation.' There they were, blocked out alternately. What could I do? 'Well,' I said meditatively, 'O'Shea, you must knock their heads off.' 'Never,' says he. 'Directly,' said I.

Their heads went. Their bodies, not yet evolved, remain to testify to the humour, the force, the woes, the troubles in

the character and art of our Irish brethren—much to love, much to direct, much to lament.

'On the keystone of the arch of the entrance of the Museum there is carved in a low relief the figure of an angel bearing in his right hand an open book and in his left hand three living cells. He signifies the intentions of the founders of the Museum, whose desire it was to bring future generations of men to the study of the open book of Nature, and of the mysteries of life under the guidance of a higher Power, which alone could enable them to read the pages of that book with a right understanding.

'When once the building was ready for those who were to use it for the weighty work of demonstration, the interest of the artist thenceforward yielded to that of the Regius Professor of Medicine and Radcliffe Librarian.'

I hope I may not seem to have exaggerated the part which Acland took in the struggle which ended in the building of the Museum, or to have minimized the efforts of others who 'wrought and thought and toiled' to the same end. He himself has declared that he 'was but a hewer of wood and a drawer of water' beside Phillips, Strickland, and Rolleston[1]. But he was the life and soul; as he was the originator, of the movement. His position as the creator and the 'only begetter' of

[1] The name of H. E. Strickland, geologist and ornithologist, does not figure, so far as I have discovered, in any printed records of the struggle for the Museum. He was run over and killed by a train in 1853. In the same passage from which this quotation is taken (*Address on the unveiling of the statue of Sydenham* (1894), p. 23) Acland adds: 'I was too young to have effected anything without the countenance and support of older and more capable men. Before 1850 great advance had been made owing much to the exertions of Mr. Greswell, Mr. Hill, the Warden of New College (Dr. Williams), Professor Baden Powell, and at a later period Mr. (afterwards Sir) Benjamin Brodie, and Mr. Maskelyne, still happily with us.'

the Museum has never been disputed. Long afterwards—in reference to his speech on the unveiling of the statue of Sydenham—Lord Salisbury wrote to Sir Thomas Acland: 'I was very glad to have the opportunity of expressing feebly the debt which the University owes to your brother for the Museum and all the intellectual progress of which that building is the evidence and instrument. He has often had to fight hard—and probably no other person could have fought successfully—against many powerful influences.' The inception and management of the Museum Committee, the infinite drudgery of secretarial work, the constant 'lobbying' necessary for the enrolment of recruits, the application of the ever-varying *argumentum ad hominem*, all devolved upon him. His hand is to be recognized in almost all the statements drawn up for public circulation; the drafts of many of them are extant in his own writing. He served on every delegacy, he entered into the minutest details. With one or two exceptions he was the only man in Oxford with any idea of the arrangement of a museum or of the proper fittings of a laboratory; and it must be remembered that at the beginning of his work for the Museum Acland was a young man of thirty-two who had won no academic laurels, who had no reputation for scientific achievement, whose position in the University was that of a college teacher in a subject which to nine men out of ten meant nothing; and that he was mainly dependent for his daily bread on the practice of a laborious and exacting profession.

It was freely acknowledged at the time, nor has it ever been disputed since, that but for his persistence, his zeal, and the personal influence which he was able to bring to bear in so many different quarters, the establishment of Natural Science teaching on a broad and philosophic basis, and on a scale worthy of a great University, must have been indefinitely postponed. The 'new learning' would have invaded Oxford in due

course, but it would have come at a later date and in a different form. Nor is it unlikely that the essential feature in Acland's plan, the bringing together under one roof of the scattered branches of all the natural sciences, would have been sacrificed. It would have been comparatively easy and simple to obtain occasional grants for one subject at a time, now for Chemistry, now for Physics, now for Biology. But the unity and the dignity of the sciences as a co-ordinated branch of knowledge would have been left without recognition, and the great corporation of teachers who form part of the pride and strength of modern Oxford would have possessed no common home, and would have lacked the ready means of communication which Acland felt to be so essential. Above all, the great boon of ready access to the magnificent Radcliffe Library would have been impossible.

In no part of his career was Acland's artistic sense of the fitness of things and his power of imaginative foresight of greater value. He would not be content with a series of detached buildings, however admirably fitted and well adapted they might individually be, nor would he have tolerated for an hour the collection of huddled up boiler-sheds which till lately sheltered the priceless treasures of South Kensington. He would submit to no hole-and-corner recognition of science at Oxford, but demanded for it a home worthy in dignity and beauty. He has defined his attitude in words which cannot be bettered[1]:

> I felt that it was not a matter of indifference either to the country or to the University whether this scientific building was or was not of equal aesthetic value with the other old buildings of the University, and I did not choose that those gentlemen who devoted their lives to the prosecution of material studies so called, or the department of Physical Science, should be housed in a worse way according to the

[1] See his evidence before the Royal Commission on Scientific Instruction, 1872 (c. 536), xxvi, pp. 171 et seq.

ordinary standards of taste than those who pursue their studies in the Bodleian or in the halls and chapels of our older colleges. I believe that the condition of the dissecting-rooms at our hospitals and the kind of wretched accommodation which was thought fit for medical students in many of the hospitals of the metropolis and elsewhere have been a perfectly unnecessary bar to the progress of Physical Science in this country. As a matter of decency towards the profession in which I happen to be engaged, I do not choose to admit on public grounds that we are to be put here, there, and anywhere, and lodged anyhow.

The adventure with O'Shea which Mr. Muirhead has quoted will afford an illustration of the interest taken by Acland in the details of the work, while the Museum, situated only a few hundred yards from his house in Broad Street, was rising slowly from the ground. The minutest details of construction, the artistic ingenuity with which Woodward encountered every obstacle, the graceful designs which Mr. Skidmore of Coventry imparted to the ironwork sustaining the roof of the area, were all a source of the most intense delight to him. Dr. Ogle, the Regius Professor of Medicine, sceptical of the future progress of the sciences in Oxford, and conscious, perhaps, that he would never himself live to see the completion of the work, allowed Acland a free hand in the arrangement of the rooms allotted to his Chair. In the long gallery, which he had already marked down as the future home of the Radcliffe Library, he was permitted to work his own will, and we can imagine him with such a prospect before his eyes exclaiming, as did Dominie Sampson on a somewhat similar occasion, 'Prodigious!'

Ruskin was no less attracted to the *minutiae* of the building than Acland, and they were both immensely impressed by the zeal with which O'Shea and his brother workmen, flinging convention aside, went straight to the Botanic Gardens for the 'spreading

herbs and flowerets bright' which their chisels were to fashion on the stone capitals.

> 'No herb nor floweret glistened there
> But was carved in the cloister arches as fair,'

quoted Ruskin. 'And yet though we are raising every year in England new examples of every kind of costly and variously intended buildings—ecclesiastical, civil, and domestic—none of us, through all that period, had boldness enough to put the pretty couplet into simple practice. We went on, even in the best Gothic work we attempted, clumsily copying the rudest ornaments of previous buildings, we never so much as dreamed of learning from the monks of Melrose, and seeking for help beneath the dew that sparkled on their gude kail garden. Your Museum at Oxford is literally the first building raised in England since the close of the fifteenth century which has fearlessly put to new trial this old faith in nature, and in the genius of the unassisted workman who gathered out of nature the materials he needed [1].'

The sad sequel of O'Shea and his 'monkeys' was yet to come. Ruskin himself was allowed, or allowed himself, to rear one of the brick columns, and Acland used to show it with great pride to visitors at the Museum; legend relates that the workmen found it necessary to demolish the column and reconstruct it by less eminent hands. But a delicately executed window in the building is from Ruskin's own design, and his studies for many others are now in Miss Acland's possession. Woodward had prepared a design for a porch after the manner of Chartres, which he regarded as the most perfect example of French Gothic work. Convocation refused to sanction the erection of the porch, but some blocks of marble were inserted, through private funds, for Woolner to carve without

[1] *Oxford Museum*, 1859 edition, p. 82. A few years later, between 1860 and 1863, the capitals of the pillars supporting Wellington College Chapel were adorned by similar nature-studies under the equally interested observation of Dr. Benson, the future Archbishop of Canterbury.

remuneration over the arch and in the spandrels. Some very delicate work executed in fine marble after a design by Pollen is the only part completed. In 1889 Acland, who had watched every line of the design and the execution of this fragment, was pained at the state of dirt into which it had been allowed to fall, and, after consultation with Sir Charles Newton, volunteered to superintend the careful cleaning which it needed so sorely; but the Oxford of that day treated it as a bygone fancy, and Acland met with so much discouragement that he reluctantly withdrew from the task.

His interest in the workmen was shown in a practical manner. Largely through his exertions and on his initiative, an institute with reading-, dining-, and smoking-rooms for the artificers and labourers employed on the works was erected and maintained in the Parks. It was a much-appreciated boon, for most of the workmen were strangers to Oxford, and many of them, including the O'Sheas, had been brought over from Dublin by the architects. Dr. Cotton, the Provost of Worcester, undertook a short service, akin to family prayers, in the reading-room every morning, and Acland used to enliven the winter evenings by the provision of occasional lectures, the first of which was delivered by Ruskin.

Allusion has been made to the statues of the great founders and improvers of natural knowledge erected within the Museum. For these, as for the shafts, the capitals, the inscriptions, and, indeed, all the ornamentation internal and external, it was necessary to rely upon private munificence. Economy rather than completeness had been the first object of the majority of those who voted for the building. The contract provided for no luxuries, and an appeal was issued for contributions on this behalf, an appeal about which there was the less hesitation that the subscriptions promised in earlier days for the erection of the Museum had been returned after the University had resolved to take up the

burden[1]. The first to set an example of generosity was Her Majesty Queen Victoria, who had been made acquainted with the circumstances in which the appeal was issued. It had been suggested that she might choose as her donation the statue of Bacon, who headed the list of those whom it was desired to commemorate. Her Majesty declared it her pleasure to give, in addition, those of Galileo, Newton, Leibnitz, and Oersted[2]. The University contributed generously both by individual subscriptions, and by a gift, on the part of the bachelors and undergraduates, of the statues of Aristotle and Cuvier, while there was a hearty response from the world outside Oxford, including a number of Acland's relatives and private friends. Many of the gifts were in kind, from the owners of quarries in the North and West. Red granite of Mull, and Tiree and Inverness marble, were given by the Duke of Argyll; Cruachan granite by the Marquess of Breadalbane; Sir Thomas Acland sent elvan and trap from Killerton[3]. Ruskin was as good as his word; he himself gave £300 for the windows of the ground-floor on the west front, and his father presented the statue of Hippocrates. Dr. Pusey, by defraying the cost of three of the inscriptions, gave a further proof of confidence in a cause which had aroused so much theological acrimony. Amongst the

[1] A notice to this effect was published on June 12, 1855, from which date the University Museum Committee dissolved itself, and its labours were transferred to the Museum Delegacy appointed by Convocation.

[2] For Oersted was substituted John Hunter, owing to the difficulty of procuring a satisfactory model of the Danish physicist. Eventually Herr Jacobsen of Copenhagen presented a statue of his countryman, but it still remains in plaster of Paris amidst its companions in marble. The statue of Hunter was unveiled by the Princess Christian in 1886.

[3] For a description of the various marbles, and for the general arrangement and symbolism of the ornamentation, see a letter from Professor Phillips, the first Curator, dated January 21, 1859, and printed in the 1893 edition of the *Oxford Museum*, p. 91.

other donors were Mr. Gladstone, the Earl of Derby, Sir Charles Lyell, Professor Sedgwick, Sir Robert Murchison, Sir Benjamin Brodie, and Dean Buckland.

The Museum was first made available for use by the members of the University in October, 1860. But before the last touches had been put to the building its designer had passed away. Woodward had shown unmistakable signs of consumption for some little time, and he was persuaded to spend the winter of 1859 in Algiers. The case, however, was hopeless, and he resolved to come back to Oxford to die. Acland had made all arrangements for nursing him during the last sad days, and, unable to bring him under his own roof, had prepared for him special rooms in the adjoining house, breaking a passage through the partition wall. But it was not to be: a violent haemorrhage from the lungs overcame him on the journey, at Lyons, and he died there in an inn, alone. It was a cause of no ordinary grief to all who had been brought in contact with him. 'The lovable nature that lay beneath his courteous silence' and 'his guileless contemplative nature[1]' had won him friends at Oxford in every walk of life. He is commemorated there by a medallion in the Museum, executed by Alexander Munro, one of those most closely attached to him, and destined himself to an early death in a foreign land.

[1] Acland's words in the *Oxford Museum*, 1893 edition, last page.

CHAPTER IX

THE PRE-RAPHAELITES—THE WRECK OF THE *TYNE*—THE REGIUS PROFESSORSHIP—THE MEDICAL COUNCIL

1855-1858

THE building of the Museum was indirectly the means of introducing Acland to the members of what is perhaps the most interesting group in the annals of British Art. In July, 1855, Woodward had invited Dante Gabriel Rossetti to come down to Oxford and do some designing work in connexion with the Gothic experiment which was about to be attempted in the Parks. Acland was already well acquainted with Rossetti by name, for Miss Siddal, the beautiful and gifted girl, 'tall and slender with red coppery hair, and bright consumptive complexion,' who afterwards became the wife of the artist poet, was then under his medical care. Ruskin, as is well known[1], had befriended her with his usual lavish generosity, and, as her health was at this moment in an even more alarming condition than usual, he had asked Acland to find quiet lodgings for her in or near Oxford.

She is the daughter of a watchmaker (he wrote); Rossetti first got her to sit to him for his higher female faces, and then found out her talent for drawing, taught her, and got attached to her, and now she is dying, unless the rest and change of scene can save her . . . she has more the look of a Florentine thirteenth-century lady than anything I ever saw out of a fresco.

During many weeks Miss Siddal remained under

[1] *Life of D. G. Rossetti*, by W. M. Rossetti, vol. i, p. 184.

his charge and observation, 'a kindly, gentle, quiet person,' Acland describes her, 'and known to everybody as Rossetti's frequent model, it was a great pleasure to me to be of any service to her,' and it was a still greater pleasure to be able to assure Rossetti that his apprehensions concerning her health were greater than her condition called for. Acland came to the conclusion that her lungs were not fatally affected, but that the chief danger lay in 'mental power long pent up and lately overtaxed,' and he recommended a winter abroad, which—thanks once more to Ruskin, 'the wizard,' as Rossetti called him—she was able to enjoy[1]. Miss Siddal had good reason to be grateful to the Aclands, who had not only shown her every kindness themselves, but had procured for her a good deal of attention in other and somewhat exclusive quarters. Before she departed she insisted on her doctor accepting one of her drawings, a painting of the churchyard among the mountains immortalized by Wordsworth in 'We are Seven.' It hangs now, a strange and somewhat weird arrangement of colours, in Miss Acland's drawing-room. What rendered it most remarkable in her father's judgement was that a girl brought up in London within a street or two of the Elephant and Castle, should have selected such a subject and executed it from pure imagination.

Ruskin wrote often about 'Ida,' as he always called Miss Siddal, and there is a sad interest about the following extract taken from one of his letters, undated, but written evidently about this time:

These geniuses are all alike, little and big—I have known five of them—Turner, Watts, Millais, Rossetti—and this girl—and I don't know which was, or which is, the wrongheadedest. I am with them, like the old woman who lived in the shoe—only that I don't want to send them to bed, and can't whip them—or else that is what they all wanted. Poor Turner went to bed before I expected—and broth without bread the

[1] *Letters to William Allingham*, p. 149.

rest are quite as likely to get as with it, if that would do them any good.

I have no clue to the cause of the outburst. A short married life and a tragic death were to close the career of one whom Ruskin ranked as a genius in the same sentence with Watts and Turner.

It does not appear that Rossetti ever did anything for the Oxford Museum, but a couple of years later he brought down the other Pre-Raphaelites and a whole host of young disciples to work on the bays of the Debating-room[1] at the Union, of which Woodward was the architect. It had struck Rossetti, when on a visit to the latter at Oxford, that these bays afforded a great opportunity for the execution of a series of wall-paintings in tempera. Woodward was charmed with the idea, the consent of the Standing Committee of the Union was obtained, and early in the Long Vacation of 1857 Rossetti and Burne-Jones and Morris and Watts and Holman Hunt, with Arthur Hughes, Spencer Stanhope, Val Prinsep, and Hungerford Pollen took up their quarters in lodgings in the High Street and elsewhere.

The story of 'these paintings of which the mouldering and undecipherable remains still glimmer like faded ghosts on the walls of the Union Library' has been told at length by Mr. Mackail in his *Life of Morris*[2]; 'work hastily undertaken, executed under impossible conditions, and finally abandoned after time and labour had been spent on it quite disproportionate to the original design.'

Into intimate association with the enthusiastic brotherhood whose energies were so woefully misapplied Acland was speedily drawn. Watts he had known as far back as 1850, when negotiations had been entered into to bring him down to execute a fresco on the

[1] Now the Library.

[2] Vol. i, p. 117 et seq. See also the *Life* of Rossetti by his brother, vol. i, p. 197.

walls of what is now the University Galleries but was then known as the Taylor Institution. The originator of the scheme was Charles Newton, who pressed it in letter after letter.

Here is a man (he wrote) perishing as Flaxman perished before him, merely because he has not a wall to paint. If he leaves this country and settles at Athens, as he talks of doing in the spring, I feel that it will be my fault, that I have not exerted myself enough for him; that if proper trouble had been taken to acquaint people with his art, it would have been better appreciated. I am convinced that it would be a great and lasting benefit to the University to have something really intellectual like the 'Time and Oblivion' to look at.

Acland interested himself vigorously, and at one time the matter seemed so finally settled that Newton wrote to thank him for bringing it about, and to suggest the propriety of placing a vacant set of rooms in one of the colleges at the artist's disposal. Difficulties, however, intervened, apparently through the disinclination of the curators to take the risk of any damage to the books contained in the room which was to be decorated; and Oxford lost her fresco, to the grievous disappointment of Newton and Acland[1]. But an incidental advantage accrued from Watts's visit to the University, for it was on this occasion that he and Newton found, among the mass of marbles forming the 'Arundel bequest,' and then stowed away in a cellar, the fine example of Greek Art now known as the 'Oxford bust.'

To Watts and his companions the house in Broad Street extended its wonted hospitality. Acland himself had a keen appreciation of the Pre-Raphaelite school, and the young men were in and out of the house just as they pleased: their jokes and laughter

[1] Both Liddell, then at Westminster, and Halford Vaughan, the Regius Professor of Modern History, had striven hard with the curators.

are still remembered by some of the older members of his family. With one exception they availed themselves freely of the constant invitations which were pressed upon them, but William Morris could with difficulty be induced to comply with the very modest amount of conventionality which reigned at Acland's table. His Bohemianism had then reached a pitch which, in the words of his biographer, 'exceeded even the customary licence of Gandish's.' He had forsworn dress clothes: to go into society was torture to him, a fact which he never took pains to conceal. 'One evening,' writes Mr. Mackail [1], 'when they were to dine with Dr. Acland, Morris invented an illness and sent his apologies by Burne-Jones. Unfortunately Burne-Jones arrived with this message when there still wanted a few minutes to dinner-time. Acland, who was all kindness, instantly, to Burne-Jones's infinite dismay, put on his hat and went round to see the sick man in his lodgings: he was found, apparently in the best of health and spirits, sitting at dinner with Faulkner and playing cribbage over the meal. He had to confess recovery and be led off to dinner.'

On another occasion Dr. Acland revisited Morris's lodgings to extract a splinter which he had struck into his eye, when engaged on carving a block of freestone into a capital of foliage and birds, and his language to the doctor was, 'even for him, unequalled in its force and copiousness [2].'

[1] *Life of Morris*, vol. i, p. 128.

[2] I do not know whether the following letter from Mr. Severn, the friend of Acland's Roman days, synchronized with the fresco epoch, for, like so many letters in the first half of the last century, it is undated, and I have been unable to trace the fate of the picture referred to in it.

'The pleasure of my visit to Oxford, owing to various occupations, I have never been able yet to make "come off," which I regret, as I wish to consult you about my large altar-piece which is in want of a church. You remember at Rome the sketch of the Holy Sepulchre, and it is of this I have been doing a large work

On June 23, 1856, Lady Acland died quite suddenly, in London, of an unsuspected heart-complaint: she was one of those who inspire awe as well as affection in their children, but her sons and daughters vied in their feelings of reverence and gratitude towards her. She had entered fully into the joys and sorrows of her family; she had received her numerous daughters-in-law with a frank and hearty welcome, and she had helped to make Killerton and Holnicote the centre of a family life patriarchal in its dimensions and its hospitality. Sir Thomas took his bereavement as in some sense a warning to prepare for his own end. He withdrew, as far as it was possible for one in his position, from public affairs, and at the next General Election gave up the seat for North Devon which he had held unchallenged for twenty years. But the days of his pilgrimage were far from being accomplished, and in the retirement of his Devonshire home he took the same interest as of old in public affairs, and in the domestic concerns of his family. Her second son, Arthur Troyte, survived his mother by little more than a year. He succumbed to diphtheria, and it is curious that a disease which is one of the scourges of the present day was so little known or recognized in the England of half a century ago that Henry Acland, when

nineteen feet high (with semi-circular top) and eleven feet broad. It occurs to me that at Oxford there may be a better opening for it than here—the picture has been partly paid for by subscription, and was offered to me on the plan that the subscribers should on its completion present it to some suitable church. So far have I not found one, as all the new churches are made with a large window at each end, but as I am under the impression that at Oxford there is much knowledge and taste in the arts, so I think it likely that a destination might be found for my picture better than in London. At this moment it is in the Library of Westminster School, receiving the last touches. Your excellent father is one of my subscribers and is very kind to me about it.

'Now if you can excuse so strange an appeal and chance to have a moment at leisure to inquire about and answer my question, you will greatly oblige.'

summoned to his brother's bedside, declared it to be the first case he had ever treated.

The years brought their changes in the world of Oxford also: new men were coming to the front, and wider views of life and of education were winning acceptance. In George Rolleston, who succeeded Acland as Lee's Reader, and was destined for the newly-established Linacre Chair of Physiology, the latter found an invaluable colleague and a congenial friend. Max Müller had been on terms of intimacy with him since his first coming to Oxford in 1847; his election to an All Souls Fellowship, largely due to Acland's initiative, brought the two into a closer alliance, which was to last as long as life itself. And some years later, on the death, in January, 1858, of the Rev. Lewis Sneyd, it was suggested to Acland by a friend among the Fellows [1] that he should allow himself to be nominated for the Wardenship of All Souls. An eminent legal authority pronounced that there was nothing in the Statutes to prevent the election of a layman and the subsequent repeal of the provision which required the Warden to be in Priest's orders within a year of his election. Such repeal could be effected by the Warden and a two-thirds majority of the Fellows with the consent of the Visitor, the Archbishop of Canterbury. After some consideration Acland put the suggestion aside, and the Rev. Francis Knyvett Leighton was chosen. There can be no doubt, I think, that he was wise in his decision.

But of all the changes in Oxford the one which most closely affected Acland was the return of Liddell to Christ Church. It not only gave him an influential and zealous supporter in high places, but the constant presence of a wise and statesmanlike counsellor was a tower of strength to him in the years to come. And Acland, before his friend had long been settled in the Deanery, was able to give a practical illustration of his affection at no small personal sacrifice.

[1] Mr. (now Sir) Godfrey Lushington.

In the autumn of 1856 Liddell was so seriously ill that Acland was obliged to tell him that nothing but a winter at Madeira would save his life. The Dean's rejoinder was, 'I expected you to say so, but I am not going to be knocked about in the Bay of Biscay in that little brig the *Brilliant*. I shall not go unless I can go in a man-of-war.' The doctor was not to be defeated. His *Pembroke* messmate, Captain Prevost, had just been appointed to command one of the finest corvettes in the service, and was under orders to sail for the Pacific. Acland immediately telegraphed to him to obtain leave from the Admiralty to take the Dean and Mrs. Liddell as far as Madeira. Permission was granted, and on December 23 he escorted his patient to Plymouth, announcing, in the train, that he had made all arrangements to accompany him to Madeira. His old tutor was too precious a charge to be left to the mercy of circumstances; but Liddell's only comment on the arrangement was, 'So I supposed.' Having comfortably established him at Funchal, and satisfied himself that the climate was just what the Dean needed, and after enjoying for a week 'the sight and taste of turtle, bananas, and green peas,' Acland took a passage on the West India Mail Company's steamer *Tyne*, homeward bound from Rio Janeiro. She touched at Lisbon on January 9, and on her passage through the Bay of Biscay encountered a heavy and prolonged gale from the north-east. Portland Lights were made at midnight on the 12th, and about three in the morning the passengers were rudely awakened by a sudden crash. The *Tyne* had run ashore ten miles out of her course and within a mile of St. Alban's Head on the Dorset coast. Had she struck against the cliff, instead of on a reef outside, the ship must have gone to the bottom. For the moment the captain knew no more than the passengers whither the gale had brought him, and it was generally believed that they were over against Blackgang Chine on the Isle of Wight. It was not till

daybreak that a preventive boat put off at great risk, and the ultimate loss of one of its crew, to tell them where they were. The scene on board is best described in the words of Ruskin[1]:

When, thirty years afterwards, Dr. Acland was wrecked in the steamer *Tyne*, off the coast of Dorset, the steamer having lain wedged on the rocks all night—no one knew what rocks—and the dawn breaking on half a mile of dangerous surf between the ship and shore—the officers in anxious debate, the crew in confusion, the passengers in hysterics or at prayers, were all astonished and many scandalized at the appearance of Dr. Acland from the saloon in punctilious morning dress with the announcement that breakfast was ready. To the impatient clamour of indignation with which his unsympathetic conduct was greeted, he replied by pointing out that not a boat could go ashore, far less come out of it, and that in the meantime, as most of them were wet, all cold, and at the best must be dragged ashore through the surf, if not swim for their lives in it, they would be extremely prudent to begin the day as usual with breakfast. The hysterics ceased, the confusion calmed, what suits anybody had become available to them again, and not a life was ultimately lost.'

The sea went down with the tide, but the ship rolled from side to side in the heavy surf, and how to land the passengers was a serious problem. At last a little boat reached the *Tyne* with a hospitable invitation from Encombe, Lord Eldon's house, situated on the coast and full in view of the scene of disaster. As an old sea-hand, Acland was sent on shore by the captain to make preparations for the reception of the shipwrecked party. The boat was 'a splendid little cockleshell,' but it was all but swamped in conveying him with two or three other passengers to the beach; an oar was lost in the first breaker, and was only regained with difficulty. The ladies of the Scott family[2] and their friends, in one

[1] *Praeterita*, vol. i, p. 380.

[2] The Ladies Katharine and Augusta Scott afterwards became respectively Lady Boyne and Lady Cottesloe.

of whom Acland recognized the daughter of a patient whom he had recently attended at Claydon, were lavish in their kindness and charity. Before nightfall passengers and crew were landed, fed, housed, and in some instances clothed. 'As the last act of the evening,' he wrote, 'when more than 200 had been fed and cared for, the Thanksgiving prayers of the Service to be used at Sea were read in the stable by Mr. Farrer[1] to the exhausted men as they lay or stood on the clean straw, and I never wish to hear ring in my ears a happier and more cheering sound than of the manly Amens which closed this day: a day when, after the first event, everything might have been worse and hardly anything could have been better.'

While full tribute was paid on all sides to Acland's cheerful resourcefulness and presence of mind, he himself bore witness in print to the good conduct of the crew and the skill, devotion, and energy of the captain and chief officers; and both he and his father were liberal contributors to a fund raised for the assistance of those who had suffered in pocket by the wreck. He was none the worse for his drenching, and was back in Oxford before Mrs. Acland had time to hear of the adventure; but for days to come their writing-table groaned beneath the weight of congratulatory letters, many of them from complete strangers. One view taken of Acland's conduct is well represented in the following letter from Charles Pearson:

Your letter in the *Times* of this morning, to which I was directed by Mr. G. Butler, gave me the first tidings of your return to England and apparently very narrow escape. I need hardly say how rejoiced I am, or how much I was interested by your account, and most characteristic attack on the fast habits[2] of this poor nineteenth century. You have a right to speak, for you certainly belong to another century. An

[1] The guardian of Lord Eldon, who was then a boy of eleven.

[2] The letter had deprecated the 'racing' speed of steam-vessels.

ordinary physician would as soon think of consulting Don Quixote for a sovereign specific for wounds as of deserting his ordinary practice to—eat green peas in Madeira, and study a shipwreck on the southern coast. Well, I suppose it is no use reproaching you, as you will go on to the end of time cultivating the heart and brain in your own most expensive fashion. I only hope your voyage has answered the object you proposed to yourself, and that you left the Dean comfortably established with a good chance of improved health. I suppose for yourself that a shipwreck is nothing more than a salutary fillip to the constitution.

I had better leave off, for I am so divided between satisfaction at your safe return, amusement at your way of effecting it, and a sort of irrational respect for the motives which prompted your expedition, that I am quite unable to express any clear meaning.

A number of his Oxford friends commemorated the occasion of his escape from the perils of the deep by presenting Mrs. Acland with a bust of her husband, beautifully executed in marble by Alexander Munro. 'I am very much obliged to you,' wrote Goldwin Smith to Conybeare, 'for telling me of Acland's bust. He is one of the best of men, and has done and is doing a great work at Oxford.'

Amid the salvage from the wreck was an object which had been the source of no small trouble during the voyage. During his brief stay at Madeira, Acland had obtained, through the good offices of the consul, a splendid tunny-fish, which was packed in bay salt, and placed in a box eight feet long. The box was addressed, 'Dr. Acland, Oxford,' and nothing would convince the sailors that it did not contain the corpse of a patient. The presence on board the ship of a dead body was enough in their eyes to account for the heavy gale against which the *Tyne* was labouring through the Bay. The men all but mutinied, and finally the captain gave notice to Acland that he was going to throw the body overboard. In vain did Acland protest that it was

only a tunny, and it was not until he threatened the captain with legal proceedings for destroying the property of the University of Oxford that the latter yielded. He was unconvinced, however; the story spread among the passengers, and so great was the indignation against Acland that none would speak to him. The situation was intolerable, and he finally pretended to bow to the inevitable on condition that the supposed coffin should be unscrewed by the ship's carpenter on the quarter-deck before the body was thrown overboard. A large company were assembled when the tunny was exposed to view, and the general disconcertment may be imagined —*solvuntur risu tabulae!* It should be added that the sailors, remorseful for their folly, and won over by Acland's *bonhomie* and coolness during the wreck, worked 'double tides' to save the tunny-fish in its box, and it was delivered at Oxford without a bone being broken or disarranged. After being carefully articulated by Charles Robertson it was placed in the Anatomy School at Christ Church, and thence removed in 1860 to the area of the new University Museum. Under its handsome case was placed the following Latin inscription:

THUNNUS QUEM VIDES
MENSE IANUARII A. S. MDCCCLVII
AB HENRICO W. ACLAND TUNC TEMPORIS ANATOMIAE IN
AEDE XTI PRAELECTORE
EX MADEIRA INSULA
QUO HENRICUM G. LIDDELL AEDIS XTI DECANUM
INFIRMA VALETUDINE LABORANTEM DEDUXERAT
PRAETER OMNEM SPEM OXONIAM ADPORTATUS EST.
TYNA ENIM NAVE VAPORARIA IN QUA REDIBAT PRAELECTOR
AD SCTI ALBANI PROMONTORIUM IN COMITATU DORSETIAE EIECTA,
QUUM IPSE VIX SOSPES E FLUCTIBUS EVASIT,
HIC PISCIS IN NAVE RELICTUS PER VOLUNTATEM NAUTARUM
AD TERRAM ADVECTUS EST.
DEINDE IN MUSAEO AEDIS XTI POSITUS
PER ARTEM CAROLI ROBERTSON ΕΣΚΕΛΕΤΕΥΘΗ.

Comparatively unnoticed at Christ Church, its appearance in the fuller light of day was the signal for a once celebrated University squib. A sham Congregation notice appeared announcing that it had pleased the University to substitute the following form of words for the original 'Epitaph'—

THUNNUS QUEM RIDES
MENSE IUNII A. S. MDCCCLX
AB HENRICO W. ACLAND NUNC TEMPORIS MEDICINAE IN
ACAD. OXON. PROFESSORE REGIO
EX MUSAEO ANATOMICO
DE QUO HENRICUM G. LIDDELL AEDIS XTI DECANUM
AETERNA MANSUETUDINE PERORANS SEDUXERAT
PRAETER OMNIUM SPEM OXONIENSIUM HUC APPORTATUS EST.
ORATIONE ENIM VAPORARIA IN QUO GAUDEBAT PROFESSOR
AD SCTI ACLANDI GLORIAM IN CONGREGATIONEM DOCTISSIME
INIECTA,
QUUM MUSAEUM IPSUM VIX SOSPES EX HOSTIBUS EVASIT,
HAEC AREA IGNAVE REFECTA PER SEGNITATEM MAGISTRORUM
AD FINEM PROVECTA EST,
QUAE IN MEDIO AEDIFICIO POSITA
PER ARTEM BENIAMINI WOODWARD ΕΣΚΙΔΜΩΡΕΥΘΗ[1].

The tunny and its case are still in the Museum, but the inscription has disappeared.

The death of Dr. Ogle during the Long Vacation of 1857 caused a vacancy in the post of Regius Professor of Medicine. That Acland was the man to succeed him no one at Oxford disputed, but in Crown patronage there must always be an element of uncertainty. Mr. Gladstone, no longer a member of the Cabinet, was

[1] Skidmore was the artificer in metal who had constructed the supporting iron foliage of the area. The mock Statute, according to Mr. Tuckwell (*Reminiscences*, p. 160), was believed to have been 'rough-hewn by Lewis Carroll, handed round the common-room, retouched by Gordon, Bode, and the rest, the final touch of "skidmorized" for "skeletonized" being supplied by Prout.'

by no means free from apprehension, and interested himself earnestly but discreetly on his friend's behalf. Happily, there was no cause for uneasiness, and Acland was duly appointed. In writing to convey his thanks and acceptance he had alluded to the old Harrow intimacy between his father and the Prime Minister. The letter produced a gratifying answer.

BROADLANDS,
October 25, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am much obliged to you for your letter of the 17th, and I can assure you that it was a real gratification to me to find that the candidate who was pointed out by universal concurrence as the fittest, was the son of my much valued and esteemed friend and schoolfellow, Sir Thomas Acland.

Yours sincerely,
PALMERSTON.

And the following letter from Dr. Latham will show something of the position which Acland had by this time come to occupy in the eyes of the leaders of his profession:

I rejoice in your appointment to the Regius Professorship—you have won it for yourself. The voice of the profession, if it had a voice in the matter, would have given it you. As it is in name, so, *held by you*, it will be in deed and in truth the highest office of our profession. None of your predecessors in my remembrance either did or could make anything of it. The fault was partly in themselves, partly in the times. But now the man and the times join to make it what it is capable of—your work in Oxford during the last ten years has gained you personally a great character, and to this will now be added the authority of office—your power will now be equal to your desire of doing good.

Forgive my preachments from the old text. This new office must furnish the excuse, rather the necessity, of escape from the worry of serving everybody, and every good cause that comes within your reach every day of your life—I don't

recommend *otium cum dignitate*—there is no fear of that—but for your own sake and for the sake of the good which from henceforth you hope to do, I do recommend that you should limit the objects of your labour and thought to a few great ones—'Good Luck have you with your Honour.'

The news of his appointment reached Acland in the midst of a strenuous election contest. Besides the Regius Professorship, Dr. Ogle had held the Clinical Professorship of Medicine on Lord Lichfield's foundation, a post in the gift of Convocation, and for this office Acland had presented himself as a candidate. The two Chairs had not always been held in conjunction, and there was no necessary connexion between them. But the Regius Professor was debarred from practical medical teaching—unless he was Clinical Professor as well—by an old-standing regulation of the Radcliffe Infirmary which made the Clinical Professor master of the medical department there. The Governors had conferred upon this latter, in 1781, the right of claiming any cases that might come into the wards, even though they had been 'taken in' by the Regius Professor, and though he might have intended to deliver instruction to students upon them. So long as the Regius Professor made no effort to use his office for the purpose of practical teaching—the course followed by Dr. Kidd—no inconvenience need follow from this regulation or from the severance of the Chairs. But it is obviously impossible for a physician to give any effective clinical instruction in Medicine unless he has the free and unfettered use of at least some part of the hospital which he attends. Deprived of all power within the walls of the Infirmary, Acland felt that the Regius Professorship would be a fertile source of humiliation, a feeling in which he was strengthened by his ten years' experience as Physician to that establishment.

To hold the Clinical Professorship by itself he had small ambition, and, as the date on which Convocation was to proceed to the election drew near, the delay

in filling up the Regius Chair caused considerable embarrassment. Dr. Jackson, also a resident physician in the city, had been put in nomination for the Clinical, and it was known that he would be strongly supported. It was necessary for Acland's friends to bestir themselves, and Liddell issued a strong appeal in his behalf. He recapitulated Acland's eminent services in organizing both the New Museum and the physiological instruction to be given there. He dwelt on his past work as Lee's Reader, and the physiological and pathological collections founded entirely by his efforts, and largely at his own expense. He recalled the fact that in the Christ Church Museum he had lectured regularly to students from all parts of the University, and had kept the rooms open throughout the day for all who might choose to avail themselves of their contents for purposes of private study. Acland's medical experience and skill were matters of common knowledge, his consulting practice in Oxford and the neighbourhood was second to none, and the Dean appealed to the heads of the profession in London and Edinburgh as to the position occupied by him among the practising physicians of the country. His devotion and energy during the cholera visitation, and his valuable report upon that epidemic and upon the whole sanitary condition of the Thames Valley, were still fresh in their memories. The Dean added that he had Acland's authority for stating that, if elected, it was his intention to resign the Lee's Readership and to devote himself to Pathology and Practical Medicine.

I have no personal or party feeling (he said in conclusion), but I confess to being deeply interested in the result of the election. I have long cherished a hope of seeing the University again connected with the practical elementary studies necessary for the professions of Law and Medicine. The School of Law and History offers ground for expectation, not immediate, perhaps, but perhaps not very far distant, of seeing our Academical Instruction made useful for Law

Students. The School of Physical Science, if supported by such Hospital Instruction as Dr. Acland could and would give[1], offers a much nearer prospect of restoring our ancient alliance with the Faculty of Medicine. For every reason, therefore, both of justice to persons and of justice to the University, I shall, without intending any disrespect to his opponent, give my vote to Dr. Acland.'

Liddell's vigorous intervention was not calculated to conciliate opposition. There was a dash of the schoolmaster about it, which the members of Convocation did not appreciate, and it produced a flood of counter appeals on the part of Dr. Jackson's supporters. The University was asked not to stultify itself by tamely accepting a Crown nominee, and it was more than hinted that Acland's labours in anatomy and physiology would prove a disqualification for success as a clinical teacher. In reply to this it was thought advisable that a few of those who had received clinical instruction from him as Physician to the Infirmary should publicly record their witness 'to the great care, knowledge, and skill which made his teaching invaluable, to the clear manner in which he gave information, and to his attention to the requirements of his pupils.' Among the signatories were Dr. James Andrew, Dr. Fox of Bristol, and Mr. Charles Pearson.

There was good cause for anxiety as to the result of the election. Acland's exertions in the struggle for the Museum, not yet finally ended, had brought a hornets' nest about his ears. There was no particular desire among the Governors of the Infirmary to see fresh authority in the hands of their Physician, whose revolutionary ideas had already caused them much trouble and expense. The electors were urged 'to pause even at the threshold of the Convocation House,' before they 'heaped all the honours and emoluments of the profession upon one man.' The main strength, however,

[1] Through no fault of Acland's this anticipation was destined to a very partial fulfilment.

of Dr. Jackson, apart from his professional qualifications, which none for a moment impugned, lay in the fact that he was a Wykehamist. It was the boast of Winchester and New College that they could carry any election in Oxford, and that they had never been defeated when they had once 'gone in to win.' What was not unjustly called 'the tremendous influence of Winchester' was brought into the field. Liddell gave vent to his feelings concerning the *esprit de corps* which seemed destined to prove fatal to his friend in the following lines:

'Inter Wiccamicos lex immutabilis esto,
  Per fas atque nefas semper adesse suis.
"Quid meruit" rogitas? Cur tu hoc, insulse, moraris?
  Est de Wiccamicis; omnia commeruit.'

But the opposition had roused the equally deep-rooted clannishness of the West of England. The men not only of Devon, but of Cornwall, Dorset, and Somerset, in all of which counties the name of Acland had strong associations, territorial and otherwise, were up in arms. A strong canvass was instituted. The West Country members of Convocation trooped up to Oxford on the day of the poll, Sir Thomas Acland made his last public appearance in his old University, and the Regius Professor—for that appointment had been made ten days previously—was triumphantly elected to the Clinical Chair. It should be mentioned that among those who then, as ever, supported him loyally and effectually was the veteran Dr. Daubeny. Acland's elevation to the rank of a Professor was not allowed to pass unnoticed by his old college, and in 1859 he was elected an Honorary Student of Christ Church. The compliment was largely enhanced in his eyes by the fact that the same distinction was on the same day conferred upon Ruskin.

Acland was now free to embark upon that course of practical reform which he had marked out for himself from the days when the shortcomings of Oxford as a

place of medical education had first forced themselves upon him. I have shown that, at the date of his appointment as Lee's Reader, the teaching of the natural sciences was at its lowest ebb, and that the means of practical instruction in them were non-existent. The state of Medicine was in just the same plight. Dr. Kidd, the Regius Professor, ceased to lecture when he resigned the Lee's Readership; Dr. Ogle had only an occasional pupil at the Radcliffe Infirmary: once a year, on an average, a student presented himself to be examined for the Oxford M.B.[1] or to read a thesis for the Doctorate. Acland had been one of the few to do so, but the Oxford Medical Degree was little sought after, although no graduate in Medicine was eligible for the Fellowship of the Royal College of Physicians unless he had obtained the M.D. of Oxford or Cambridge University. All Souls had ceased to fill up the four medical Fellowships provided for on her foundation, which in former years had been held by Sydenham and Linacre and Millington[2]. There were not forty men on the books of all the different colleges and halls in Oxford with M.D. or M.B. to their names. It was evident that Oxford was doing but little to encourage its graduates to take up the study of Medicine or Surgery.

No one regretted this state of things so much as the cultivated and foreseeing leaders of Medicine, the men with whom Acland had been brought in contact in London and Edinburgh, of whom Alison and Brodie may be taken as types. They held that it was of immense importance, not only to the order of physicians, but to the profession generally, that more members of the English

[1] The number of graduates who took the M.B. from 1840 to 1854 was fourteen.

[2] Both the latter became presidents of the College of Physicians. Between 1518 and 1871, with only four exceptions (two of which are doubtful), every President of the Royal College of Physicians was M.D. Oxon. or Cantab.

Universities should be induced to enter the medical profession. To bring this about, to give the University the same touch with Medicine as with Law and Theology, to provide for medical students all facilities for a liberal education as well as for the sciences which lie at the foundation of rational and practical Medicine, was the aim of Acland's Oxford life. The establishment of the Natural Science School and the foundation of the New Museum had a twofold value in his eyes. On the one hand they widened the whole course of University study, and gave the mass of the undergraduates opportunities hitherto denied to them; on the other they rendered it possible for those who had chosen Medicine as a career to obtain the groundwork of their professional education amid the surroundings of University life. At the same time it was an essential part of his medical creed that Oxford should not attempt to supply a substitute for the special and technical instruction obtained in the wards of the great hospitals, and that there should be no tampering with the general standard of University teaching in order to attract medical students to Oxford.

These, briefly speaking, were the principles which guided him during his fifty years as a teacher at Oxford. The language in which he gave vent to them in his letter to Dr. Jacobson[1], published in 1848, might have been employed *mutatis mutandis* in his pamphlet *Oxford and Modern Medicine*, written in 1891. I have quoted from the former of these publications some passages which dealt with the introduction of Natural Science teaching into Oxford. The latter part of it dealt with the responsibilities and prospects of the University considered as a body possessing the privilege of granting Medical Degrees and licences to practise, and it was written under the inspiration of Sir Benjamin Brodie, then the highest and most trusted authority in England on education as applied to Medicine.

[1] See p. 152, *supra*.

In the first place he sought about for some mode of giving reality and substance to the Oxford Medical Degrees.

They do not prove that their possessors have had a medical education here, for we have no Medical School, nor do they guarantee that their holder has received a general Oxford education, inasmuch as a Dublin man may obtain one. They only prove that the graduate in Medicine has passed a medical examination here. He *may* have had his non-professional and *must* have had his professional education elsewhere. He need not have spent a week in the place.

Acland might have added with regard to the degree of Doctor of Medicine that there was no check whatever on the subject of the thesis for which it was conferred. It might have been given, as was once said, 'for a knowledge of volcanoes, for a considerable acquaintance with the atomic theory, or with the botany of Virgil.'

To remedy these anomalies there were two possible plans—either to make the education equivalent to the nominal value of the degree, or to reduce the value of the degree to the standard of some known place of education. For the first plan it would be necessary to create an efficient Medical School at Oxford; for the second it would be necessary to confine the degree of M.D. to those who had already obtained a licence to practise from the College of Physicians, and to grant the degree of M.B., *without licence to practise*[1], to men

[1] This proposed abandonment of the power to license roused the ire of the Warden of Wadham, the famous 'Ben' Symons. 'You mistake the matter,' he said; 'you are considering the merits of the case. Your business is to maintain our privileges.' But Acland clung to the view that it would be a good thing for the University if the Oxford Medical Degree was conferred only as an honour upon graduates who were already legally qualified to practise their profession by having passed the examinations of one of the numerous licensing bodies. By this means he considered that the Oxford M.D. would to a very large extent be freed from the merely professional element of a licence to practise, and would

who had passed the B.A. examination in Arts, and had satisfied the examiners in the general fundamental sciences of Natural Philosophy and such other subjects as would be a proper preparation for the study of Practical Medicine.

Now I object (he writes) to the first of these two plans—that of establishing a Medical School here, for two reasons:

1st. Because there are already a sufficient number of Medical Schools in the Empire; another is not wanted.

2nd. Because if an additional school were wanted, I do not think Oxford the best place for such school. Oxford is a county town of no large size, so that the hospital cases are far more limited in number than in the metropolis of this or other countries; a large field for clinical observation is absolutely necessary for a good Medical School. A small hospital will teach any man much; a large one will teach him more. To most medical students every day in the wards is precious; and the more they can see in the days of their pupilage, the better for them in the years of their practice. I do not mean to say that a large Medical School *cannot* be created by a great man, on the basis of a small hospital, either here or elsewhere, just as a Chemical School has been created at Giessen by Liebig; or as a Law School might have been created by Blackstone here in Oxford. But, whatever success attended such a school, it would probably die with its founder. The want of extensive hospital practice, as well as of the advantages attendant on early reputation in London, and other large towns, will sooner or later make a school in a town of this size (found it who may) inferior to the schools of London, or Edinburgh, or Paris, or Dublin.

But though the establishment of a complete School of Medicine at Oxford was not in his opinion either likely or desirable, there was no such difficulty in the way of 'a school for the branches of knowledge introductory to the study of Medicine.' Acland's own experience at St. George's was fresh in his mind, as he pointed out

become a distinction, stamping the holder of it as a man with special attainments in some branch of Medicine or Surgery or in one of the sciences allied to them.

how at the outset of his London course the mind of the medical student was distracted and his time taken up by the multiplicity of the subjects which had to be studied at one time.

Often he has to attend four or five lectures in a day, on various subjects, besides his hospital practice; by the time these are over he is perhaps so worn out that he has no time or energy to arrange and order what he has heard, still less to inquire further and examine books illustrative or explanatory of the lectures.

But if he could dispose of these preliminary studies during his Oxford residence, in quiet college courts, away from the bustle and hurry of the hospital, he would be able to enter upon his strictly professional subjects with a more receptive mind, and with ampler leisure for extending and improving his professional knowledge to the uttermost. With such encouragement it would be reasonable to hope for a steady increase in the number of men who pass through Oxford to the professions of Medicine and Surgery. But if this increase were to set in it would be essential to check any tendency to collect the medical students into a separate body. To allow this would be to deprive them of one great use of a University education—the intercourse between mind and mind, unfettered by narrow views and professional bias. Above all,

Let no clamour or argument induce the University to require less of classical and religious education of those who proceed in Medicine than of those who only proceed in Arts. The whole value of our Medical Degrees (whatever that be) is lost, if there is in this place any *substitution* of professional knowledge for general education. We only wish to *engraft* a semi-professional upon our general education, and to send out the medical student better prepared to enter upon the perplexing and difficult studies which await him at the great hospitals, able to avail himself more fully of their teaching and experience.

So wrote Acland at the age of thirty-three, an instance of that completeness of mental vision which had so impressed Ruskin, and of the imaginative foresight which anticipates consequences and contingencies. As a witness before the University Commissioners of 1850 he was able to give further expression to these views and to urge as a preliminary to any reform in the Faculty of Medicine the rearrangement of the Medical and Anatomical Professorships. A practical step in this direction was taken by the foundation, in 1859, of the Linacre Professorship of Physiology, and the obligation to teach Anatomy was thus tardily recognized by the University. But the Chairs of Medicine remained untouched[1], and it was, as we have seen, a mere accident that Acland succeeded in reuniting them. His main object in undergoing the worry and annoyance of a contest for the Clinical Chair had been with a view to future changes. It was only worth £200 a year, and as he was pledged, if elected, to resign the Lee's Readership, which was of the same value, he had no pecuniary interest in the matter; but he saw that it was of the first importance, when the next process in University Reform was reached, that he should be in a position to facilitate any readjustment of the teaching functions. And he felt strongly that it was intolerable that the Regius Professor of Medicine should be without any official status in the Radcliffe Infirmary. As a working Chair Acland found the Clinical Professorship of infinitesimal value, and after twenty years' experience he advocated its conversion into a Professorship of Comparative Pathology. The number of students desirous of receiving clinical instruction never rose above one or two at a time, the difficulties in the way of organizing classes for them proved insuperable, and though he

[1] Except that the Tomline Praelectorship and the Aldrichian Professorship of Anatomy, which were previously annexed to the Regius Professorship of Medicine, were transferred to the Linacre Chair.

tried to institute special clinical courses for members of the University who contemplated parochial or missionary work, the response he met with was not of an encouraging nature.

As Regius Professor, Acland found nothing in the way of precedent to guide him. The salary was not large, under £500 a year; there was no residence, for possession of Frewin Hall, which for a time was assigned to some of his predecessors, had long ago been resumed, on the termination of a long lease, by Brasenose, the college to which it belonged. There was no laboratory, no scientific appliances, no assistants, and no means of obtaining any. Nor were there any traditions with regard to teaching. The old books declared that it was the duty of the Regius Professor of Medicine to read on Tuesdays and Fridays in Term time either Hippocrates or Galen at eight in the morning in the school appointed for the Faculty. This remnant of Caroline days had long fallen into desuetude. The revival of similar 'readings' from more modern authors, and at a more reasonable hour, might have satisfied the conception of a Professor as a lecturing machine, but Medicine is not a subject which can be taught or learnt in this manner. Until the University made provision for the effective teaching of Medicine, Acland felt that his work must lie in other paths, and notably in the reform of the examinations for the Medical Degrees for which as Regius Professor he was responsible.

On his appointment he found practically no machinery, no records, no system; all was to be created. He felt keenly the necessity of making Surgery a necessary subject for a Medical Degree. But the Oxford University Statutes only accepted Oxford Doctors of Medicine as examiners in their school, and the idea of going outside the University graduates was as yet unbroached. The Oxford Doctors of Medicine who possessed the necessary knowledge for examining in Surgery were few in number, and it was not to be

expected that surgeons who were Oxford graduates would be induced to proceed to the degree of Doctor merely in order to qualify as medical examiners. Yet something must be done if the basis of the examination was to be broadened, and by dint of persistent pleading he obtained a Statute which permitted Masters of Arts to become examiners for the degree in Medicine. Later on, a further step was taken, and the final concession was obtained from Convocation allowing examiners to be appointed who were not even Oxford graduates. With the limits of choice so widely enlarged, he was able eventually to bring in such men as Sir William Turner from Edinburgh, and Dr. Clifford Allbutt from Cambridge.

But this was the work of years, and in the meanwhile he did not allow it to be supposed that the occupant of the Chair was, in Puritan phraseology, a 'dumb dog.' The study of sanitation, the science of public health, and what is comprehensively termed hygiene, were not yet out of the embryonic stage, and it seemed to Acland that something might be done in this direction by lectures both to members of the University and to the outside public. These lectures he was able to supplement with a novel form of demonstration.

Part of the emolument of the Regius Professorship was derived from the Hospital of Ewelme, of which the Professor was ex-officio Master. The affairs of the Hospital had been the subject of a Chancery suit which lasted during the whole professoriate of Dr. Ogle and substantially affected his income, as it entailed a temporary suspension of cash payments. The suit was now at an end, and as Master of the Hospital Acland was able materially to improve the condition of the inmates and to exercise a beneficent influence over those who were virtually his tenants. Among the estates out of which the Mastership was endowed were some farms in the village of Marsh Gibbon in Buckinghamshire. When the newly appointed Professor first visited this Midland 'Auburn' it was a type of what the Enclosure Acts, combined

with non-resident landlords and a Chancery suit, can, or could, do to a once smiling hamlet. Half-ruined cottages, a grey old Elizabethan manor-house drifting into decay, a shallow pit of brown peat-coloured water, serving as the reservoir for the inhabitants and as the common drinking-ground of the sheep and cattle, were the most salient features of the village. A knot of dwellings, freehold for the most part, and bearing the obscure title of 'The College,' stood in the midst of a tiny sea of dark brown slush. Against each of them leaned its pigsty, and the muck-sodden earthen floor of the lower rooms was scarcely less crazy than the gaping planks of the upper story. To this upper realm the only access was by a ladder, frequently defective in its rungs: and a room twelve feet by ten afforded sleeping accommodation to a dozen persons—father, mother, and grown-up boys and girls. Lace-making, by which the scanty wages of the families were eked out, was taught in a room where thirteen children enjoyed 504 feet of cubic space between them.

The character of the population was in unison with its surroundings. A sullen savagery was the prevailing note: the men who were connected with the working of the Enclosure Acts went in fear of their lives; a solitary policeman would never have dared to enter the village, and postboys hesitated about driving through it at night. Even the beauty of the warm June evening on which Acland first saw Marsh Gibbon could not cast any glamour over the squalid misery of the villagers: poverty, disease, and all their attendant curses were apparent even on the surface.

It would take too long to tell how, with the cordial assistance of the other Ewelme Trustees, of whom the Dukes of Buckingham and Marlborough and the Earls of Jersey and Macclesfield were leading members, he gradually introduced order and decency into the place. Well-built and weather-proof cottages, a system of careful and effective drainage, and a well-contrived

water-supply were the ultimate fruits of his labours. Hither once or twice a year he would bring from Oxford a class composed of undergraduates, clergymen, medical men, and, sometimes, ladies, and would give a practical lecture on the fundamental laws of health, on the construction of village dwellings, and on the causes of preventable disease. The ruins of the old cottages combined with the vivid recollections of the Professor were enough to reconstitute the past. Even the present had its lessons of warning, for some of the village homes, however picturesque and comfortable in appearance, were by no means models of sanitation.

Acland always regarded those country excursions as a most valuable ingredient in the study of National Health, and as an appropriate discharge of public duty on the part of a teacher of Medicine. Towards the people of Marsh Gibbon his proofs of interest and affection were unceasing: besides acting in conjunction with the estate-agent as a general redresser of wrongs, and appeal court in case of need, he maintained at his own charges a village dispensary and helped liberally in the establishment of a reading-room. It was often his custom, when jaded by overwork, to pay a flying visit there in the summer afternoon, and sleep at a small farm-house, sharing in the humble fare of the inmates and joining with them in their simple evening worship. He has given a description of one such scene in the best known and most interesting of all his published writings[1].

There was another direction in which Acland considered that he was enabled to serve the University as Professor—in the capacity, namely, of the Oxford representative on the General Council of Medical Education and Registration, which had come into existence within a year of his appointment. The need of some central body in the medical profession capable of

[1] *Health in the Village*, written for the International Health Exhibition, 1884, p. 80.

regulating and standardizing the qualifications to be possessed by its practitioners had long been recognized. There were in the United Kingdom no less than twenty-one[1] separate licensing bodies, entirely independent of one another, which possessed the power of issuing certificates, and of conferring titles that purported to be evidence that the holder was qualified or competent to practise Medicine. The tests imposed by these bodies differed widely, and the titles they conferred were in many cases only recognized within certain localities. It was admitted that laxity as well as diversity often characterized the granting of these licences, and that the qualifications were obtained on very insufficient evidence, while the legal restraint upon imposture was ludicrously slight. The public had no guarantee that the holding of a medical qualification or the use of a medical title implied the attainment of any definite standard of professional skill. And the doctors suffered from the discredit which was cast upon the profession as a whole by their inability to exclude the unqualified and the disqualified. There were other reforms, such as the provision of machinery for the removal of unworthy members of the profession, which were urgently needed, but which the absence of a central medical body tended to postpone indefinitely; and nearly every session of Parliament from 1840 onwards saw the introduction of some bill or other intended to constitute a council which should deal with medical education and other matters necessarily involved in such a scheme.

As far back as 1847 Acland had been consulted by prominent members of the House of Commons with regard to the feasibility of a General Council, its powers, and the principles on which it should be constituted[2].

[1] Including the 'Lambeth degree' of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

[2] It was with special reference to Sir James Graham's bill in 1848 that Acland published the recommendations contained in his letter to Dr. Jacobson.

Finally the Medical Act of 1858 was passed, which created a Central Council for the United Kingdom consisting of twenty-four members, six of whom were nominated by the Crown; seventeen were to be elected by the Universities and the various Colleges of Physicians, Surgeons, and Apothecaries in England, Scotland, and Ireland; the chairman chosen by the Council itself made the twenty-fourth. It was the duty of the Council to keep and publish a register of qualified practitioners; to require information from the several licensing bodies in regard to the qualifications enforced by them; to report to the Privy Council any licensing body which seemed to be acting irregularly; and to erase from the Register the names of practitioners who had been struck off by their own licensing bodies, who had been convicted at law of certain offences, or who were judged guilty by the Council of 'infamous conduct in any professional respect.' To these educational and disciplinary functions Parliament added the compilation and publication of an authoritative Pharmacopoeia.

The constitution of the Council was the crux which had proved fatal to so many previous endeavours. The principle adopted was that equality was equity, and neither the Royal College of Physicians in London nor the Royal College of Surgeons had more than their one member apiece, while the Queen's University of Ireland had the same representation. If the Council was to win the confidence of the profession at the outset, the Royal, or rather the Ministerial, prerogative of nomination would require the greatest discretion in its exercise. As the following letter shows, Acland was much consulted in this delicate duty by Mr. Spencer Walpole, the Home Secretary, on whom the administration of the Act mainly depended.

MY DEAR DR. ACLAND,

I am much obliged to you for your kind information of Dr. Brodie's opinion, and your own as far as it goes, but they do not, I fear, very much help me.

However, I have made up my mind, and the names I shall propose, if they all accept, will be Professor Christison (Scotland) and Dr. Stokes (Ireland), Sir James Clarke and Mr. Lawrence (London), Mr. J. C. Hastings and Mr. Teale (the Provinces). Dr. Watson will, I hear, be elected for the College of Physicians.

I hope I have made such a selection as will, upon the whole, give the greatest satisfaction to the Profession and to the Public generally—of course either they or any other selection would be open to criticism; but I doubt whether a better could well be made. Sure I am, I have had but one object.

Yours ever,

Very faithfully,

S. H. WALPOLE.

With strong views as to the possibilities before the Council, Acland combined a wide knowledge of the personnel in the higher walks of his profession and of the degrees of encouragement or discouragement which might be expected from sundry bearers of distinguished names. He himself had been naturally suggested as a Crown nominee, but the University of Oxford had a prior lien on him. The first sitting of the Council was held on November 23, 1858, and it fell to Acland's lot to propose as President his old friend and master Sir Benjamin Brodie.

Into the work of the Council Acland threw himself from the very first meeting, and he acquired an influence there which led twenty years later to his election as President. It cannot perhaps be said that the Council has in all respects satisfied the expectations of its promoters, but it has accomplished a very notable work in unifying the profession and placing the entrances to it under trustworthy guardianship. The several licensing bodies have submitted themselves to a 'levelling up' process, and the elaborate recommendations as to study and examination which the Council has circulated from time to time have been very generally adopted.

It was on this educational side of the Council that Acland's activities were conspicuously displayed, and the labour entailed was enormous. It was permitted to the Council to send visitors to inspect the conduct of the examinations held by the various licensing bodies; on these missions he was occasionally employed, and it was mainly through his agency that the visitors were welcomed at Oxford and were allowed the privilege of access to the candidates' papers, and permission to take them away to London or elsewhere. And in the entire remodelling of the Oxford medical examination he was able in many respects to give practical effect to the recommendations of the Council.

CHAPTER X

THE ROYAL PHYSICIANSHIP—VISIT TO AMERICA WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES

1858–1860

IN the last week of July, 1858, just as he was preparing for a holiday trip in Wales with Liddell, Acland received a Royal command to dine and sleep at Osborne, the Dean being included in the invitation. It was his first introduction to his Sovereign, and the visit was in every way delightful. The Solent was looking its brightest, and the birthday of the Prince Consort was being celebrated with feasting and sports for the tenants of the estate and the crews of the yachts. All the Queen's children were there, with the exception of the Prince of Wales; and Acland was particularly attracted by the young Prince Alfred, better known in after life as the Duke of Edinburgh. After dinner the Queen honoured him with a conversation about Oxford and the Museum, and the Prince Consort walked him about the terraces and statues in the moonlight, talking botany. The object of the invitation, it transpired, was to ascertain whether he would be willing to accept the medical charge of the Prince of Wales during his impending residence at Oxford.

No definite arrangement was made, and Acland and Liddell duly carried out their Welsh programme. But early in September the former received a letter from Sir James Clarke, the Queen's physician, saying that the Prince Consort, who was then at Balmoral, very much wished to see him with regard to the Prince of Wales, and on 'some other points of importance,'

and proposing that he should come up and spend a day or two at Birk Hall, Sir James's home when the Court was in the Highlands. Acland started on the 20th, and on the 22nd learned the cause of his being summoned.

Yesterday brought out the object of my visit (he wrote to his wife). I am sorry to say the Queen put off an excursion till to-day which had been fixed for yesterday. I did not see her; the whole business was transacted with the Prince. I leave to-day for Braemar, and to-morrow go to Leeds to see Sir Benjamin Brodie. The question I have to answer is whether I should like to succeed Sir James Clarke as the personal Physician of the Queen and Prince Consort. I proposed to leave it to Sir Benjamin to decide, a determination which greatly pleased the Prince. The whole was pure business of the most unreserved and straightforward kind, and has but confirmed the impression I had of the Prince's intellectual powers, and increased my interest in him and feelings of personal esteem[1]. Sir C. Phipps said of him, as we had a walk after our conversation was ended, 'he had never known such another man, so pure, so just, so sympathizing.'

It had been agreed that Brodie's verdict should be absolutely decisive, and Acland must have anticipated that it would be adverse, for the Prince, as he left him, said, shaking hands and laughing, 'Now do not go and bet too heavily against your own horse.' On arriving at Leeds he found that Sir Benjamin had left for London, and he followed him to his country home at Broome Park. A day later Mrs. Acland was informed by her husband that 'by Sir Benjamin's advice I write definitely to decline.' His reasons are best given in his letter to the Prince Consort:

After the fullest consideration that we can give I am

[1] Acland wrote to Dean Liddell of this same occasion, 'The Prince won my heart more than ever: he showed heart and gentleness and thorough kindness, as well as his usual sagacity and clearness.'

forced to the conclusion that it is my positive duty to represent to Your Royal Highness that I do not consider myself to be among those from whom a succession to the duties now performed by Sir James Clarke can safely be selected. We think that the strength which has sufficed for the intermittent work of Oxford would not suffice in London: I must reckon on having more to do in London than I have had in Oxford; for if I were to move thither I ought to strive to keep the same professional standing there which I had in Oxford. If I did not succeed it would reflect discredit on the Queen's physician; and if I did, sad experience has shown me that from time to time my health would certainly fail. Your Royal Highness would then have the trouble of making another selection, and Her Majesty would endure the inconvenience of another change.

Further, I should be expected to take an active part in various public questions; and I should be consulted upon them, having a very various acquaintance in London. I I attended to them I should be distracted from the business which brought me thither, to be a thorough, practical physician; if I did not attend to them, it would produce dissatisfaction which I should not like to bring upon one of the Royal Household.

Those are circumstances which affect not the office but me: they would not influence either a strong man, or one who had not been by circumstances brought before the public in various matters not absolutely belonging to a physician.

All this I beg dutifully to submit to Your Royal Highness. I ought, perhaps, to say no more, but I cannot end without adding that I shall look back on the conversations I have had on the subject, and concerning His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, as among the most fortunate moments of my life, giving me fresh ground not only of gratitude for your personal kindness, but causing me as an Englishman increased thankfulness for Your Royal Highness's example.

I shall return to my duties as one of the Queen's professors with renewed desire to further in all ways in my power Your Royal Highness's large views for the education and wellbeing of the people of England.

A draft of this letter was sent to Sir Thomas Acland, who returned it with the endorsement, 'All right! Like a gentleman.' It was acknowledged by the Prince Consort in very kind terms; while not disguising his disappointment he allowed that the reasons contained in the letter and the advice of so competent a friend and counsellor as Brodie were conclusive as to the prudence of the decision. In a letter of the same date to Liddell, Acland was at pains to insist that no formal offer had been made: 'The object of the conversation with the Prince was to explain to me Sir James Clarke's duties, with a view to my being enabled to judge whether I would undertake them. (I may not *refuse an offer*; therefore no offer was made, so Sir C. B. Phipps expounded to me.)' And he put in a nutshell Brodie's dilemma: 'If I succeeded in London as a first-class physician I could not stand it; and if I did not I should have had no business to be the Queen's physician.' Brodie also appears to have laid stress on the extreme importance of the work which Acland was doing at Oxford, and the impossibility of replacing him. A few years later, when it seemed probable that the offer might be renewed, he expressed in a letter to his father an opinion that Sir Benjamin had estimated the Oxford life too highly, and had been blind to its disadvantages. But in the light of future events there can be little difference of opinion that Sir Benjamin was right, and that Acland, if he had become a Court physician, would have gained little, while Oxford would have suffered grievous loss.

In the October Term of 1859 the Prince of Wales came into residence at Oxford. He was entered as a Nobleman at Christ Church, but he resided in a private house[1], Frewin Hall, under the direction of General Bruce. It had been arranged that Acland was to

[1] Acland had placed his own house in Broad Street at the disposal of the Prince, and there had been negotiations for a house close to the Botanical Gardens, presumably Dr. Tuckwell's.

be attached to his person as medical adviser, and the responsibility was duly assumed. Fortunately the duties were not onerous; the Prince enjoyed excellent health, and on the rare occasions when the care of a physician was necessary he was a most docile patient. The post was one for which Acland was admirably suited, and which he filled to perfection. He was endowed by nature with the gift of perfect simplicity, which carries a man unscathed and undaunted through every form of social vicissitude. Possessed of no small share of that 'grand manner' which birth alone can give, he was at his ease alike with the highest and the lowest in the land, and seemed unconscious of the existence of any distinction; but at the same time loyalty and reverence for his Sovereign were part of his religion. He felt towards Queen Victoria and her children as his cavalier ancestors had felt towards the Stuarts:

> The king shall follow Christ, and we the king,
> In whom High God hath breathed a secret thing.

He was no slavish worshipper of authority, nor was the Royal House hedged round, to his eyes, by any immunity from the failings of ordinary men and women. But in his creed and practice, to honour the king followed close upon the injunction to fear God, and the personal relation in which for over forty years he stood with the various members of the Royal Family only tended to strengthen more and more the feeling of sacred duty with which he undertook the care of the Prince of Wales in 1859. He had the gratification of knowing that his services were not unappreciated, and the unfailing kindness and consideration of his Royal Mistress and her children were a source of pride and consolation to him in joy and in sorrow. The Prince of Wales during his sojourn at Oxford was a constant visitor at the house in Broad Street; he felt, like all the world beside, the attraction which Mrs. Acland never

failed to exercise upon those who were brought in contact with her; he was a not unfrequent member of the evening circle in the little drawing-room; and in the simple friendly letters which he found leisure to write from time to time to his old physician he always remembered to send some kindly message to Mrs. Acland and the members of her family.

In the course of the next year an invitation to cross the Atlantic and represent his Mother at the opening of the Montreal bridge over the St. Lawrence, and the laying of the foundation-stone of the Parliament House at Ottawa, was accepted by the Prince of Wales[1]. It was the first occasion on which the heir to the throne had visited a British Colony, or indeed, since the Crusades, had travelled outside Europe. Canada was far off in those days; it was thinly populated and little known; and public opinion had scarcely decided whether Colonies were a nuisance or not. Still the Royal tour was a great event, and the most sluggish imagination could hardly fail to be impressed by it. The Prince's suite was carefully selected. The Duke of Newcastle went with him as Secretary for the Colonies, Lord St. Germains, an experienced courtier, was directly in charge of his person, assisted by General Bruce, and Acland was asked to join the party as medical attendant. It was a serious responsibility, but he had no hesitation in accepting such a mark of confidence. His practice was left to itself. Rolleston kindly undertook to act as his deputy in University matters. Mrs. Acland and the children were bestowed in lodgings at the seaside, and in the first week of July he was at Osborne ready to start.

On the 9th of that month H.M.S. *Hero*, under the command of Commodore Seymour, set sail with the

[1] Canada had raised a regiment during the Crimean War, and begged hard for a visit from the Queen. That being impossible, they asked for a Royal Prince as Governor-General. Finally the arrangement in the text was arrived at.

Prince and his suite on board[1]. Though it was the height of summer the weather was cold and disagreeable. They ran for nearly 1,000 miles, seeing no star and scarcely the sun; and the latter part of the voyage was rendered to some degree hazardous by the fogs which hung around the shores of Canada. During part of the time the *Hero* was towed by her consort the *Ariadne*, in order to allow of husbanding her coal for emergencies. Acland enjoyed the life on board ship with all the old zest of his days in the Mediterranean three-and-twenty years before, and possessed an immunity from sea-sickness which was not shared by the rest of the party. He records how, while the Prince of Wales lay in his cot overcome by the pitching of the ship, he enlivened the tedium of the day by reading to him four cantos of 'Hiawatha.'

You will imagine (he writes) that we have much conversation. I seldom get up till breakfast, as I *crois devoir* take it easy—a life, by the way, I am getting quite tired of. We breakfast in state; i.e. meet in the Prince's cabin, and he goes into the common cabin first, we after; the Duke on one side of the middle of the table where H.R.H. sits, Teesdale[2] at the bottom, the Commodore at the top, Bruce opposite H.R.H., I usually next Bruce, the other equerry and secretary anywhere of the remaining two seats. Three sorts of hot meat or cold are handed round; we have done chatting by 9.45; the Prince rises, and we file off. Lord St. Germains is very precise; and we (the Oxford party) not being so, bow exceedingly to correspond, relaxing afterwards to our own dear selves, H.R.H. enjoying both performances to the utmost; then we go to read, usually either in the 'Lords-in-waiting' cabin, or the main cabin

[1] The voyage down the Solent on the Royal yacht made an indelible impression on Acland's mind: see Sir Theodore Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort*, vol. iv, p. 13.

[2] Sir Christopher Teesdale, Equerry to the Prince of Wales from 1858 to 1890. He was one of the heroes of the defence of Kars, and, together with General Bruce, had been in attendance on the Prince during his residence at Oxford.

all together, or in our cabins *ad libitum*. Lunch at 1.30, and dinner at 6.

The Duke of Newcastle has quite won my heart; he is so honest; so just; so full of various knowledge, not profound but extensive and sensible; so without any desire for form, beyond what is his own nature, that I am getting quite a regard for him. Bruce[1] I wonder at more and more—I do not know hardly what he has not thought upon; pinch him where you will, and he gives out thought or its fruits. He reads a great deal and reflects on what he reads. He is hard at work at Bancroft[2].

Another entry records how the Prince had lunch with the middies, and how a sea suddenly broke in the stern light and pretty well swept them from the table. On another occasion Acland himself visited the gun-room, sat and chatted with 'the young gentlemen,' and arranged to give them a drawing-lesson. This friendliness was reciprocated in a practical manner. Rising early in the morning to see the sunrise, he was conducted down below by a hospitable middy, introduced to another of the same rank who was boiling cocoa in the stoke-hole for the officer of the watch, and there regaled with a basin of the beverage which warms but does not inebriate.

On Monday, the 23rd, the *Hero* reached Newfoundland, and entered St. John's Harbour; the Prince and his party landed on the following day. There were the usual ceremonies—a procession through crowded streets, the presentation of addresses, a review of the Volunteers, a levee and a luncheon at the residence of the Governor, Sir Alexander Bannerman. 'He is an aged strong-bodied Scotchman, and Lady Bannerman a splendid Scotch Dame of measured forms of speech and of

[1] General Bruce, the brother of Lord Elgin and of Lady Augusta Stanley, was no stranger to Canada, having served there for a year.

[2] Acland, it should be added, put himself through a course of reading on Colonial and American History during the voyage.

person.' Acland would never have guessed that his hostess was Margaret Gordon, the first love of Thomas Carlyle. The Governor himself was a homely man in many ways. Plain black with white cravat was in orders for the dinner costume, and Sir A. Bannerman, being without the latter article, borrowed it from one of the Prince's footmen, and with much simplicity narrated the fact at dinner to the Prince. Obedient to the resolution which he had formed of acquiring as much practical and professional knowledge as possible, Acland spent such hours of leisure as he could snatch in visiting the lunatic asylum, the hospitals, and the fish-curing establishments.

Halifax was the next destination, but the party landed at Sydney in Cape Breton, saw the coal-mines and a settlement of Micmac Indians, and inspected the Volunteer Corps, 'admirably dressed in blue blouse of strong serge or woollen material with a belt round the waist, rifles and bayonets, and a kind of wide-awake.' These were the early days of Volunteers, and Acland, as one of the Oxford University Riflemen, looked with interest into all the details of equipment.

Thence we sailed, and steamed the same afternoon along the coast, passing between Flint Island with its lighthouse and the mainland, and through a very narrow channel and shoal waters for the purpose of seeing the entrance to and ruins of Louisburg. . . . This touching and mournful place cost the French a million and a half to fortify, and us two fleets to take; it was taken by Lord Amherst, and is now without an inhabitant. Through our glasses we could see the broken batteries, and the grass-covered embrasures lining the shore. The sun set angrily and solemnly behind the low range; the sky was broken by the long low lines of jagged undulating firs. The next day was our day of rest; it was a calm. The fires were banked up and the sails flapped idly; we had our peaceful day as each could spend it. A great seaweed was caught, and I thought it no desecration of the Sunday to collect from its surface some polypes—a species I was not

acquainted with, but allied to Sertularia—and to show it with a long explanation to General Bruce, Captain Orlebar, the Prince, and some midshipmen; explaining the formation of the Medusae from the Hydroid Polypes, and the general relations of these minute scavengers of the ocean to decaying matter, to the higher animals, and to the formation of islands by the coral reefs.

The *Hero* reached Halifax on July 30, and the Prince and his companions crowded a heavy programme into the next seven days. The doings of the week are recorded in Acland's letter by a series of mere jottings which render extracts impossible. He found time to visit the lunatic asylums, poor-houses, and other public institutions, while bearing his full share of the balls, dinners, and processions. He mentions a walk with Bishop Field, the text of the sermon in the cathedral, and his perusal of some of the more serious writings of Judge Haliburton ('Sam Slick'). Other entries record 'swim in the harbour with Teesdale and Grey[1],' 'swim off raft on St. John's river.' On the 8th the party re-embarked on the *Hero*, and landed on Prince Edward's Island on the following day. Here the same enthusiasm was experienced, and much the same routine was followed. On the 12th the *Hero* anchored in Gaspé Bay. This was the appointed rendezvous for the Governor-General of the Canadas, Sir Edmund Head, who came on board to breakfast next morning, and his executive council followed him in a separate steamer as the flotilla proceeded to the mouth of the St. Lawrence. In a letter to his sons Acland describes their excursion up the Saguenay:

Mr. Price was with us. He rents from the Government of Canada the whole river. It extends very many miles, perhaps 150—and still further through lakes. He employs

[1] Son of Sir George Grey, and the Prince's equerry and valued friend. When he died in December, 1874, the Prince of Wales wrote of him to Acland in most feeling terms.

3,000 workpeople. He has built saw mills at the streams, of which one cost £50,000. Mr. Price put some tents for us on the shore of the river St. Marguerite, which runs into the Saguenay. In each tent was a buffalo-skin for us to lie on, boughs of fir-trees for our carpet, dishes of birch-bark, and stools and tables tied up with birch-wood. He had fifteen canoes with Indians and hunters. Each of us went in one up the rapids. Each canoe is made of birch-bark, as Hiawatha made his. We knocked against the rocks. The great waves threw us about, and we seemed ready to be overwhelmed. When we could not go on we jumped on shore and carried the canoe and got in again. At one rapid we had just got through when a wave caught my canoe and dashed it round—we all sat still and were swept like an arrow to the bottom of the fall, to turn round and succeed the next time.

At four o'clock on Saturday, August 18, the party landed at Quebec.

The preparations which have been made are of the most sumptuous kind. No single word, however, can express the nature of the Prince's reception. All classes have united to make it acceptable—acceptable from its unanimity, acceptable from its loyalty, acceptable from its splendour, acceptable from its considerate kindness, its manifestly heart-deep intentions, its reflection of the sentiments of love for the old home, for the England that is called and felt to be the mother country; and acceptable from the not unfounded hope which the imagination is forced to entertain, that great benefit will arise from all these things to England, to these good sturdy people, to constitutional government and national liberty throughout the world. I am writing now at an open window in the Governor's residence, hanging over the St. Lawrence. The house is called Cateraguay. It is a mile and a half from Spencer Wood, the old Government House, which two years ago was burnt down. We are three miles from Quebec: between us lies the old battle-field of the Plains of Abraham.

The state entry into the capital of French Canada was deferred till Tuesday, August 20; on the preceding day the party were entertained at a picnic in the

wood by the falls of the Chaudière, and here Acland's old simplicity of taste asserts itself.

The luncheon was so oppressively rich that I ventured for once to express my opinion on state affairs, and I said the Governor should represent to the Council that though the liberality and splendour of their entertainments were most gratifying, yet that, but for state purposes, it would be more acceptable if in private the Prince was entertained in a more simple and less costly manner; and I said that the physician had no moroseness in his composition, but still he could not but think of the contrast between the excessive *luxe* and the toils of those who helped to provide it, and there was an obvious difference between its adoption for public purposes or for private necessity. Which announcement was heartily accepted.

I am quite in love with Sir Edmund Head, and indeed am getting very happy with my companions; for I have shaken out of all share in any state business; as it were, am able to listen without talking, and to take the proper place of the physician as a quiet and ready companion when useful or wanted . . . Sir Edmund is full of knowledge, classical, artistic, scientific. He lost his only son suddenly last year, and has since not rallied, and indeed takes little interest in things compared to what formerly he did; or rather, is less willing to exert himself, and is in bad health.

In Quebec the party were established at the Parliament House, which had been fitted up for the occasion at great cost; fifteen saddle-horses had been provided, with carriages and servants in livery to correspond, while 100 men were told off as a Guard of Honour to accompany the Prince of Wales throughout Canada.

Each of the suite has a bedroom and sitting-room well and neatly fitted up. We are looking north over the St. Lawrence, which turns away homewards round the point to the right. A battery is under my window; *Flying Fish*, *Ariadne*, *Hero*, *Nile*, beyond; to the left timber vessels, and six miles off the Falls of Montmorenci.

The Executive Committee were assiduous in their attention, and among them Acland's chief allies were Mr. Rose, the Commissioner of Works, and Mr. Macdonald[1] and Mr. Cartier, Attorney-General of Upper and Lower Canada respectively. His spare time was as usual occupied in an inspection of the educational and charitable institutions of the city. The regulations for obtaining the Medical Diploma in force at the Laval University struck him as excellent in their severity.

The principle of the examinations is peculiar. Every three months there is an examination by the professors of the Faculty, each professor writing one question; the answers must be twenty-four pages fairly written. For these examinations marks are given, and the total of these, if sufficient, gives the Bachelor of Medicine in two years' time. If insufficient, he has the option of a regular examination, which is intended to be very severe. An examination of a serious nature includes a viva voce (of three hours by statute), public to the University and Medical Profession. This gives the licence. Two years after practice or the licence the Doctorate is conferred, on a thesis which has been given to the professors for perusal a month before. . . . It is a great mistake that the Government does not publish a Medical Register, and before any quackery becomes rampant it should be done. I hope to be able to convince Mr. Rose, the Prime Minister, of this.

Acland's letters from Quebec contain such information as he was able to glean from books and conversations on the subject of the North American Indians: it was a question in which he took much interest, and with regard to which, before leaving Canada, he was to receive enlightenment. Another topic which could not fail to attract the attention of any competent observer is dealt with in an extract from the New York *Evening Post* which Acland enclosed to his wife. Written on the eve of the great American civil war and eight years

[1] Afterwards the famous Prime Minister of the Dominion, 'Sir John A.'

before the formation of the Dominion of Canada, it is a striking forecast.

Some five or six years ago the Duke of Newcastle, at present the companion and mentor of the Prince of Wales in Canada, delivered a speech which we cannot conveniently put our hands on at this moment, but in which he distinctly stated that he looked forward to the formation of a new empire on this continent at no distant day. This was no idle talk of the British peer. It foreshadowed a policy already matured, and which only waited a convenient opportunity to be put into operation. The Crimean, Indian, and China wars, together with the uncertain designs of France, have kept England so much occupied since then that British interests in America have been treated as of secondary importance.

The spring of 1860 brought with it a period of comparative repose for England. One of the consequences is that the Prince of Wales is now on the American continent. The Duke of Newcastle, the Queen's Secretary for the Provinces, is with him. Both are for the first time quietly feeling the pulse of the Queen's subjects there; seeing face to face and conferring with the leading men of the separate colonial possessions, with a view, as we have reason to believe, of ascertaining the practicability and expediency of bringing about at the 'earliest practicable period' a *consolidation of all the provinces*, for which there is unquestionably a strong popular aspiration. The Canadian Government is decidedly in favour of it, while Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are thinking about it with favourable dispositions; Newfoundland and Prince Edward's Island will not resist if the rest can harmonize. The Red River Valley wants a Government, and British Columbia an Atlantic connexion. All these combined have a population of over four million souls, a million more than the number of American colonists when they declared their independence, and with tenfold the number and value of public works, to say nothing of their advanced civilization. This hardy, self-reliant, and industrious population have grown up near neighbours to our prosperous republic, and familiar with the working of our institutions. They are not disposed to

become republicans exactly, nor to adopt our laws and institutions entire if they could, but with the growing ambition of a manly youth they are beginning to ask to set up for themselves; that is, to have some separate provision. They are proud of the old family name, their model Queen, and, since they have been allowed to govern themselves, of their model Government, but they are not content to remain for ever mere colonists, with no chance of imperial dignities; they don't wish to be called for ever Canadians, New Brunswickers, Nova Scotians, Prince Edward's Islanders, Newfoundlanders, &c., &c., but they wish to have a national name and a national character. We have reason to suppose that one of the ends proposed by this visit of the Queen's eldest son to Canada will be to propose a suitable response to these aspirations, and that it will be forthcoming very soon after the return of the Royal party to England. If we may judge from such information as has already transpired, some new name will be given to the entire British-American States, and they will be placed under the rule of the young gentleman whom they are now receiving with such attention, with the title and powers of a Viceroy. That something of this kind is in contemplation there can be no doubt.

If this tour were made simply for educational purposes, like his trip to the states of the continent and to various parts of the British Islands, he would not be permitted to receive greater or more costly attention from the Queen's subjects than he received there; whereas, he is received in Canada as the immediate representative of the Sovereign, the same etiquette and homage being required in all cases, he alone being indulged with the freedom of intercourse which European sovereigns usually part with on mounting the throne.

We may therefore reasonably expect, as one of the fruits of this visit, the creation of Red River into a colony, and then the formation of a united confederacy, extending from Canada on the east to British Columbia on the west, composed of six or eight independent state sovereignties, united under a single viceregal federal head, to be as nearly independent as can be made to consist with the Queen's supremacy.

That the Queen's Government is inspired to this step by other than merely motherly considerations for Canada or for her eldest son it is easy to suppose. The position which our country is gradually acquiring among nations, and what to foreigners seems its uncontrollable energy of will and impulse, have caused us to be regarded as in some respects a rather dangerous neighbour. Government is supposed to be at the mercy of the people, and in the Old World it is not the habit to put much faith in the people's respect for other people's property unless protected by a pretty strong government. It is, therefore, no doubt in view of the somewhat reckless foreign policies of the last two administrations, and the tendency in the same direction which is ascribed by a large class of British statesmen to our system of almost universal suffrage, that it is now proposed to consolidate and strengthen the British power on this continent so that it may be more effective for military purposes than it can possibly be while distributed about as at present in the several provinces. With a well-organized government extending along our frontier the entire length of the continent for a land approach, and a sea-coast accessible to an invading fleet every fifty miles for more than three thousand, the United States will find herself under stronger bonds than she has ever yet been for her good behaviour to England.

Acland adds his commentary:

I had intended to have written to the same effect; but, without pledging myself to all this article says, I think it deserving your thorough attention. I will at a later period say more; now it is only necessary to say that the Canadians are probably willing enough, and that the sole objection would spring from the Lower Provinces. But I had much talk on the subject with persons of political influence and knowledge, and I saw no real opposition, on the contrary a strong desire on their part. The Canadian and other N.B.A. colonies are thoroughly averse to American institutions and manners.

His allusions to the Heights of Abraham and to Wolfe's crowning victory and death are chiefly remark-

able for his quotation of the noble and touching letters of Montcalm, which Mr. Francis Parkman has now made familiar to English readers. He mentions with admiration the orders issued by the Government of Canada for the charge of the party:

The care, precision, and forethought displayed is quite curious. We are catered for by an American hotel-keeper, Mr. Anderson of New York, a kind of manly Spiers[1]. He prefaced his account of himself to me thus: 'Doctor, I wish you to understand in the first place I am a gastronomer by taste, by profession, and by science; and that I hope to live to prove that in my hands the school of cookery in France, England, and Russia or Germany, is inferior to the school of America.'

The nominal object of the Prince's visit to Canada had been to open the gigantic bridge at Montreal, which connected the island with the mainland, the north shore with the south, Upper with Lower Canada. On September 1 the party had reached that city, and Acland summed up the impressions of the earlier part of his tour:

There is something strange in the way in which every place on our journey is progressively more striking than the last. I was struck by the simple life of Newfoundland, interested in the progress of Nova Scotia, astonished at the energy of New Brunswick, instructed by the obvious civilization of the entrance to Canada, unprepared for the energy displayed by Mr. Price's trade at the Saguenay, almost awed by the St. Lawrence and the approach to historical Quebec—and now brought to a standstill of many questionings as I sit before the outspread city of Montreal, the towns, the spires, the banks, the bridge, the great river, the greater plains, the distant mountains of the States. Round us are the Indians and their birch canoes, near us the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief and all the state of

[1] Spiers, for many undergraduate generations the magnificent provider of nick-nacks and most aristocratic of haircutters, has long since vanished from the Oxford 'High.'

monarchy, a little way off the Guard of Honour come up from Republican Boston to wait on the Prince. To all the public buildings I think one criticism is applicable, excepting only the Anglican cathedral and some new houses. The French Canadians imported a sense of proportion, but did not bring detailed knowledge; therefore the general forms of their buildings and their distant effect is much better than the nearer view confirms. This is not uncommon either on the continent, and was Sir Christopher Wren's fault also. You will notice at once how it is the converse of Woodward's buildings, as far at least as we know them.

The bridge was successfully opened, but Acland leaves the glorification of that engineering triumph to the reporters of the *Times* and *Illustrated London News*, and expatiates rather on the Meteorological Observatory upon the Isle Jesu, belonging to Dr. Smallwood, a man of 'little means but much wit,' who had come out to Canada as a surgeon in 1834, aged twenty-two, had acquired a practice and a maintenance, and set himself to work to investigate the effect of climate upon health. This inquiry had developed into the establishment of a regular Observatory, meteorological, magnetic, and astronomical; and Acland records with zest the contrivances by which zeal and ingenuity had triumphed over the lack of funds. 'I do not find that he can connect yet the observations with any sanitary conclusions or principles; he is, however, now attempting to connect the sun's spots with the ozonic observations and magnetism. . . . I have promised him a set of the Radcliffe Observations, and have endeavoured to make his work known to several persons.'

The Geological Museum at Montreal and the survey under the direction of 'that indefatigable person,' Sir William Logan, also attracted his attention, and he was interested of course in the charitable and medical institutions of the city; while the treatment of the local fevers, of pneumonia, and of Canadian cholera supplied a fertile subject for conversation with the numerous

acquaintances which he formed among the Montreal doctors.

We were lodged in various houses. I with the Prince in General Williams's house, hired from Rose, the Commissioner of Works—with a good library, a splendid view, and some nice pictures—a place altogether in good taste, and its owner, Williams, a noble, nice fellow—good-humoured and witty, as strong and firm—and Rose, a clever, pleasing, affable lawyer, beloved and trusted. They have become quite among my 'intimes.' The General has been into my bedroom, where we all hold our personal levees, and, finding already three or four there, he says on entering, 'Good morning, Doctor; now look here, if any fellow insults, worries, or distrusts you, just you communicate the same to me, and I am his man.' So pleasantly goes the daily life.

The 1st of September found the party at Ottawa, where the Prince laid the foundation-stone of the new Parliament House, and, after the luncheon which followed, slipped away to enjoy the perils of a descent on a lumber slide on the Ottawa River. Acland missed his companions in the crowd and arrived by himself at a bridge which crossed the stream.

I got on the bridge as the raft went through with the Prince, Commodore, Governor, Bruce, and three or four more on it. A chain hung from the bridge. I could not resist; they all called out, 'Drop down, Acland, come, come!' and down the chain I went into the middle of them, and away we bounded. People were lining the edge of the slide, and the splash of the great raft as it rushed into the bottom or level of the river was such that several crinolined ones were nearly washed off the rock by the rush of the uprunning wave. As I come up to write, in walks Sir Edmund Head again, and sits down, and has but just left. I wish I could stereotype his conversations. He was originally a Fellow and Tutor of Merton: then Poor Law Commissioner—then Governor of New Brunswick—then Governor-General of Canada—such a varied store of knowledge—such memory—such quotations—such mildness—such taste and tenderness. . . . I tell

him and Bruce how strongly you advise me never to talk, so that they may with propriety take the most share!

After Ottawa the next stage was Toronto.

We left Ottawa on a delightful excursion on Monday, September 2, early in the morning. I do not stop to describe scenery because I have many little sketches, rough enough, but sufficient to enable me to explain all to you, when, God willing, we meet. Still I must say Ottawa is a splendid place. Below the town is the Rideaux Fall of about 50 feet and 200 in width, and above it, in full view of the town, the splendid Chaudière where the river, narrowed from a mile to a few hundred feet, came violently surging down its ledges and precipitated over its cliff. As we entered on this scene on Friday, the moon was rising behind the Rideaux—and we, escorted by one hundred and eighty large canoes, manned by six or eight men all clad in red woollen frocks! The sun was setting on them and the Fall; and as they paddled and sang their rude songs it produced an effect of a kind I have never experienced. We quitted more quietly in carriages and drove nine miles up the river-banks past the Rapids, and then embarked for fifty miles in a steamer. We reached in about six hours the Chats Falls and Portage, the Falls so-called because the water comes leaping over like kittens at play. We left our steamer, and our twenty canoes were lifted out, turned over on to men's shoulders, and in procession, preceding, following, and mixing with us, we cross the Portage to the Upper Lake: there we embark, pull some miles in a splendid air and sun—reach Rapids—another portage—out—walk one to two miles through the woods with our boats—off again and up to Mr. Maclaughlan's pretty and comfortable settlement. Here at three we have a splendid lunch. It cost Maclaughlan £500 to make the necessary preparation for this expedition.

From Mr. Maclaughlan's hospitable home they drove through the forest to Aylmer, then 'the extreme station,' and a journey of fifty miles brought them to Brockville, where they were greeted with a most uproarious demonstration. 'On the platform the crowd in all

kindness all but crushed us. It was dark—the Prince was got into a carriage and driven off. The whole town was illuminated. The roofs were covered with people frantically exploding fireworks, and we were preceded by some three hundred men in red dresses bearing great torches and firing Roman candles and rockets from their hands.'

From Brockville the party proceeded by steamer to Kingston on the edge of Lake Ontario, and here began the only incident which disturbed the harmony of the Canadian visit.

The complication of the Orangemen's movement has become more serious. The Orangemen in Canada form an important body; Lower Canada, as you so well know, is French and Romish. The whole of our splendid reception was by them. It would appear as though the Upper Canadians have taken umbrage at the way in which the Roman Catholics were received. We learned that the Orange party at Kingston had determined to pass through the streets in procession with every Orange emblem and motto, and to decorate the arches the Prince was to pass under in a similar manner. The Duke and Sir Edmund agreed that this act of tyranny could not be recognized. Orange lodges are not illegal in Canada; but they are in Ireland [1], and if the Prince formally and deliberately recognized them *here*, it was argued, it might have inconvenience at home. The Lodges and Orangemen deliberated half the night, turned out the leaders who advised moderation, and took possession of the landing places. We, therefore, could not land. Several persons came with addresses on board; but the Mayor and Corporation would not venture, and many members of the Government held aloof.

About two we set off for Belleville *re infecta* up the Bay of Quinte. We received telegrams saying that at Toronto the Orangemen would withdraw, and we were to breakfast on shore and proceed by rail to Cobourg to-day to attend a ball. But a large body of Orangemen came by a special train at eight just as we were landing, put their emblems on the

[1] Under 4 George the Fourth, c. 87.

arches, and the poor, loyal, sober people who wished from their hearts to have us were left. Seventy young women had in the night arranged to meet us on horseback and escort us in, and Mr. Murray, whose family had been up all night arranging for breakfast, were, alas! disappointed; we had nothing to do but up anchor and away. We shall reach Cobourg on Lake Ontario about dark, and if the Orange party have not preceded us by rail we shall land and go to a ball there to-night.

The landing at Cobourg was quietly effected between ten and eleven at night. There was an enormous display and reception by torchlight, and the ball was duly attended. The next day they were sent off on a long railway journey, reaching Toronto at dusk. Here their troubles recommenced.

We had received telegraphic assurance that there would be no Orange display in this capital of Upper Canada, and we landed in by far the most splendidly prepared scene we have witnessed. It surpassed Montreal, as Montreal all else; an amphitheatre containing certainly 10,000 persons, with many thousands outside. We were engaged till long after dusk with the procession. I was not aware of any *contretemps*, but when we reached Government House we found the Duke in a great taking: it appeared we had gone under an arch with the portrait of William III.

The offence seems somewhat trifling, for after all the 'Protestant Deliverer' had sat upon that throne which the Prince of Wales was destined to inherit, but his counterfeit presentment came under the heading of 'Orange emblems.' The offence, moreover, was aggravated by the fact that previous to the entry into Toronto the Mayor of that city, relying on a promise from the Orange party, had written to the Duke of Newcastle to say that the offending portrait had been removed. When morning came the Duke's temper had undergone no improvement, and he gave vent to a violent tirade anent the Mayor at the breakfast-table before all the servants, and announced that he had written to tell that official

what he thought of him. The cooler heads among the party were struck with consternation; they saw themselves within measurable distance of a difficulty which might have the most far-reaching consequences.

I went to the Duke's room after breakfast (writes Acland), and quietly begged him to pause in his strong letter to the Mayor; for, I said, 'if I were Mayor or the people of Toronto, I fear my temper would lead to retorts and retaliation; and if the Mayor and people happen to be of hard stuff, you will have raised a storm which will never be quelled.' He was very good to me.

But the Duke reiterated his opinion of the Mayor, and 'swore roundly' that if Canada could only be kept on such terms it was not worth keeping. The sentiment has a fine smack of George Grenville and Charles Townsend, and one realizes that the last forty years have seen a considerable change both in the temperament and point of view of Colonial Secretaries.

Of course I could only say (continues Acland), 'Well, you may be right and it is probable; but I could not rest without asking you to pause.' Bruce and Lord St. Germains, agreeing in the alarm, got the letter remodelled into a gentler tone, and all is for the time quiet. But I fear a sting has been implanted, not easily to be withdrawn.

However, it is satisfactory to find him adding a postscript to the letter: 'Mayor all right. Duke ditto. Mayor dined.'

The Canadian tour was now nearly ended, but a pressing invitation to visit the United States had been extended to the Prince of Wales. It was decided that he should accept it; and though it entailed a further separation from his family of at least a month, Acland felt that his duty would not allow him to think of crying off[1]. As the departure from the 'Province' drew near,

[1] The Prince Consort, with his usual thoughtfulness, had offered him the opportunity of returning in time for the Oxford term, and

enthusiasm seemed to increase, manifesting itself in true Transatlantic fashion.

There are sometimes twelve or more addresses a day; and now American deputations come up, even from the place of 'Gals,' Buffalo[1], begging the party to go there. So great is the furore that on board the *Kingston*, after we left, one of the visitors kissed H. R. H.'s pillow, and cut up the soap that was left into bits.

On September 12 they quitted Toronto;

but not till the Prince, returning from the ball which I would not go to, had waked me up at half-past four to look at a bruise which he had from a fall, and which I, half asleep, rubbed with Arnica, he in full uniform, I in my shirt, the whole process being solely for the fun of calling me at 4.30, which of course I was not quick enough to see, and therefore insisted on assiduously rubbing; nor indeed did I see it till I had had my morning levee of a Professor, a Physician (Wilson and Hodder), and a member of the Legislative Council (Mr. Cayley), conversing with all on the subject of the Medical Act which it is desirable to obtain for Canada.

The 17th found them at Niagara. The marvels of the waterfall have been described by too many pens to admit of my quoting Acland's description: a more personal detail must be accepted in its place.

To-night after dinner there was a demand for *skittles*; and to skittles at ten we went, to a curious big room eighty feet long at the back of the great hotel, and played as heroes in Homer. H. R. H., Lord Hinchinbroke, Gore, and the

relinquishing his post to Sir Henry Holland, who was then on an excursion in America.

[1] The allusion is to the almost forgotten song 'Buffalo gals, are you coming out to-night?' Christy Minstrelsy was then all the rage in England, and Lord Malmesbury, in his diary for July 24, 1860, tells how 'Gladstone, who was always fond of music, is now quite enthusiastic about negro melodies, singing them with the greatest spirit and enjoyment, never leaving out a verse, and evidently preferring such as "Campdown Races."' See also *Punch* for October 11, 1884.

General commanding in chief; on our side, Sir Edmund Head, the Duke of Newcastle, the Commodore, Grey, and myself. The game lasted an hour: we beat. We had 'sherry cobbler' to sip through straws—a great institution. It is now 11.30; I begged off to write to you; and they are at it again, the Duke from time to time signing state papers on the marking-board.

The visit to Niagara was also marked by the renewal of a curious acquaintanceship which Acland had formed a few days earlier.

Some time since at Toronto, after I had seen and drawn many, and read and inquired much concerning them, there were standing one day in the passage two Indians; I accosted one, who answered rudely. I accosted the other, who said, 'I do not speak much.' 'Will you allow me to draw you?' 'I do not much like it.' 'Oh! never mind, I have drawn many: they never object, come to my room.' He, slowly but not sullenly, followed. He was a young man, herculean, with a large ring in his nose, and painted. I placed him and began to sketch. 'Do you hunt or fish?' 'Hunt, never; fish, not often.' 'What is the Indian for pike?' (The answer is not recorded, but Acland went on to say) 'That is not the word always used—Sturgeon is *Nama*.' 'Not in Mohawk, in Ojibbeway it may be so: but in my dialect, which is Mohawk, there is no word which requires closing the lips, and therefore any person who knows Mohawk can at once eliminate a great many words such as *Nama*, and say they cannot belong to Mohawk.' 'Indeed,' I said, 'then you have paid attention to the structure of your language.' 'Certainly, I desire to be acquainted with whatever is of importance to my people.' 'Are you a chief?' 'I am a chief of the Mohawks.' 'Is that hereditary or elective?' 'Sometimes one, sometimes the other, sometimes both, as in my case.' 'I am sure you will forgive me for asking such a question; I am a stranger, and like to know all things—Why do you wear a ring in your nose?' 'I told you I take delight in all that concerns my people; this ring is part of the old Indian dress.' 'Well, but it is not a pleasant custom.' In a sad tone, 'It is the custom, that is enough.' 'But surely you do not mean to

advocate every custom, you might now scalp me in no time.' 'Certainly not, by coming to your room you are my friend; I may and shall support all the customs of my people that are harmless, because I please them by so doing, and can therefore better aid them in their true elevation, and in all that will develop their intellectual faculties and raise their moral sense. For this reason I am indebted to Longfellow. His "Hiawatha" is intended to purify and perpetuate the Indian sentiment, and it is an admirable purpose.'

'Really, Sir, I must beg your pardon, but first what may I call you?' 'Oron-hya-tekha.' 'Pray say it again; what is the English of it?' 'Burning Cloud.' 'Well, I was about to beg your pardon, Burning Cloud—I shall never say it in Indian—for having asked you to come to sit (especially when I make you so ill-looking). But of course I could not know when I saw you what kind of mental cultivation you had, or I should not have thought it respectful to you; so pray forgive me now I cannot help it.'

'The great drawback which any Indian of real cultivation finds is that he is looked upon by the white men as an inferior being. Those even who are appointed by your Government to care for us look on us as children, and treat us so. As long as this is so there will be no real manhood.' 'That is, I dare say,' said I, 'partly the fault of individual superintendents, partly your own; tell me now what else depresses your race.' 'I should say the condition of our women. No cultivated Indian can find in his wife a suitable wife, and no superior white woman will marry an Indian.'

'What is the remedy? you have schools provided for you, and few go to them; and when they do go, they run away, and the parents do not care.'

'That is true; but the schools are not advanced enough: whites would not care for them, or be elevated by them, they are too low. I have two sisters, my heart's desire is to give them a good education. I cannot do it; I went myself all the way to Ohio, and lived on charity to attend the University. I became apprentice to a shoemaker to get maintenance, and then went back to my people and taught them what I learnt as well as I could.'

'I think I can help you in more than one way, but, my

friend, you had to leave by a train at four. It is now 2.30. I have spoiled my drawing. Be gone, and God bless you; write to me your thoughts and your wishes; I will do anything for you, except give money, and that I cannot. Good-bye.' 'Your red brother thanks you: you will hear.'

This evening at seven, 'Burning Cloud,' who had written to me at Niagara, walked into my room. There was sitting with me a chief of the Cayugas, at tea. It was a strange party: the steady and philosophic 'Cloud' on one side; the illiterate, wiry, active Cayuga on the other, his chin resting on his hand, eyeing me; his hair, black and hard as horsehair, tied tall over his crown, a handle for his enemy to scalp him; a bow and arrows on the table-cloth, and the peaceful doctor between the two. The Cayuga had been seized to be drawn as the 'Cloud' had been; very different were they. The Cayuga a real child of the red men, and nothing more; and yet a true man. Hear his talk, you shall have one sentence: 'You say Indian men no work—why not—Indian wish do what God of Indian bid him—God of Indian said, "Have forests, have deer, have fur, and hunt"—and Indian do it well. God of white men say, "Dig and be farmers, and have town, and railroad, and all that"—and he do it; but why white men come cut down forests and drive away deer and all animals and then say Indian no work when Indian have no place for hunt?'

The Cayuga went away: he would not sell me an ornament, for it was his wife's, he said—and Oron-hya-tekha stayed. He has remained the whole evening, while I unravelled the laws under which the Indians live, sought to know what is to be done for them, reasoned with him against his too great confidence in the wisdom of 'preserving his nationality,' and succeeded in introducing him to the Governor-General[1].

[1] Not very long after his return to England, Dr. Acland received a letter from Oron-hya-tekha announcing his intention of coming to Oxford, and the letter was followed by the unexpected arrival of the chief, clad, not exactly in his war-paint, but in mocassins and deer-hide. He had worked his passage, and his capital amounted to 4½*d.* Acland befriended him to the utmost of his power, raised the necessary funds, and got him entered as a student at St. Edmund Hall, of which Liddon was then Vice-

On September 19 the party entered the United States. For purposes of etiquette, and to allow of as much freedom of movement as possible, it had been arranged that the Prince should assume a nominal incognito and travel under the name and style of Baron Renfrew.

We reached Windsor station on the Canadian side of the Detroit River. We walked into the huge steamer which acts as a ferry. It was eight in the evening: we saw both sides of the river illuminated, rockets flying, and ships lighted up. On the boat were the Mayors of Windsor and Detroit, and the Aldermen and the Governors of the Western States and the Bishops of Michigan and Illinois. The quay and the streets as far as the eye could reach were a mass of human heads. There was not an inch whereon to land. To disembark was impossible, and we saw and waited long the hopeless endeavours of the magnates to get us room. At length we rushed to some carriages, and, barely noticed, the Prince unrecognized reached our hotel.

At Detroit the Governor-General of Canada with his ministers and entourage bade farewell, to Acland's intense regret. Lord Lyons, the Minister at Washington, with a couple of attachés, joined the party, as did also Lord Hinchinbroke, otherwise it was reduced again to

Principal. Though he is mentioned as having prepared a grammar of the Mohawk tongue for Professor Max Müller, Oron-hya-tekha went back from Oxford without a degree, but he became, thanks in no small measure to the interest which Acland continued to manifest in him, a doctor of medicine in Canada, was appointed medical attendant in the Indian Reserves, and is to-day a highly respected citizen, famous for racy eloquence, and head of the important order of Canadian Foresters. He never ceased to correspond with his benefactor, and would often send him small specimens of his handiwork, and on his visits to England on business connected with the Foresters he seldom failed to pay a visit to Oxford and to Broad Street. He once brought with him his wife and daughter to show them, as he said, the man and the home but for whom he would still be a wild Red Indian.

the original members who had gone on board the *Hero* at Southampton.

At tea this evening the order changed. Lord Renfrew sat with the American Minister on his right, and his travelling companion, an English Minister (the Duke of Newcastle), on his left. Teesdale and Grey, no longer at the bottom and top of the table, are the Baron's *friends.* The *Equerries* left us in Canada. Some details are changed in our forms, some change there will be in our relations. The Duke is no longer chief; Lord Lyons, a more capable man, shares government with General Bruce.

It would be tedious to multiply extracts from Acland's diary and correspondence during the journey on American soil. Not only is the America of 1903 widely different from that of 1860, but many of the social innovations, many of the institutions which impressed him with their novelty, have become commonplaces to-day. The American Hotel, which so excited his wonder, has multiplied itself in every European capital. The Chicago whose growth he details almost with awe was destined to perish in the flames, and out of its ashes has arisen a town with which no city in the United States of 1860 could stand the remotest comparison.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature in the record of the short visit is the sublime unconsciousness alike of guests and hosts that the country was on the verge of a tremendous civil war which at a colossal price in blood and treasure was to give birth to a new nation. Acland's observations on the future of the country, and on the effects of slavery, are shrewd and far-sighted in many respects. But neither he nor those with whom he conversed betray the smallest suspicion that the sands were running out in the glass; and he shows that reluctance to credit the staying power of a democracy which explains the attitude and the errors of so many thinking Englishmen during the war of secession.

'Now reflect,' he wrote to Mrs. Acland, 'these twenty newer

states are not slave states. The newer ones, these North-west ones, abhor the name, not because they hate slavery only, but *because in the slave states the middle class is depressed.* There are wealthy men in several degrees, and slaves. You are a slave-owner, a slave, or nobody. Not so in the successful new states. Every man is "a man for a' that." What chance, think you, has slavery in the whole Union? They will shake it off from their feet. The Southerns must be outvoted. The old states have increased of late years ten per cent., some of the newer districts tenfold. The votes in Congress will become proportional.

'And further, what chance, think you, has such a splendid portion of the globe, inhabited by so strong and nobly energetic a people, of desiring war? How say you of the Chicago people? Will they wish war for an idea? Will they bear restraint?

'We were treated at Chicago with true genuine politeness—no interference—but the greatest affability and almost courtesy. There is but one desire, to show respectful kindness to the son of a great and good mother.'

Before leaving Illinois the Prince stayed for a couple of nights at Dwight, where a certain Mr. Spencer had built himself a farm right out on the Prairie. There was a great shooting expedition, and fair bags of prairie chickens (grouse) and quails are reported. Acland took a gun, but failed to cover himself with glory, partly from the fact that he was absorbed in the flowers, the geology, and the cultivation rather than the game. As the brother of a mighty farmer he was interested in all pertaining to agriculture, and he learnt enough about the enormous annual production of wheat in the Western States to be prepared for the day when the European markets would be flooded with cheap corn.

St. Louis was reached on Wednesday, September 26, the latter stages being made on board one of the huge river steamers which descend the Mississippi.

I hope to bring home considerable information on this

district for your perusal, for I have sworn eternal friendship with a person of combined ability and goodness, Captain McLellan, now superintendent of the St. Louis and Cincinnati line[1]. He was seven years engaged as an engineer officer in the great survey for the Pacific railway. We landed in a mob of rowdies on the levee or quay of the 'City of the Mound.' Here was Liverpool Americanized, and Blackwall gone rough. We *did* reach the hotel, to be called on, rushed in on, and serenaded with the most pathetic of the national airs and the maddest of 'Yankee Doodles' till one in the morning. Large gaslights in every bedroom and negro servants.

Acland was present at a great trotting match, and was duly impressed with the Fire Brigade, but he was more interested in the completeness of the educational system and the excellence of the hospitals.

Friday (September 28) we left St. Louis, rattled over prairies and through forests along eight degrees of longitude in fifteen hours out of Missouri into Illinois—across Illinois and Indiana into Ohio, and over against Kentucky—walked, dined, and went to bed in our 'cars'—came up to an overset luggage-train—and at midnight, meeting the Mayor and half the Corporation of Cincinnati, reach the City of Hogs and the pretty river banks on a cold moonlit evening about 1.30.

His next letter is dated October 3, from the 'Executive Mansion'[2] at Washington, and is a record of breathless travel.

The rush of cars and circumstances has left me no time for thinking or writing. I am like a mass of clay under the

[1] The friendship with the soldier who was so soon to command the Army of the Potomac lasted until the death of the latter. A magnificent buffalo robe, procured by him for Acland on this occasion, is still in the possession of the family.

[2] 'The President's residence is called the White House because it is, as all other public buildings, of white marble, the Executive Mansion because they always use hard words for plain things, and the People's House to gratify the inordinate political mania of the nation.'—Acland's diary.

hands of a dozen modellers at once: and into what manner of thing I shall harden, if I harden at all, no one can foresee. Our very pace astounds the Americans. We had run in from 90° long. (St. Louis) into 76° (Baltimore) since Friday morning; on October 1 to Pittsburg from seven a.m. till one a.m. next day. From Pittsburg to Harrisburg at eleven p.m. on the 2nd, and thence through Baltimore to Washington, and a state reception after our arrival at the President's, and a state dinner for the American Cabinet to meet Baron Renfrew, whom everybody calls the Prince after all.

He relates 'how we all rode on the engine swinging along round sharp corners, up, over and down the Alleghanies, rising 1,200 feet in twelve miles and down again'; and 'how Sir Henry Holland and I had a regular row because he thought a plaid unnecessary for the Prince to wear at sunset on the engine when I thought it necessary, and I told him he had not charge of the Prince of Wales and I had, and that I should not discuss whether I was right or wrong'; and 'H. R. H.'s sweet and pretty way when he afterwards in the evening said to me, "Neither of us will catch cold now"; and at breakfast next day, "Well, I mean to effect reconciliation between you and Sir Henry"; and I, "Made, Sir, before breakfast."'

Washington is like nothing else. It has a few palaces shied down upon a rubbishy heath—palaces of marble surrounded by dirt-heaps. 'We are they,' is said by all these great efforts—and when they have said they spit on the marble floor. At St. Louis there was a notice that persons who spit on the walls are not proper guests for the parlour. There are other cautions, really not so select and not proper to be noted except in the Far West. But, on the other hand, a man of St. Louis gives 1,000,000 dollars for education and a company 1,500,000 for an hotel. At Baltimore one man, Peabody, gave the other day—*gave*, not left—600,000 dollars for an institute; and we came from Baltimore to the capital in a very dirty, rickety car with spittoons and the dirtiest white curtains, along a single line, ready to be pitched off

every moment, and at each turn of the road; and between Baltimore and Pittsburg, the main line of one of the most important railways in the States passed right along the street, unprotected, and slap along a street very little wider than Holywell, with one or two curves in and out like the Corn-market into George Street from Broad Street.

We reached Washington yesterday about three, and drove at once to the Executive Mansion. President Buchanan received the Prince with all the simple cordiality of an old English gentleman. He is seventy-seven years of age, of stalwart proportions. There is no finer man in Oxford; in mere bulk and nobility of appearance he is bigger than he of Wadham[1], without the constriction of a clerical common-room, and with the urbanity of one who had been ambassador at St. James's, and the benevolence of a genial gentleman. It was pretty to see those two, the old, the young; the old representative of the burly young nation; the young representative of the old, historical, manly, yet disciplined nation: to see those two standing alone in a balcony, chatting; the Prince leaning, with his slender, easy frame, and now thinned, almost sharp, features (for we are all thin and wiry), against the window-frame, and the erect old statesman gently discoursing, but not a word that passed unheard.

Acland little dreamed that he stood at the parting of the ways, that Buchanan was the last of the genial Southern gentlemen who was to occupy the White House for many a long year. The 'burly young nation' was on the eve of its great probation, and out in the west the Illinois lawyer was already conducting that great electoral campaign destined to lead, through blood and sorrow, to the making of a new America.

Then the next day there was a levee. The President, with the Prince of Wales on his right and a few of us in a line, had stationed himself in the middle of a large room on the ground floor. On came the people—one by one—then two by two—then swarm by swarm—till the whole room

[1] Dr. 'Ben' Symons.

was full—no one capable of being presented—no way back nor forward—and the illustrious recipients of honour like balls in a bag equally pressed upon all sides, till by the rules they used to teach us we should all have become hexagonal. Ladies in crinolines and feathers. Gentlemen, and Gents, in hats, uniforms, wideawakes, umbrellas, sticks, bundles; children, too small to walk and old enough to be terrified, and young enough to cry—a huge band playing frantically; then, in the hall, porters strive to get some in at the doors, ladies taking headers like sheep in at the windows, while streams of shouldering people, of all sizes and shapes and of either sex, struggle out at the doorway.

The levee ended at one, and was succeeded by an oyster supper at the house where Acland was billeted. The next morning he was hurried off[1] to Castle Hill, Cobham, on a visit to Mr. Rives, who had been a guest at Killerton, and who prided himself that his American home and its surroundings were not unlike the Devonshire seat of the Aclands.

Ten times did my good host ask me was it not like Sir Thomas's place, and he recalled everything of his visit —the dinner—the conversation—all the guests—my father's ways—his lending him a shirt which was far too large for him, and his great white necktie, because his luggage was lost—and setting a pleasant man, Lord Chichester, by him at dinner that he might not feel uncomfortable for lack of talk, being not like the other guests.

Here for the first time Acland was brought face to face with the negro question. There was not a servant in the house who was not a slave. He records much

[1] It was apparently this visit which prevented Acland from accompanying the Royal party to the tomb of Washington, a visit which formed the subject of a Cambridge prize poem in the following year. The winner was the late Frederick Myers, and two lines (thanks largely to a parody in Sir G. Trevelyan's *Horace at Athens*) have escaped the limbo of undergraduate verse:

'For he did rear a race he might not rule,
So thou shalt rule a race thou didst not rear.'

interesting conversation with his host and with others who kept slaves, treated them well, and justified the institution. It would be idle, though not uninteresting, if space permitted, to reproduce the arguments. The stern arbitrament of the sword was about to render the ethics of slave-owning a merely academic topic. Acland's summary, however, is worth recording, for during the bitter years that were to come, public feeling in England was largely divided, and, whichever form it assumed, was seldom based on knowledge[1].

I think you will be surprised to hear how very much more perplexing a case it is than the Abolitionists represent or know. Ignorance in part, and in part politics and passion, have hindered fair accounts of the history and present aspect of it from being correct. But at best it is mingled with horror debasing to all humanity; with degradation too hateful to paint to the negro; and with a distortion of moral sense astonishing to view to the whites.

These last words are an echo of personal experience:

So then I went to the Auction rooms, large, dirty—like second-class waiting-rooms in Shoreditch—slave-dealers hanging about in slouching hats, with sticks and pipes or cigars and papers, sitting on three or on two chairs. No auction—two rows of slaves; one, males standing; one, females standing. A coarse, expressionless man slowly saunters up, opens the mouth of one, feels his arms, legs, neck; says no word. Negro does not move nor speak. He passes on. Another not good enough for examination, and

[1] A couple of years afterwards Acland submitted a copy of his American Diary to the Comte de Paris, then a visitor at the Deanery at Christ Church, who replied: 'Mr. Rives's conversation represents exactly the views of the enlightened slave-owners who see the dangers of the situation, but are not strong enough to head the current of opinion.' Acland had at another place recorded the case of a U. S. lieutenant from the Rocky Mountains from whose upper jaw an arrow-head, implanted three inches deep, had been extracted after five weeks of suffering. The Comte identified him as 'Brig. Gen. Bayard, a most distinguished cavalry officer in the Army of the Potomac.'

then another. He sits down expressionless—whistles—walks—tries again—looks at the females, who are uncomely and expressionless—walks off. I meanwhile half sick with emotion—the result of association rather than any definite and absolute fact, the effect of the whole scene and my whole education and nature—lay down my *Sun*, one-cent paper, and saunter too. 'No auction to-day, Sir?' ''Spose not, why should there?' 'Didn't know, a stranger.' 'Always mornings.' We respectively sheer off. I descend the steps into the sultry street, puzzled, thinking of you, of the Indians, of negro races in Africa, of Darwin, of Wilberforce, of death, all in one nightmare, and going into a bookshop see Arthur's[1] *Daily Steps to Heaven*.

In this connexion one more incident deserves to be recorded.

I attended their service on Sunday and heard a negro, Brother Dawson, a slave, pray. Nothing in 'Uncle Tom' could exceed it. There was a profound simplicity—a force of expression—a tender Christianity—an unearthly nature of voice and of speech that was a Niagara or an Alps—a thing new to my sense. And a flow of scriptural language that was as David evangelized without a semblance of quotation.

'Ah! Father,' he sung rather than said, 'what do we not owe Thee? Thou madest us a little lower than the angels, we made ourselves not much higher than devils. Thou daily givest us, oh, how very much! This day here we have from Thee this sun, this House of Thine, and this holy cheering communion of Thy blessed Church, and to feed our great love of Christ. Thou givest us our food, our clothes, our dwelling, our dear friends, our masters, our mistresses, and protection from many, many evils, some which we know, some which we know not. Oh, we are very happy, to be Thy children, very, very happy—let us not be confounded—let no enemies triumph over us—be our wisdom—be our counsellor—lead us to Glory—so will we never more go back from Thee—oh! then never, never, never back from thee, never any more.' And his voice rang sweetly yet shrilly in a long, as though never-ending, even, swinging cadence, and the people swayed with

[1] His brother Arthur Troyte.

him, gently undulating, and by a low faint musical murmur praying in his words, the words too faint to be heard.

They passed on to Richmond, to Baltimore, to Philadelphia. Wherever they went Acland found himself well known to the medical profession, 'on account of the book on cholera—and some other things—so that instant kindness and help is given me.'

New York was reached on October 11. There were only three days at the disposal of the party, one of them a Sunday, but Acland contrived to see the University, Cooper's Institute, the Astor Library, the Deaf and Dumb Institute, the Hospitals, a torchlight procession, and a Review, and to attend the noble Trinity service. He records that they were 'settled in a white-marble hotel much larger than the whole of Queen's College, the Fifth Avenue.'

It was decreed that a day and a night should be devoted to the inspection of the famous Military School at West Point, and a five-hours steam up the Hudson brought them to their destination.

We landed on a rude quay at the foot of a crag, scarce a house in sight. There were officers and troopers waiting. We had to ride. It was a bitter cold day. Such a set of rude troop-horses, saddles, and stirrups I never saw. The undress men, with their republican hats—the old feather and turned up brim—the wild scene was altogether as of the middle ages—rusty hanging swords, capering, skipping horses —one dragoon nearly pranced over the cliff. The Prince and the Colonel commanding going off first, we intermingled with the thin-faced dragoons, their swords drawn and imminent upon our heads—the water below—the many timber schooners glowing against the shaded woods—it was a strange sight.

On the West was a field battery. In front of the building about 200 cadets drawn up in double line, their bands playing 'God save the Queen,' present arms as we pass. I gazed into their faces—these young Americans; slender, active forms were clothed by the neatest and most unexceptionably fitting grey uniform; scarce any ornament—

a plain red trouser-stripe is all: a tail coat, not tunic, gives an air of *dress* which is perfect—no whisker nor moustache—intellectual keen faces tell of work within—curiosity is imprinted on some—on a *few* a contemptuous smile. These youths from seventeen to twenty-one seem a set of refined men ready for any work, mental or bodily.

It was well, perhaps, that Acland did not possess the gift of the Highland seer. There was scarcely a lad on parade that morning who, ere twelve months had sped, was not to be found enrolled in one or other of the great contending hosts that shook the continent. Lee and Jackson and Longstreet, Sherman and Grant and McLellan, were to find their ablest and boldest officers among the youngsters who stood to attention as the heir to the English throne passed down their ranks. And the shadow of doom hung over many a bright young face destined to lie beneath the sod at Gettysburg or Chancellorsville or in the tangled depths of the Wilderness.

We dine alone and play at skittles or ten-pins by gaslight. All smoke—for I smoke when Lord St. Germains does—that is when yielding to the Prince's malicious endeavours the civil Earl falls a prey to the pressure. Officers join us, and about 11.30, at his own desire, the polished Bishop McIlvaine, formerly, before he was Bishop of Ohio, the accomplished Professor of Mental Philosophy in this Institution and come here to see us in his old haunts, joins the game and so liberates me for bed.

The journey was nearly over. At Boston, Acland received an invitation from his friend Charles Norton 'to meet Lowell, Agassiz, Holmes, Longfellow, Emerson, Shattuck, Wyman. General Bruce and Lord Hinchinbroke came with me. I sat next to Agassiz.'

In Boston, as elsewhere throughout the States, he records the overwhelming kindness of his profession. Wherever he went there was the utmost eagerness to show him all those institutions and objects which could

interest him as a medical man, as an educationalist, or as a sanitary reformer. He left America laden with the reports of every conceivable scientific society and charitable institution. Nor had he been neglectful of one of the prime objects of his journey, an inquiry into the medical arrangements and the poor-law system of our own American colonies. Notes on those and on kindred subjects occupy many pages of his diary. After a lapse of more than forty years they bear witness to his keen observation and to his determination to utilize every possible moment of what so many would have regarded as a season of well-earned relaxation [1].

On October 7 he wrote to the Prince Consort:

> I have endeavoured to add a mite to the work done by the Prince's party (as I know you, Sir, would desire) by making an effort to visit the principal persons in each place connected with scientific and charitable institutions. It has been an instructive, though, when added to our state life, often laborious endeavour. But it pleased a large class of persons not much touched by the state progress, and will be of service in interchange of scientific work and knowledge.

On October 20 the party left Boston, and by four o'clock in the afternoon were once more on board the *Hero*. Their programme, devised weeks before, had been so scrupulously adhered to that there was scarcely an hour's deviation from it. The voyage home was accomplished safely, but under unpleasant accompaniments of gale and fog. The *Hero* was delayed several days beyond its proper date—a cause of no inconsiderable alarm to the nation, and to the families of the members of the Prince's suite. One who knew Mrs. Acland well refers to the serene reliance on Providence with which

[1] Acland's leisure had also been employed in a series of sketches filling six small books, besides a large portfolio. It is a family tradition that an English lady who had been recommended to consult him declined to do so on the ground that a man who so abused a holiday could not be in the full possession of his senses.

she bore the suspense and anxiety as an instance of the calm faith which never deserted her, and helped to smooth the path of all who were brought within her influence. The following letter to Sir Thomas Acland shows the vicissitudes of the voyage:

H.M.S. *Hero, November* 15, 1860.
(1 a.m.) Lat. 49° N. Long. 63° W.

My dearest Father,

I add this enclosure to my now ancient letter that you may understand why we have been so long. We did not make a very favourable passage even to the 25 W. Long. We were ten days reaching that, having had a sharpish gale south of Newfoundland, in which indeed we were in the night in some anxiety, having had no sights for three days and being, we knew, near the most dangerous place of those seas, Table Island. We had had head winds moderately up to the 25th and so continued till the 5th of November. An easterly gale there meeting us drove us to the west of Ireland, back again on our steps and down off the Bay of Biscay.

We are now in a south-west *Gale* which has suddenly caught us and has involved us in a deep wet fog. But I fear the wind is going to die away. We, of course, have hardly any coal, having exhausted it ten days ago, and we are getting short of provisions. There is not more than a fortnight's—and of course all fresh food is gone. However, God be thanked that we are thus far. I shall write again from Oxford. I write this midway between Ushant and the Lizard. We have not yet of course sighted land, or light-house, and have had no good sights for some days, except a Polar latitude last night.

Your most affectionate and dutiful son,

H. W. Acland.

The chapter will find a fitting close in an extract from a letter to Acland from Sir Charles Phipps dated November 29, 1860.

I wish you could hear (though I believe your modesty would make you prefer *not* to do so) the terms in which

Bruce speaks of your care of and attention to the Prince during his most trying exertions, and of your general value during the tour. I never had any doubt of your being that rare creature in Zoology 'the right man in the right place,' and I feel, as I know do the Queen and Prince also, how much of loyalty and high feeling must have prompted you, at such heavy sacrifice, to undertake so arduous and responsible a duty.

The success of the expedition has been beyond all expectation; it may be reckoned as one of the most important and valuable State measures of the present age, and whether we look to the excitement and encouragement of loyalty and affection to the mother country in Canada, or to the soothing of prejudice and the increase of good feeling between the United States and Great Britain, it seems to me impossible to overrate the importance of the good results which the visit promises for the future.

CHAPTER XI

OWEN AND HUXLEY — THE RADCLIFFE LIBRARY—WORK AT OXFORD—DEATH OF HIS FATHER

1860–1871.

THE years that followed Acland's return from America were among the busiest and happiest of his life. He was in the prime of his intellectual and physical powers, and his position as the head of the Oxford Medical Faculty gave him a standing in the world of medicine and of science which enhanced his influence in the University. The Museum was now at length an accomplished fact, and, to one with his genius and passion for organization and arrangement, the task of getting it into working order was the most delightful of labours. The authorities of Christ Church had consented, largely through the persistence of Liddell, to the removal, on loan, of the Biological Collection, on which so much money had been spent, from its quarters in the old 'Anatomical Museum' to the new and spacious home in the Parks. Acland's place as Lee's Reader had been filled by Rolleston; but the creation of the Linacre Chair of Physiology, of which he was the first occupant, had now given him the status of a University Professor, and had conferred upon Acland a colleague whose assistance in the carrying out of his plans, both inside the Museum and without its walls, was invaluable.

Of Rolleston no adequate memorial has ever been published, but he was one of the most brilliant and original figures which Oxford has ever produced. Ten years after his death, Acland spoke of him in terms which may fittingly be quoted here[1]:

[1] *Oxford and Modern Medicine*, p. 27.

It is needless to write to you on the character of that remarkable man. He was filled with Biological conceptions, and engaged in Biological work of the widest kind. To him Man was the crown of the whole. But Man in his material origin and descent; Man in his evolution, social, moral, and intellectual; Man of every time, character, aspiration; Man in his highest relations to his fellow men and to his God. Nothing was amiss to him but meanness and indifference; poetry, philosophy, history, shown in endless quotations from Aristotle to George Eliot, from Homer to Tennyson, from Herodotus to Macaulay. He equally revelled over the dry bones of mummies, the dust of mounds, or the fragments of pottery. He delighted in any sanitary details, in hospital construction and administration. He had been with our sick and wounded in the Crimean War, and there had acquired the deepest sympathy with sickness and suffering on the largest scale and in the least particulars. He had been an Hospital Physician. He was a fierce denouncer of slavery, a passionate supporter of the North in the contest of the United States. His zeal for the Temperance cause in public and private knew no bounds. He dredged for Invertebrates in Torbay in his later years, as he was working on the Hunterian series which he had inherited, with the enthusiasm of a boy. With boundless sympathy for all that was noble in intellect and in morals, among all sorts and conditions of men, he was, when cut off from among us, beginning to inspire the like temper of enthusiasm for science and morality and benevolence in the men that were about him. Unconsciously they, for the most part, drew in the reverent and devout spirit that dominated his eager nature.

Rolleston counted among his demonstrators and pupils such men as Sir William Church, Mr. Pridgin Teale, Professor Ray Lankester, Professor Moseley, Professor Corfield, Professor Poulton, Dr. Hatchett Jackson, Mr. Boyd Dawkins, Dr. Sharkey, and Dr. Champneys. The mere enumeration of these names is sufficient to show the class of man for whose energies the Museum and the new scientific teaching found scope. And there were other names and other minds employed in

advancing the study of Natural Science, which may be justly ranked, in their respective spheres, with Rolleston. Mr. Story-Maskelyne the mineralogist, the second Sir Benjamin Brodie the chemist, Professor Westwood, the first curator of the Hope Entomological Collection, Professor Clifton, Professor Prestwich, and Professor Phillips, were among the first to be housed with their respective apparatus in the new buildings and to give a practical example of what could be done in Oxford now that proper facilities had been provided for the 'Advancement of Natural Knowledge.' The presence of such a band of workers was compensation for all the worries and vexations which had attended the struggle for the Museum. With all of them Acland was on terms of friendship, a strong spirit of *esprit de corps* pervaded the whole body, and they in turn recognized him as the man who had carried his point in the teeth of so much opposition and apathy.

But before serious study had begun within its walls the Museum had been the scene of that conflict between Bishop Samuel Wilberforce and Professor Huxley which has been recounted so often and with so much variety of detail. Early in July, 1860, the British Association paid its third visit to Oxford, and the Museum, structurally complete but as yet only partially furnished, was chosen as the most commodious and appropriate place for its meetings. At one of the meetings of Section D, Professor Owen had caused something like consternation among the anatomists by attempting to re-establish certain physical distinctions between the structure of the brain in Man and in the higher Quadrumana which were supposed to have been abandoned as untenable, and in the process had crossed swords with Huxley. The following afternoon had been appointed for a paper by Dr. Draper which was expected to serve as a peg for a discussion on Darwin's *Origin of Species*, then the book of the hour. It was rumoured that the Bishop of Oxford, with whom Owen had been recently staying at Cuddes-

don, would join in the fray and 'smash Darwin.' The crowd was so great that an adjournment was made from the lecture-theatre to the great gallery, destined to be for so many years the home of the Radcliffe Library, but then destitute of books or shelves and undivided by partitions. Contrary to expectation Owen did not come, and it was by mere chance at the last moment that Huxley changed his plans and put in an appearance, but the Bishop was there on the platform 'resourceful, pugnacious, impregnable, not a little arrogant.'

The scene that followed has been told and retold. Full accounts of it will be found in Mr. Leonard Huxley's Life of his father and in the lively pages of Mr. Tuckwell. The biographer of Bishop Wilberforce leaves the matter alone, on the ground of insufficient material, but he attributes to some 'Professor,' presumably Huxley, a statement which the latter certainly never made—'that he would rather be descended from an ape than a Bishop.' Acland took no part in the discussion. Most unhappily, as he thought, the amazing eloquence of the Bishop of Oxford practically gave the question the aspect of an attack on Revelation and Christianity, and he felt a deep repugnance at anatomical and technical matters being discussed in such a temper before a mixed audience incapable of drawing a correct conclusion on premises so brought forward. The only result must be to undermine their faith in the records of science and destroy their confidence in the calmness and candour of scientific men.

Two years later the Association met at Cambridge, and Owen returned to the charge in a paper on the characters of Man and the Higher Monkeys. In the interval Huxley had devoted much time and labour to demonstrating the existence in the brains of the latter of the structures whose presence Owen denied: chief among these was the once famous *Hippocampus Minor*[1], a small eminence, shaped more or less like

[1] Familiar to readers of *The Water-babies* as *the Hippopotamus Major.*

the sea-creature of that name, situate in the backward prolongation of the central hollow of the brain. In the discussion on Owen's paper he naturally took a leading part, and was supported amongst others by Rolleston and the late Sir William Flower, the latter producing to the audience a series of anatomical preparations which are now admitted to be conclusive proof of Huxley's contention. Owen bitterly resented the turn taken by the controversy, and expressed himself in a manner which caused pain and regret to those who were jealous for the good fame of the master of scientific anatomy.

Foremost among these was Acland, whose veneration for Owen knew no bounds. He had been a silent spectator at the meeting of the Section, and on the following day he addressed a long letter to his old teacher in the hope of producing a reply which would extricate him from the false position into which he had drifted.

... Your lecture, not addressed to scientific anatomists, but to the public, seemed to some at least to vindicate your old description of the difference between Man and the Quadrumana. I am aware that it did not really do so, unless my attention failed me; for I did not hear you positively restate the debated structure to be peculiar to Man. Still the general impression on the non-anatomical hearers would be, I doubt not, that you adhered to the definition which you had before given, and that therefore Mr. Huxley, with Allen Thomson, Rolleston, Schroeder, Van der Kolk, Vrölik, was in error, and his opposition to you more or less groundless.

This impression could not in fairness be left; the contradiction was necessarily reasserted, and the public were left in a state of surprise amounting to bewilderment and of regret exceeding great. You have doubtless gathered what is the nature of my request to you. If you admit the general truth of this recital, and if you accept me as no partisan in such a question, will you consent to tell me, with leave to

publish your answer, in what respect Mr. Huxley has misunderstood your opinion, or misinterpreted your words; and also in what particulars the discussion of these two years has modified your original views as to the facts to be relied on as definitive or differential of the human brain or of man himself? I will not here repeat the urgent reasons that seem to me to exist for doing this. Believe me, the continuance of this feud over a simple fact will be injurious to the confidence of the public in scientific men—and justly so. The consequences may be grievous in this country. A handle will be given to those narrow-minded persons who suspect scientific pursuits; uncertainty as to what science does teach will widely prevail. And in this particular instance there is, in truth, nothing worth fighting about. The question is one confessedly of pure zoology of the most technical kind. The public confound this in a misty manner with the essential nature of man. Whatever views, or hypotheses, or guesses, Mr. Huxley, or you, or Mr. Darwin, or the Bishop of Oxford may have as to the origin of man, you are all agreed that, however he so became, he is in some manner made in the image of God—a spiritual being, clothed in this world with the material conditions essential for his material existence here. His material frame you account as the husk only of the seed within, an earthly casket for the precious jewel of his soul. Nothing can disturb this. If science could show a great revolution in the belief concerning the introduction of man on the planet, as it has concerning the creation of the planet itself, still the essence of his nature (however it may perplex metaphysicians to explain it) will be that he is capable of being a God-fearing, God-loving being, and the only such on the earth. However near to other material natures he may seem to be, nothing can change, nor anything but himself degrade, his higher nature. No time will ever show us the full mystery of life on the earth, any more than it will help us to understand with our reason the nature of the Infinite. 'Him we feel after, if haply we may find Him.' But we may perplex those who cannot give time to master the material questions, we may make them fear where there is no fear, doubt where there is no doubt, question where there is no answer, and break away from the only path of

peace into a black wilderness of conflict, interminable and objectless.

The letter from which this extract is taken assumed the dimensions of a small pamphlet, and was received by Owen in the spirit in which it was written. He returned a prompt and friendly answer and a considerable correspondence ensued, but it was found impossible to agree upon the terms of the proposed Eirenicon, and the idea of publication was abandoned, much to the relief of Professor Phillips, who insisted that Acland's intervention could hardly fail to involve him in a stormy controversy.

No such exception, however, could be taken to the following letter which he addressed a month or two later to Archbishop Longley, his old Harrow head master and constant friend.

Your Grace will remember the Physiological collection at Christ Church which you went over with me with much kindly interest, and on which I lectured for thirteen years as the Reader in Anatomy, and you will not, therefore, charge me with presumption or haste in passing opinions on anatomical questions; nor is there any chance of your suspecting your old pupil of want of due deference to you, if I express my opinion to you on a grave subject at a critical moment.

Two years ago at the British Association Professor Owen alleged that there were three points of marked difference between the Brains of Man and the Brains of Apes (viz. in the posterior lobe, the posterior cornu, and the Hippocampus). Professor Huxley stated that these differences are not so great as exist among the Apes themselves; and thereby as a ground of distinction between Man and the Apes they were valueless signs.

This led to a serious dispute in which the Bishop of Oxford charged Professor Huxley to the effect that his assertions unwarranted by facts had an irreligious tendency.

This was not sound argument. Either Owen was right in his facts or Huxley was right in his. The tendencies are nothing to the point whatever way we and the brutes were

made—so He ordered it, 'God saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good'; to pervert facts so as to square with our temporary notions can lead to no good.

Since Bishop Colenso has written his work, every sort of question affecting Genesis is likely to be raised and discussed, among others the Origin of Man. The Bishop of Oxford (whom I cannot allude to without acknowledging his great kindness to me, and the friendship of our fathers, which will, I hope, continue ever with the sons, however we may have to differ on such questions as this) is committed to Mr. Owen's statements. But these statements produce an incorrect impression. The differences Owen alleges to exist do not exist to such a degree as to separate Man from the Quadrumana to the extent which his system would lead non-experts to suppose. The Bishop of Oxford has therefore unintentionally given an unfortunate turn to the debate by resting sentiments dear to all men on at least questionable facts.

You may be also some day unawares drawn into an expression of opinion supporting Owen against Huxley, Rolleston, and Lyell. I have therefore thought it a duty I owe to you and to devout men, to tell you what is the state of the case anatomically considered.

Owen accidentally mis-stated certain differences upon which afterwards great issues were supposed to hang, and he does not like to retract. The question is wholly exaggerated. Nothing of a religious kind turns on it—I wish people could see this. Suppose no difference of a material kind could be found to exist between Man and the Apes, should we be made brutes? or would brutes be men? I repeat, He who made all 'has made it all very good.'

I pray you use your vast influence with the clergy to hinder them from taking sides in scientific disputes, for which they are not thoroughly grounded by thorough training and by full practical knowledge. What is the fear? Scientific inquiry, ever shifting, can only attain to what? To a further knowledge of the facts which He has ordained who made the worlds and us with them. Does not the Spirit of God in the hearts of men speak plain and sweet enough that we should be contented thereby, without always fearing some catastrophe,

if the material instrument through which He speaks is too intimately understood[1]?

Dr. John Radcliffe, who died in 1714, was one of the most munificent of the Founders whom the University of Oxford is proud to commemorate. By his will, dated the 13th of September in that year, were established the Travelling Fellowships and the Library which bear his name; and the Radcliffe Infirmary[2] and Observatory owe their existence to the discretion of his Trustees in applying to charitable uses his residuary estate[3]. The sum of £40,000 was left 'for the building a Library in Oxford, and the purchasing the houses between St. Mary's and the Schools in Cat Street where I intend the Library to be built.' During the years that immediately succeeded his death this bequest was gradually carried into effect; a mass of small tenements was swept away, incidentally reducing the parishioners of St. Mary's to the residents in a small portion of the High Street; and the Camera with its noble dome was erected by Gibbs in suggestive proximity to the buildings of the Bodleian Library. The will contained provision for the maintenance of the fabric, the salary of a Librarian, and the annual purchase of books, which the increasing

[1] How strongly Acland resented these attempts to agitate scientific meetings with things having nothing to do with science is shown by a conversation which the late Professor Hort had with him two years later in Switzerland. 'Acland declared himself, in view of the approaching meeting of the British Association at Birmingham, where he had been chosen to preside over the Physiological Section, as determined to put down at once with a high hand every attempt to introduce arguments connected with theology whether on the Christian or the un-Christian side, and if the meeting will not support him he will leave the chair.' (*Hort's Life*, vol. ii, p. 41.) Fortunately the occasion did not arise.

[2] Erected in 1770.

[3] He bequeathed also the sum of £5,000 'for the building the front of University College down to Logic Lane, answerable to the front already built, and for the building the Master's Lodgings therein and Chambers for my two Travailing Fellows.'

value of the estate permitted the Trustees from time to time largely to augment. The first Librarian, the Rev. Francis Wise of Trinity, was appointed in 1750, and for a period of sixty years the funds at the disposal of the Trustees were devoted to the purchase of works in general literature; while valuable bequests, of which, perhaps, the Kennicott Theological Collection is the best known, were made by the successive Librarians and by other benefactors. In 1811 a regulation was passed by which the purchase of books was confined to works in Medicine and Natural History, and the Library for the first time assumed the character of a Medical and Scientific collection, the sums annually expended on books ranging from £500 to £1,000[1]. In 1834 the money thus expended was fixed at £500 per annum, but in 1841 the Trustees reduced the grant to £200, holding that £500 was unnecessary on account of the little interest the University took in scientific literature.

In 1851, as we have seen, Acland was appointed Librarian in succession to Dr. Kidd, the electors being the same distinguished Board at whose hands he had suffered such disappointment in connexion with the Travelling Fellowship. Though the remuneration was small the office was congenial in itself, and gave him status as an University official in the struggle which was then being waged for the Museum. There was much to be done, if the Library was properly to fulfil its functions. The hours of access were inconvenient to the habits of the University, the absence of artificial light caused it to be closed in the evening, while, owing to the denial of all means of warming it, the temperature of the Library was for two-thirds of the academical year so low that none but those endowed with Siberian fortitude could use it continuously as a place of study. And the diminution of the annual grant rendered the purchase of expensive scientific books impossible[2]. All these

[1] In one year as much as £3,000 was granted by the Trustees.

[2] As Acland expressed it, 'The purchase of any one large work,

points were urged upon the Trustees by Acland in his first annual report, for the moment without success. But they were only palliatives, and his plans embraced a much wider and more far-reaching scheme. An essential part of the new Museum, whose cause he was then pleading, was a great Scientific Library, and Woodward's design provided the necessary accommodation. No sooner had the foundations of the Museum been laid than Acland set to work to persuade the Trustees to transfer to the building in the Parks the scientific works contained in the Radcliffe Library, together with their headquarters' staff in the shape of the Librarian and his assistants. In the autumn of 1856 he presented to the Trustees a special report in which he ventured 'to recommend measures' by which 'Dr. Radcliffe's Trustees may create an additional debt of gratitude to his memory and most materially benefit the Scientific and Literary interests of the University.' 'Why,' he asked, 'must the University provide triplicates when the same books or many of them are already in duplicate at the Bodleian and Radcliffe Libraries? Cannot rather the Foundation of Dr. Radcliffe, his scientific books, annual grant, librarian and sub-librarian be transferred, so that all anomalies may be removed and a great good to Dr. Radcliffe's profession and to science be effected?'

This report was largely circulated, and a memorial in support of it was signed by thirteen Heads of Houses, both Proctors, all the Science Teachers, by a number of the Professors, including Pusey and Jowett, by the Bodleian Librarian, and by a number of names which carried weight in the University. There were

such as those of Gould on Zoology, or Bourgery on Anatomy, is become a matter of serious consideration; lest, on the one hand, the Library be found wanting in some necessary Standard Work of Reference, or lest, on the other, there be no funds left to purchase the ordinary current scientific literature even of this kingdom.'

some refusals, however, and Acland preserved among his papers the letters in which the Warden of Merton (Dr. Marsham), Professor John Conington, Professor Heurtley and others recorded their dissent.

The Trustees received the Report and the Memorial with favour, but there was no need for hurry while the Museum was still unfinished. There was the further question of what was to be done with the Camera itself, if shorn of its treasures and custodian. The Bodleian, overcrowded and greatly expanded, was in crying need of a Reading-room. Acland urged that the Radcliffe Dome should be devoted to this purpose, and at his instigation Woodward designed an arcade by which the two buildings could be easily and gracefully united. Such a scheme required consideration and elaboration of detail, but in the year 1860 the requisite agreement was come to between the Trustees and the University authorities. The Radcliffe Building was transferred to the University as a loan 'to be used for a Reading-room, or for any other purpose of the Bodleian Library.' The scientific books were to be removed to the apartments in the Museum, and it was provided that the apartments in which they were kept should have the words, 'Radcliffe Library' placed over the doors. In August, 1861, the books were removed from beneath the dome in the Radcliffe Square to the Museum. The removal occupied six days, but fortunately the weather was fine and not a book was injured in the transit.

The Library was housed in the long gallery which occupies the upper storey of the west front of the Museum, and there it was destined to remain for a period of forty years[1]. The gallery was divided into two compartments of equal size, one, the northern, appropriated as the Reading-room, the other as the principal Book-room. They were separated by the

[1] See pp. 215*n* and 493.

central or Tower-room, which was fitted up for the reception of parcels and for the transaction of the general business of the Library. In the *minutiae* of cataloguing, arranging, storing, and planning, Acland was in his element. The bookcases and working-tables were made under his superintendence and to his designs. They were a source of legitimate pride to him, and he was never better pleased than when, as not unfrequently happened, a request would come 'for drawings of such models of convenience and good looks, on a scale that would permit a cabinet-maker to duplicate them.'

In the regulations of the Library, which Acland drew up, was a most important provision which allowed the removal of books, for objects of study, to the court containing the collections. He had always maintained that the illustrative literature of Science was comparatively worthless when the books themselves could not be brought near to the specimens they described. Though the Library was under the sole charge of the Radcliffe Librarian and his assistants, the Professors who taught at the Museum were encouraged to enter their respective wants in a book which it was the duty of the Librarian to submit periodically to the Trustees, and the hours of admission to the Library were especially framed to permit the townspeople to consult the books, the Reading-room being opened twice a week during Term-time from seven to ten p.m. Acland attached especial importance to this. 'One of the best Botanists in Oxford,' he told a Royal Commission in 1870, 'is one of the best makers of portmanteaus, and one of our best electricians is a glazier whom I used to see go past my window with his basket of tools in his hands.'

The Radcliffe Trustees who had taken so enlightened a view of their responsibilities were five in number—Earl Bathurst, Mr. William Dugdale, The Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and

the Right Hon. T. Sotheron-Estcourt. The chief credit is due to Gladstone and Sidney Herbert, but the latter did not live to see the transfer of the Library carried out, and Acland had the melancholy duty of addressing his Report to 'but four out of the five who have heartily encouraged every sound endeavour to promote the efficiency of the Radcliffe Trust.'

Sidney Herbert's place was taken by the Duke of Marlborough, and one of the first actions of the reconstituted body was to raise the annual grant for books to £500. Even this sum barely sufficed to keep pace with the output of costly works on Science and Natural History. It was quite unequal to the purchase of periodical literature, English and foreign, or of the transactions of the various learned societies; and there seemed no possibility of making up the leeway in this department due to years of ill-judged parsimony. But Acland succeeded in coming to an agreement with the Rev. H. O. Coxe, who had recently become Bodley's Librarian, by which a large number of scientific and medical periodicals and transactions were transferred as they were received, under the Copyright Act or otherwise, from the Bodleian to the Radcliffe Library. Thus, through the liberal and judicious conduct of these two great institutions, but largely through the tact and persistence of Acland, who was now, as Regius Professor of Medicine, a Curator of the Bodleian, the scattered scientific resources of the University were at last gathered under one roof, and a great working library was established in the very midst of workshops, laboratories and lecture-rooms, 'used not only by a few veteran experts, but also by young and earnest students, each of whom is thus brought into contact, from his earliest steps, with the history and progress of the whole domain of natural knowledge[1].'

On one point, the architectural junction between the

[1] Report to the Radcliffe Trustees, 1871.

Bodleian and the Radcliffe Dome, Acland was unable to make converts. The great Oxford Library remained to his death, as it remains still, separated from its Reading-room by a wide and open space and a double flight of steps, nor is it likely that Mr. Woodward's design or anything approaching it will be the means of solving the difficulty[1]. The expenses of maintaining the fabric of the Camera still rested on the Trustees, and Acland was instrumental in carrying out the various plans for warming and lighting the building which have rendered it so commodious a place of study. He was also successful in a suggestion to the Trustees that grants should be made from time to time out of their funds to enable young medical students of promise to pursue a short course of study at Oxford; and the Trustees were persuaded in the same way to contribute to advanced scientific investigations in the laboratories of the medical department of the Museum. The late Mr. C. C. Pode and Professor Ray Lankester were in this way encouraged in their researches into the processes of Fermentation and Putrefaction.

But Acland's satisfaction with the progress of the Science departments at Oxford was marred by one great disappointment. He had always looked upon the ultimate removal of a portion of the Botanical Gardens and Collections to the neighbourhood of the Museum as essential to 'methodic display and study of the Kosmos,' and he declared that 'to sever the extinct from the existing Flora, was as hateful as to sever the living from the extinct animals, or the Palaeontological from the recent Anatomical and Physiological series.' He disclaimed all desire of interfering with the site or the associations of the beautiful old Garden by the Cherwell, but he pleaded that the

[1] Acland went so far as to state that could he and Panizzi have foreseen that the Reading-room would be for ever separated by a wide street from the main Library, the memorial for the union of the two institutions would never have been presented.

buildings in which the Dried Collections and other Botanical specimens were contained might be rebuilt, and the formal plots relaid, on some of the eight acres in the Parks which had been secured for the ultimate expansion of the Museum. There also it would be possible to construct Laboratories and to develop a new Botanical Garden which might vie with Edinburgh or Kew. Acland was supported in this view by Sir William Hooker, by Professor Daubeny, and his successor in the Chair of Botany, Professor Lawson, and by Professor Phillips, the Keeper of the Museum, but the plan found little favour in Oxford even among the ranks of the Progressives. In 1876 it was finally removed from the sphere of practical politics by the resolution of Convocation to expend a large sum in erecting new Laboratories and Houses in the old Botanical Garden. Acland strove with all the resources at his command to recall the decision, but without effect. To the end of his days he bemoaned the perversity of those who, as he considered, had marred the unity of a great design [1].

In February, 1861, the death in a railway accident of Dr. Baly, the Queen's Physician Extraordinary, rendered it possible for a moment that the overtures of 1858 might be renewed. However Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Jenner succeeded to the post so sadly vacated, and the question of leaving his Oxford work was never again taken into serious consideration by Acland, though in 1863 he received the appointment of Honorary Physician to the Prince of Wales.

His Royal Highness was now (1861) *in statu pupillari* at Trinity College, Cambridge, with a set of rooms reserved for his use in the Master's Lodge, but with a household and establishment at Madingley Hall. Here Acland was invited to pay the visit described in the following letter.

[1] See *Oxford and Modern Medicine.*

MY DEAREST FATHER,

You will be surprised at my date, and think me nearly as locomotive as yourself. The Prince asked me to come and spend a Sunday with him, and you will believe I was nothing loth.

This is a charming place—an old country house four miles from Cambridge—with large grounds, and capital stables; halls—great drawing-rooms—billiard-table and the paraphernalia of an ancient Country-Gentleman's house—rather disorderly—and not beautiful.

I came yesterday evening in time for dinner and for a little walk before. I wish you could have seen my 'Young Master' doing the honours; taking me to my room up the back stairs, and seeing that all I wanted or could want was there—and the same at bedtime. He is certainly made for the kindly courtesies of life [1].

After breakfast to-day we were at morning church—having fed the horses with cut carrots and he having been followed about the place by his own horse—then we went into Cambridge to dine in Trinity hall *before Chapel*, afterwards to Chapel. He drove me in a phaeton in and back.

To have seen Cambridge for *the first time* in such a way was remarkable, and is never to be forgotten. I called on Sidgwick, but he was unwell, and of course on the Master of Trinity, Whewell. On the whole it is long since I have seen a day of such interest, in its way like the first entrance to Rome. It seemed so strange to visit at my age, and many years now a Professor at Oxford, the College and haunts of Newton, Barrow, and Bacon.

[1] It was on an earlier occasion, during the Prince's Oxford residence, that Acland described how 'the Prince discovered I could not play whist and therefore Gen. Bruce was made my partner, and the evening passed in frantic endeavours to instruct me, and in the most exuberant merriment on the part of all four.' The only other time when Acland is known to have played cards was at Brantwood in 1893, on his last visit to Ruskin, and as the two sages talked the whole time *de omni scibili* and showed one another their hands for purposes of comparison and advice, the game was scarcely up to the standard of the late Mrs. Martha Battle.

The Prince likes Oxford best[1]—which you will forgive to him—but he is very happy here.

Ever your most affectionate and dutiful son,

H. W. ACLAND.

In the following December the whole nation was thrown into mourning and unfeigned sorrow by the death of Prince Consort. Acland's feelings of admiration and affection for the husband of his Sovereign have already been described in his own words, and the following letter from a leading member of the Royal Household found an echo in his heart.

You are one of these, my dear Acland, who are capable of appreciating my beloved Master, for I think none but the good could estimate all his goodness. He was indeed a wonderful being, for seldom do you find in one person both head and heart so superior to his fellow-creatures. I never saw any one at all equal to him, my affection for him was greater than for the members of my own family, and the blank can never be even partially filled up[2].

It was with no little awe that he felt how narrowly he had missed a terrible responsibility. Some most interesting letters from Stanley, too intimate for publication, tended if possible to heighten his admiration for the manner in which 'sorrow's crown of sorrows' was borne by the Queen. Canon Stanley, as he then was, had been chosen to accompany the Prince of Wales in his tour to Palestine and the East, which was carried out in the following year. His letters form an interesting record of that journey, while the Prince on his return described to Acland many of the incidents in an expedition which differed so widely from the one they had undertaken together. A gloom, however, was thrown

[1] It ought to be added that the Prince in issuing his invitation had written, 'I am glad to say that I like Cambridge, but do not like making any comparison with my late University.'

[2] Many years afterwards (in 1875) Acland submitted to the Queen his recollections of a talk with the Prince Consort, which are embodied in Sir Theodore Martin's *Life*, vol. iv, p. 13.

over the whole party by the death of General Bruce, who had been unable to shake off a fever which he had contracted in Syria. The regard which Acland had formed for him at Oxford and during their travels in America had been increased by subsequent intercourse, and he shared in the sorrow which pervaded the Household from the Prince downwards.

Acland's holidays were variously spent during these years. The strain of the Oxford work, and the impossibility of what he called 'shortening sail,' made him seize what opportunities presented themselves of obtaining complete change as far away as possible from the scene of his labours. Often the opportunity did not coincide with the children's holidays, and he was unable to join Mrs. Acland at the sea or down in the west, where she made the head quarters for the family. During the summer of 1861 the Duke of Marlborough placed at their disposal a house in Blenheim Park, Home Lodge. It was in the early days of the Volunteer movement, and Acland had been one of the first members of the University corps [1]. During this season of relaxation he attached himself to the Woodstock Company, and, whenever he could find the time, drilled with them 'to the great delectation of body and mind'; and he records with satisfaction 'a good drill with skirmishing and blank cartridge.'

In 1862 he took his wife over to Switzerland, where they fell in with the late Professor Hort, who has recorded his impressions of the pair in language that

[1] His eldest brother was one of the pioneers of Volunteering in Devonshire and took an intense and practical interest in all military matters. The following extract from a letter from Henry Acland to his wife is illustrative of this thoroughness: 'After various scrimmages we elected for Dunkerry shooting, Tom Taylor, Charlie, Gib, and myself on ponies, Tom walking without his coat, carrying a huge bough like Polyphemus and a knapsack of drawing-materials. He seemed to fancy we were all an army and Dunkerry an enemy, and there were orders and counter-orders that might have taken Badajoz.'

deserves quotation: 'I have never seen a more perfect union of deep and fervent Christian feeling with unflinching love and desire of truth on all possible subjects than in Acland; whatever she said was in perfect keeping.' And in the last days of the year he went down to Plymouth to place his sailor son on the *Marlborough.*

1864 was an eventful year. In April he was dispatched to Utrecht by the University to examine the pathological collection of Van der Kolk with a view to its purchase. On his advice the collection was secured for Oxford, and such a practical demonstration of liberality towards scientific teaching was most gratifying to him. In July he paid a short but deeply interesting visit in Ireland to his friend Dr. Stokes, the most distinguished figure amongst Irish physicians, and a man for whom on private as well as professional grounds Acland entertained the highest regard. Part of the time was devoted to an expedition to the coast of Galway. 'Never have I spent,' he wrote, 'three more interesting days, each duly divided by open-air—swimming—dogs—antiquities—discussion—fun—and affectionate hospitality.'

Both his host and Miss Stokes were enthusiastic archaeologists, but Acland's chief interest in the early Irish monuments was derived from the light which they seemed to cast on Irish history. Goldwin Smith's recently published 'Manual' on that subject had just fallen into his hands, and he was brimful, as his letters to Mrs. Acland show, of the ideas which it suggested. In the Ireland of the past and of the present thus unfolded before him he found a clue to much that had surprised him in the conduct of some of his Irish colleagues on the Medical Council, whose proceedings had not altogether contributed to the harmony of that body. The Irish, he declared, 'have been hardly used.' They 'have not their due, neither their due of right, nor the due of their character, energy, and attainments.

I understand Woodward and Dean as I never did before.'

The following extract from another letter is given as an illustration of the wayside talks in which Acland took such pleasure, and throws a not unimportant side-light on his width of sympathy. He had come across an Irishman of the middle-class, self-made and a Roman Catholic, a flour contractor from Kilrush. The talk had begun about the care of the poor in the Irish work-houses, and it drifted on to many matters.

I asked him some questions about the celibacy of the Priests. He spoke of this, and absolutely and wholly contradicted the objections and imputations raised among us. He gave an instance. 'Now,' he said, 'at Kilkee how is it? Your clergyman has ten children, and must he not have his thoughts in them—and justly? Ours has none, and has no earthly object (if he be an equally good man) but his Flock.' He would not hear either of the objections we make that they are ignorant of domestic relations. 'Why,' said he, 'their life is spent in watching over them.' It was curious to hear him, an illiterate man, describe his son—his eldest. 'He was a studious lad—which was very nice: he was always upon his books—which I don't understand; so once I went to his room at bedtime, and I said: "Well, Tom, what is the end of all this?" meaning his books and his prizes. And so he said (for he thought what I guessed): "Well, father, I do not know what to think, but when I do know I'll acquaint you." And so not long after he came and said: "I have been thinking I could prepare for the Priesthood." And so I said, "Now, Tom, I had rather my son had no cap to his head nor shoes to his feet and scarce a rag to his back, and walked after the poorest of donkeys"—you know how this denotes the lowest Irishmen—"than that he should be a priest unless in his heart he is satisfied he can wholly renounce the world and give his entire heart to God." And he said, "I think I can." And now you see he is Priest of the next Parish and a great pleasure to me and as good a son as can be. He is a fine-looking fellow—and sings beautifully—and he isn't above a glass of punch after dinner or anything in a quiet jovial

way, which I like in him, though I am a teetotaller for twenty-four years; but I like him to be free to serve God, and to be pleasing to his fellow creatures in such way as he feels consistent thereto.'

In the autumn of the same year he had a severe attack of scarlet fever. The malady was a name of dread in the Acland family: for the first Mrs. T. D. Acland had died from it in 1850, and her husband and children had been stricken by it at the same time. Fortunately skilful nursing and a constitution which was far stronger than he could ever be brought to admit pulled him through without any permanent ill-consequence, though there was a period of painful suspense before the crisis of the fever was past. The following letter from Ruskin is an indication of the anxiety which his illness had caused among his friends:

It is my fixed opinion that if you had come to see me long ago you would not have had scarlet fever now and that you ought to have come and looked after me. For you know well enough that there are very few people who have any influence over me at all, and it seems to me much more the duty of those who have, to use it when I am in need of them than to cure indifferent people of stomach-aches and colds in the head! . . . No man's profession ought ever to occupy him so as to render it impossible for him to look after his friends—I don't say this angrily but steadily and dogmatically. I know you did what you thought right, and couldn't but do it, and I say it was wrong and you've got scarlet fever for it.

In the summer of 1865 Acland, accompanied by his second son, Harry, went on a tour to Switzerland with Dean Liddell. It was the year of the great Matterhorn disaster and was destined to be an unlucky holiday for the Oxford party, for they had scarcely settled down at Engelberg when the Dean slipped on a moss-covered stone as he was descending a steep mountain-path, and broke the small bone in his left leg. It was a week before he could be moved, and the

journey back had to be made by very easy stages. Acland found himself once more in medical attendance on his friend, and was able to alleviate his sufferings and to make the necessary travelling arrangements, and he was the means of procuring for the Dean at Paris the best professional assistance, in the person of M. Nelaton, surgeon to the Emperor. The lost holiday was, however, more than compensated for by a flying tour to Loch Rannoch in company with Mrs. Acland.

In the Easter of the next year he made a short holiday trip to Belgium with two of the elder boys, Harry and Theodore, and the following letter from Waterloo is interesting in many respects. The sketch alluded to, 'Waterloo from the French lines,' was afterwards completed and occupied a prominent position in the dining-room at Broad Street.

We have had a charming day, barring the usual fact that we got too tired, as seems to me with very little. But certainly the Rugby and Winchester 'men' cannot do more than I. We are settled very nicely at the foot of the Belgian Lion, where is the niece of Sergeant-Major Cotton, long dead. She married a Belgian carpenter, M. Vera Lewek. They have built an inn on the ground, Hôtel du Musée, a really nice clean little country inn, and she a very pleasant modest good person. We have just had evening service all together —with three maids and the children, including *the Baby*, 'who might as well be present.' One of the party came from near Bow Common, and knows Arthur's[1] labours and respects him much. Altogether the excitement of Waterloo was too much for me. I could not sleep for charges, and wounds, and horrors of every description, and saw the whole scene of the 18th of June half the night thro'.

To-day we had the great pleasure of a letter from you —our first. It came in at breakfast forwarded from Brussels, written from Mrs. Vizard's. I have bought you a 3*d*. jug as

[1] The Rev. A. B. Cotton, Mrs. Acland's youngest brother, and incumbent of St. Paul's, the last of the ten churches which Mr. William Cotton built in the East End.

a memorial. Well, after breakfast, we read the Service and then walked three miles to Waterloo Church to see the monuments to officers and men, and home to dinner; then walked over to Belle Alliance and round by Hougoumont home, reading Keble's most appropriate hymn for the day, appropriate as the lesson to me of this place is duty, abnegation of self, and of the world.

We keep to our plan of going to Namur to-morrow, to Ghent Wednesday, and go to Antwerp Friday. But I can get no tidings of a Meuse steamer to Liege. I got to-day after dinner a slight notion of the field of battle in a sketch, just to see the effect at sunset, the end of the engagement. To-morrow I shall try to work it in, if it is a fine day and I am up early, but it is not a subject for rapid sketching, the ground being altogether too delicate. It would require several evenings. But I thoroughly understand it. It is a stupendous instance of heroism, never in the annals of Man surpassed. I am very glad our Sunday was here[1]. It altogether befitted the temper in which one should visit such a scene. I am not, however, disposed to make sermons to-night, so I shall refrain. I could write you a long one. I thought to-day whether I had not better give up my Oxford life and become Leopold's curate for the rest of my days—like an old knight who takes to the cloister. But Keble's hymn for to-day seems to forbid that. Yet how hard is my Oxford life become when taken into conjunction with a susceptible nature. But of this more hereafter. Do read Carlyle's address.

In 1866 a flying visit to Plymouth, where his sailor son was on board the *Ocean*, brought up a flood of old memories, which he embodied in a letter to Mrs. Acland:

I will do as yesterday, write before I go out. I almost forget exactly what I told you yesterday. I did so much that it would be a volume to tell you all. I have not had

[1] Acland does not seem to have remembered that the battle itself was on a Sunday, when—

'He who sought but Duty's iron crown,
On that loud Sabbath smote the spoiler down.'

a more interesting fifteen hours for many years. I started, I told you, before 8 to go on board the *Osborne*, saw Admiral Seymour and arranged with him to join their inspection of ships at 10.30, went ashore and got breakfast. It was a wet morning. I went on board the *Cambridge*, the *gunnery ship*, where all *men*, not officers, are drilled. It was pouring with rain. I went down into the Captain's cabin against my wish, and on entering was accosted in the most hearty manner by an old *Pembroke* messmate, Captain Ewart, who has entire charge of the ship at exercise. There was a letter from Seymour to me to say that they would just inspect the *boys'* ship and I should go there—to the *Impregnable*. I set off thither and found Captain Tremlett, the head of that department in the service, with all his officers waiting for the Admiralty. He was very courteous and I was dripping. Presently there was a signal 'Inspection postponed till fine weather.' Accordingly the Captain most kindly took me alone, and for an hour and a half explained the whole system of boys' training for the service, mainly drawn up by himself and now superintended by him in the ships stationed at the several harbours, for the same purposes. I conversed very fully with the able Captain and Instructor, Mr. Ridley. Captain Tremlett then took me in his gig to the *Cambridge* again to learn if Captain Ewart had any new orders. He had not, but I was introduced to the surgeon, Dr. Forbes, who happened through Charles Courtenay to know all about me (oddly enough), and with them we had much discussion on the sanitary care of ships. Ewart asked me to dine at 7.30, which I conditionally accepted. He is a great artist and did the *Pembroke* off Cape Matapan in my big notebook.

Thence to the *Ocean* to arrange with Willy to meet me on shore at 6—and to call on Captain ——. He is a nice man, at this moment engaged to Miss ——, but broken off by the parents, solely on ground of funds—that is like some other people's history. I had half an hour's talk with him, I quite hope to his comfort, poor man. I then went to Captain Mayne's ship and examined his arrangements, gave the *Impregnable* boat's crew (boys) a shilling apiece and explained to them the P. O. Savings Bank to their great amusement, as they had said they should spend their shilling in

'apples and nuts,' which, I remarked, being what monkeys would do, I could never have guessed. Mayne showed me a good deal of interest, spectroscope of Gassiot's and all manner of arrangements. They have six life-boats in the *Nassau* and one steam-cutter. He proposed to take me to the *Wivern*, Captain Burgoyne[1], *the* great Cupola ship. On reaching *her* there was, as usual, a friend. The first lieutenant looked very hard at me, and said, 'I think, Sir, you were on the *Satellite*[2].' 'I was,' I said. 'I am the little midshipman, Renshaw'; and so he took me away then and explained the cupola, guns, and all the wonderful and most perfect apparatus of the kind in existence.

By this time I was very wet, and must say very tired—it was four, and I had no luncheon. I had a glass of wine and biscuit in the *Nassau*, and being so wet as I could be no worse, I thought I would go to the *Osborne* to thank Seymour and call on Sir Alexander Milne, who was Admiral on the American Station when I was there, and occasionally very kind and friendly to me. So I went for this formal purpose, dripping as I was, the *Osborne* having steamed out of harbour into Barn Pool. The weather was most horrible; however, I got there. They were amused to the last degree at my zeal and propriety, and wanted to dress me and to stop to dinner. But I saw they were very busy with hundreds of papers, and said I would go ashore and dress. It happened that the flag-ship's boat was going to Mount Wise. I went in her, got home at 6.30, found Willy waiting for me, sent him to tea with Captain Ewart without me, had a cup of tea quietly, dressed, got off to Barn Pool by 7.30 exactly, and sat at dinner between an old friend, young Pakington (who was at school with John Barton at Burn's), and Captain Nott of the *Implacable* (training-ship for boys)—opposite Mayne and Mr. Sheridan, a friend of Arthur's, who knew me when I was at work at Bullock's[3], and insisted on describing my coming

[1] Who subsequently went down in the ill-fated *Captain*, Sep. 7, 1871.

[2] The ship on which Acland had obtained a passage to Italy in 1836, see p. 45 *supra*.

[3] The apothecary with whom Acland had worked in his St. George's days.

up out of Bullock's cellar, in which some of my work had to be done.

It was an official dinner, but very pleasant; and looking back on the whole day I seem to have acquired a perception of the service such as I had never had. Of course I could not have understood it all unless before familiar with it, but it happened that I saw the training system for *boys*, the gunnery system for *men*—the *newest* surveying-ship, and the best cupola and guns in the world perhaps, in the *Wivern*, with full opportunity of questioning about and examining into every one. It is a day to be remembered. Willy enjoyed his evening with Ewart, who was very kind, and he slept here. I am astonished at his good sense. I suppose he got it from you. There is impressed on me a thankful conviction of the great pains now taken to train our young sailors of all classes in a wise and right way, a conviction that a man has in the Navy at least as good a chance of a useful and happy and Christian life as in any other walk, and a real pleasure in seeing so much energy, morality, and brightness in a service which is essential to England, has been her pride, and is essential to her very existence.

In 1867 his brother the Rev. Leopold Acland accompanied him in an expedition to the Paris Exhibition and through the towns and churches of Brittany. In 1868 the visit of the British Medical Association to Oxford kept him tied to English soil, but in 1869 he accompanied his daughter to Wildbad. The state of her health compelling him to leave her to finish the treatment, he returned home, in attendance on the Prince and Princess of Wales, who had been out there with their children. 'Little Prince Edward said to me to-day, "Why does not your wife come to you?" I suppose he had heard the Prince or some one say so.'

In 1872 he paid, in company with Mrs. Acland, the long-deferred visit to Norway; some of Mrs. Acland's letters describing their experiences have already appeared in print[1].

[1] *A sketch of the Life and Character of Sarah Acland*, p. 48 et seq.

It was on one of these occasions that he was brought into close connexion with Sir James Paget and his family.

> Paget (he wrote to his wife) is becoming one of the most important people in the place; his large family make him conspicuous, his character and their admirable conduct make them beloved. I see how much Paget's resolute family life has done for them and how much more I might have done for our boys. Paget tells me he *never but twice* forgot any engagement. Three qualities lie at the root of his character—regular industry, absolute religious and domestic contentment, inflexible purpose. I think on the whole his character is one of the most *firm* I have known—and while it is to me a great example it almost makes me despair.

Nor was this a solitary expression of Acland's admiration for the great surgeon. 'Paget's conduct,' he wrote after a severe operation on a dear friend at which he had been present, 'and the conduct of his pupils yesterday was just heavenly, and gave me a new love of my professional duties and my profession. And Paget himself is in work almost divine in his tenderness, calmness, and precision.'

During his many absences from home Acland was now as always a voluminous correspondent. The letter-writing was sometimes carried on under conditions of considerable difficulty. A thumbnail pen-and-ink sketch represents him on one occasion seated on his hatbox in the middle of a railway platform 'like an oasis in a desert.'

> . . . Some of the worthies are evidently half astonished, half offended at my imperturbability. We shall never, I should think, reach Pitlochrie or Pit—anywhere. But you must direct Blair Atholl. A gawky girl has nearly upset my ink, tho' tons on tons of luggage have passed within an inch of my toes without touching me.

A few more extracts from Acland's letters to his wife will give some faint idea of the variety of his

occupations and interests during these years. In November, 1865, he was invited to Cambridge to inspect the Medical Examination on behalf of the General Medical Council, and stayed with Whewell at the Lodge.

'The Master of Trinity has just shown me to my bedroom thro' long passages, and when I got to the room I exclaimed, "Why, this must have been the Prince of Wales's sitting-room!" And so it was. I have been telling the Master how in the year 1834 one of my great objects in life was that I might see Whewell, the author of the Bridgwater treatise, which I had read, and of whom Thomas Fisher[1] had written so much. Dr. Whewell is unaltered wholly, so handsome, so kind, so charming. These strong men when pleasant are of all men the most pleasant. He is going to read Harvey[2] for me to-morrow. . . . When he offered me some ale at 10.30 p.m. and I took water, he, taking the ale, said: "For my own part I think that when one takes water so much of the system is poorly occupied." What would Sir W. Trevelyan say?'—Acland adds in a postscript—'I took some ale, and am certainly more comfortable'—together with Whewell's good-night words, 'Chapel is at 7 a.m., you can go if you like. I don't.'

Acland was sometimes the recipient of strange confidences and strange compliments.

A Birmingham merchant in the train told me I was a *sui generis* (!), a mixture of the intellectual and the practical. That when I 'handled a bone' at the Museum before the Architectural Societies he discovered this and settled that it would make him perfect if, having been a practical man all his life, he were to come to Oxford now his fortune is made!

Writing from Concanneau, Brittany, whither as we have seen he had wandered with his brother in 1867, he says:

We had come to our room after dinner at 7.30 meaning to

[1] His old tutor.

[2] The Harveian Oration, which it fell to Acland's lot to deliver that year.

write long letters, when M. Guithon, the owner of the Aquarium, comes to see us and has now left us at 11 o'clock. Originally the son of a fisherman, he has made the most original and extensive Vivarium. He lives by it. He has 15,000 lobsters and crawfish now in his tanks and all kinds of fishes. They know him, and dozens of turbots came when he clapped his hands, some 15 lb. in weight.

Now it is from an early meeting of the Medical Council:

Hard at it! We breakfasted at 8, and Dr. Christison and I were at work here at 10. It is now 2, and the afternoon sitting is beginning and will continue for four hours yet. I doubt whether I shall get to the Ebringtons' till 9. I have to be at the House of Lords at 6, and am going to the House of Commons afterwards[1]. To-morrow it will be the same. I enjoyed my dear visit to Broome very much and derived *great instruction.* I am amazed at the intellectual activity of such men as Christison, Sir David Brewster, and Sir Benjamin.

The following letter discloses another typical day of a different kind:

June 28, 1864.

I reached Rugby at 4.30, went straight to the Temples', where I saw Jacob Ley getting into a fly: was welcomed by him and asked to tea. I went off. It was pouring wet. I came to the George Hotel, put on my Swiss boots and American mackintosh and walked off to the sewage-tanks and filtering-beds a mile off. Examined them, and then a mile to the farm where the sewage is distributed; went to the farmer who farms the land and went into the whole question. Back again to the George by 8, very wet and very hot, 'presbyterian' running down me. Had some

[1] Acland's multiplicity of engagements was sometimes productive of confusion. 'I remember,' writes a lady, 'my mother once asking him if he could come to our house in Oxford on a particular afternoon. He pulled out his engagement-book, looked at it gravely and said, "on that afternoon I've got to be at the House of Lords—the College of Physicians—and Broad Street."'

mutton-chops and a glass of wine, and changed. Off to Temple 8.30 to 9.30. Then to Mr. Campbell, the great gentleman farmer who has superintended the sewage experiments with Dr. Gilbert and Mr. Lawes, whence I have come home now at 11. So farewell. This examination of Rugby has been most satisfactory for my sewage business, giving me information I could not have obtained in any other manner.

And the following extract gives a glimpse of yet another side of his labours:

OXFORD, *Feb.* 14, 1868.

. . . All well this morning and nothing particular, but I am absolutely devoured by public work. A long memorial of several foolscap pages on the Quarantine Laws for the Government, to be sent directly, and an opinion given on it; and an opinion as to the arrangements of the Chairs of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy at Dublin, to be sent by return of post.

There is a frequent mention of Gladstone and the famous breakfast parties which kept up a flavour of the early Victorian days to so late a period in the century.

May 30, 1867.

I had a most pleasant breakfast—Count Strelezcki, Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Lecky (who is a very nice person, modest and quiet), Lord Houghton, the Dean of Ch. Ch., and Willy. It was so funny to see the Dean looking at Gladstone; you can see he is astonished by him without loving him, and it is curious also to see how Mrs. Gladstone and the children idolize him.

On another occasion the guests were Sir Henry Storks[1], Sir Erskine May, Mr. Nasmyth, Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Charles Howard, Sir Francis Doyle, and Lady Lothian. 'Gladstone's old aunt of ninety-five,

[1] This was just after the 'Eyre' Commission, of which he had been Chairman.

Miss Robertson, died last night, and he thought he ought not to appear. They were very sorry not to see you when you called. Mrs. Gladstone was what Agnes G. calls "gone to the East."'

In September, 1868, Acland spent a Sunday at Clieveden, whose 'proud alcoves' were then in the possession of the Duke of Westminster. Gladstone and Panizzi were of the party, and are described as 'going on unceasingly on all sorts of things, political and religious.'

Panizzi does not go to church, so I had four walks alone with Gladstone in full and serious conversation on several matters. I cannot say how he impressed me by his largeness, entire religiousness, love of all nobleness and profound affection for 'humanity.' Then every now and then his astonishing knowledge of details came out, figures and values and details of commodities—from copper, and iron, and tin from Cornwall, America, and Europe, in their values as contrasted with the same articles in Homer's time—to the proportional skill of Spaniards and English in cork-cutting—to the particulars of oecumenical councils and the utmost details of foreign and Italian policy. . . . Fancy my having just now to play on the harmonium to the Duchess, and then to play and sing with G. and Mrs. G. 'Abide with me' as the conclusion of the evening.

This meeting was on the eve of the General Election which swept Disraeli out of office and inaugurated the great epoch of reform. Acland was a little nervous perhaps of the changes which might be in store, but he was under the wand of the magician.

July 30, 1867.

A pleasant breakfast with Gladstone. I had gone in rather a fright, expecting at least Mr. Beale and Mr. Odger with Bright and Miall—but who do you think? Dr. Pusey on Mr. Gladstone's right, and the Bishop of Gibraltar on his left, and opposite to him Lady Herbert with me on her left, Arthur Gordon, Strelezcki, and Sir H. Holland completing the party. He talked *most freely* on the Irish Church and,

I confess, entirely carried me away, and convinced my reason and my moral nature. In fact I was more fascinated by him than ever.

The Irish Church question and politics generally formed a bone of contention in the Acland family just then. T. D. Acland was contesting North Devon as an out-and-out Gladstonian. Arthur Mills, who had married Miss Agnes Acland, was the Conservative candidate for Exeter. Sir Thomas had no sympathy with the Liberal party in its modern developments. 'Poor Tom acts as a tremendous blister to my father,' wrote his brother, and Sir Thomas is reported to have said that he had to pay the piper and did not at all like the tune.

But the old home life at Killerton was nearing its close. Let me give a picture, from a letter of Acland's to his wife, written in 1864, of Sir Thomas in his latest days:

I reached here at 11, got in at the back door unannounced and found them in the library. We got to bed at 12, wonderful to relate. This morning at 8 my father routed me up, pulled me about, shouted at the window to Achil[1] (the window happily would not open), and ended by wheeling my fourpost bedstead round to the window, that the light might hinder me from going to sleep. At 8.30, however, I was asleep again, so he got Agnes's boys to pull my legs, which operation continued till 9, when happily they were got out, and I locked the door. Which being discovered, they were set to run at the door full tilt till I was dressed. These ten years I have never seen him appear so well, or on the whole so quiet and happy[2].

[1] A favourite dog.

[2] Indeed the routine of the household seems to have altered little. In 1856, Acland wrote to his wife from Killerton: 'After I arrived last night at 9.30, they were still at wine, then there was coffee, tea, my repast combining all with a dismal elegy that I had not had curry, hot mutton, pie, dessert, pudding, and the other things—over and above what I had, you observe. Then prayers, poetry afterwards, and fierce Natural History. Arthur in despair

On the 22nd of July, 1871, Sir Thomas Acland died suddenly. His morning prayers were over, his Bible was ready that he might read the daily lessons as usual, when he became faint and was gone. Not long before his death he had repeated with his wonted emphasis and feeling some favourite lines from Cowper's *Task*.

> 'And so at last
> My share of duties decently fulfilled,
> May some disease, not tardy to perform
> Its destined office, yet with gentle stroke
> Dismiss me weary to a safe retreat
> Beneath the turf that I have often trod.'

Beneath that turf he was laid by the side of his wife, from whom he had been parted for fifteen years. It has been given to few men to retain the affection and veneration of their children in the same degree as did the old Sir Thomas. Henry Acland seldom concluded a letter which in any way bore upon his home life without thanking God for giving him such a father.

because he was kept up so late; and then into my room, where he stayed till 12.30. I could not tell a tenth part of what has happened, it is more than a month at Oxford; distracted I go about saying I wonder how they live through it.'

CHAPTER XII

PRESIDENT OF THE MEDICAL COUNCIL—ROYAL COMMISSIONS—UNIVERSITY POLITICS—FRIENDSHIPS AND CORRESPONDENCE—TOWN AND GOWN

1865-1874

In 1874 Acland was elected President of the Medical Council in succession to Sir George Paget, a post which he retained for thirteen years. In a sense it was the climax of his career. In the eyes of the public he now stood as the representative and the mouthpiece of the medical profession; through him the University of Oxford was brought into a more clearly defined connexion with the question of medical training, and he was able to give fuller prominence to his long-cherished views on the necessity of a liberal education for those about to 'be entered on the physic line.' And if his presidency was an epoch in Acland's own life, it was also one in the existence of the body over which he was called to preside. In point of professional attainments or reputation, Acland would have been the first to deprecate comparison between himself and many of the illustrious occupants of the chair. But in some ways he came to fill a place on the Council for which there has never been any exact parallel before or since.

In June of that year, while the election was in the balance, Sir Robert Christison had written to him in the following terms:

> Of all the London men with whom I have come in contact lately, Gull is he whom I should prefer to be my President—unless I could appoint yourself. No one else has such experience: your University views make you the most impartial man for rule in such an assembly: nor do I think

any one else would so combine the *fortiter* with the *suaviter*, unless it be Gull, perhaps.

How far Sir R. Christison's estimate was justified may be gathered from what Sir William Turner, the present President, has written elsewhere[1] of Acland:

> His academic and social position and the innate nobility of his nature had, from an early period of his life, gained for him the friendship and confidence of the leaders of the medical profession, of statesmen of both parties, and others eminent in public life, and contributed in no small measure to ensure harmonious relations between the Medical Council and the departments of Government with which it is brought into official communication.

Indeed, there is hardly a single question affecting the public health or the interests of the medical profession in which his correspondence does not reveal him as the confidential adviser of Ministers and their subordinates. He was, I think I may say without exception, on terms of intimacy with the bearers of all the most distinguished names in Medicine and Surgery; and he was constantly being called upon to avail himself of his personal relations with the Prime Minister of the day, or with the various heads of departments, by laying before them in private representation, the rights and wrongs of some pressing matter of business. His connexion with a great University which has been a nursing mother of statesmen, the accident of birth and up-bringing which had thrown him from the earliest years into association with the foremost men of the time, all contributed to give him prestige in the council-room, and to raise the Council itself in the estimation of the outside world. The dinners and breakfast parties at which he used to entertain his colleagues, together with a liberal sprinkling of distinguished public men, are still remembered by the latter as well as by the former. The medical profession

[1] In the obituary notice contained in the *Transactions of the Royal Society*.

was brought into connexion with the leaders of political and literary life in a manner which was wholesome for all concerned. On the occasion of one of these dinners the House of Commons had adjourned its morning sitting to allow members to be present at the funeral of Lord Beaconsfield. Mr. Gladstone had to leave the table early so as to be in his place at the commencement of business. Acland rose in the middle of dinner to propose the health of the Prime Minister, and then, 'while the meat was yet in their mouths,' Mr. Gladstone gave an eloquent and luminous disquisition on the resemblances and the divergences between the careers of the doctor and the statesman.

In presiding at the deliberations of the Council, Acland is described as being 'courteous in manner, graceful in speech, dignified in presence.' It was no easy position; he had often a troublesome team to drive, and uniform success would have been beyond expectation. His somewhat elaborate oratory was not always received without impatience, and there were occasions when he seemed to be prone to talk round his subject. But Acland was shrewder than some of his critics; long experience in fighting an uphill battle at Oxford had taught him to move along the line of least resistance. If the rougher spirits from the sister isle or elsewhere showed at times a disposition to resent the 'grand manner' which was so conspicuous, albeit so unconscious, a characteristic, yet his urbanity and his never-failing consideration for all with whom he was in contact seldom failed in the long run to inspire the malcontents with feelings of affectionate regard and respect.

He contributed valuable assistance in the formation of the British Pharmacopoeia, and he laboured strenuously to obtain a public recognition of proficiency in State Medicine. He had the satisfaction of seeing a very general institution of Examinations in Public Health, and by the Medical Act of 1886, which rendered registrable the diplomas thus obtained, the sanction of

the State was given to them as a qualification for the discharge of the duties of a Medical Officer of Health. He failed, however, to induce the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London to establish a conjoint examination and confer a joint diploma in Public Health open to all qualified medical men. Had he been successful in the endeavour—and he only failed narrowly of carrying his point—we might have had one standard examination in this subject for the whole kingdom carried out by the three leading Universities of England.

During his years of office his energies were mainly devoted towards widening the scope of the scientific training of the medical student. He had no desire to see the functions of the Council enlarged. 'Let us limit ourselves,' he said to the select committee on the Medical Act Amendment Bill, 'as far as possible to all questions which pertain, first to the general education, character, and culture of our profession; second to its scientific teaching, education, and attainments; and then to the examinations in the practical knowledge of its students.'

The thoroughness and labour which he had bestowed on his duties as a member of the Council may be gathered from his statement to the same committee in June, 1879, that he had never been absent a single day that the Council had sat, except once when he had to attend Convocation at Oxford [1]. As President his work was of course more onerous and responsible: he took special care in organizing the visits of inspection to the various examining bodies, and particularly in arranging for the presence and comfort of such visitors at Oxford,

[1] It was on his way to a council meeting that he was caught in the great storm of January, 1881, and snowed up in the Culham railway cutting for nearly thirty-six hours. Dean Liddell and his family were embedded in the same drift, but in a different train, as they were coming down from London. A large number of unfortunate travellers had to encamp for a day or two in the station waiting-room at Oxford, and Acland sent up supplies of food to them from his own house.

and he was perpetually travelling up and down to settle and determine matters of practical detail in the London office of the Council. It was impossible that such an absorption in the general affairs of the profession could fail to interfere with his private practice, from which he was gradually compelled to withdraw.

There were other disturbing causes which for some years past had taken him more and more from the daily round in Oxford and the neighbourhood. As far back as September, 1865, Acland had been invited, by a telegram from Sir Arthur Helps, to sit on the Royal Commission appointed to investigate the nature and origin of the cattle plague. He assented, but the delay consequent upon his absence from Oxford resulted in the Commission being filled up before his answer was received. Liddell, whom he had consulted in the matter, strongly dissuaded him from accepting.

> If you were an ordinary man and would work at a commission without much labour and expenditure of time as some men can, I should say 'Accept.' But, as you are, and will be, I should be inclined to say you had better decline. The work will involve a good deal of anxiety and trouble, will take you much away from Oxford, and in the end probably will not come to much. . . . Supposing no very great practical result to be likely to be attained—will your acting on the Commission profit you in your profession? I should think rather the reverse. There is now a notion abroad that you have been taking the scientific rather than the practical line, and will not your acting on such commissions strengthen this notion? If you *wish* this to be so, then accept the offer by all means.

Liddell gave similar advice two or three years later, and impressed upon him the certain pecuniary loss, to say nothing of the heavy additional labour, which must follow upon such an extension of his activities. But Acland had counted the cost, and his help was given freely to the public service, whenever and wherever he felt he could contribute to the general well-being. In

1867 he was appointed a member of the Cubic Space Commission, the object of which was to ascertain the space and area allowed in the dormitories and infirmary-wards for each inmate of the metropolitan workhouses. In 1869 he served on a much wider inquiry, the Royal Commission into the sanitary laws of England and Wales. It was a work which entailed enormous labour and visits of inspection into all parts of the country. Acland's share in the work was almost preponderant; his knowledge of detail and his practical mind were the admiration of his fellow workers, and many of his most valued friendships date from incidents and expeditions arising out of this Commission. Among these may be mentioned Sir John Lambert and Sir Douglas Galton, and it was in this way that he first made the acquaintance of Mr. Chamberlain.

His 'cholera-book' and his reports on kindred subjects[1] had made him a special authority on the drainage of the Thames Valley, and he was an important witness before the Select Committee appointed to inquire into the sewage disposal of London. It would be impossible to enumerate all the committees and commissions before which he was called upon to give evidence, but I may mention the Public Schools' Commission, the second University Commission, the so-called Vivisection Commission, the above-mentioned Committee on the Medical Acts, and the highly important Commission on 'Scientific Instruction and the Advancement of Science' appointed in 1870 and presided over by the then Duke of Devonshire. In addition to this public work he was in constant request where private individuals or bodies wanted an adviser on some sanitary question. He was called in to inspect the cottages on the Sandringham estate; in inviting him to Woburn on a similar errand, the Duke

[1] e.g. Notes on Drainage with reference to sewers and swamps of the Upper Thames (1857); Fever in Agricultural Districts (1858); Report on the general Sanitary Condition of Cowley Industrial School (1863).

of Bedford wrote: 'You may do good if you will teach me to house the poor as an example to others and not as a rich man's fancy.' In June, 1873, he was corresponding with Lord Carnarvon and Lord Salisbury with a view to a scheme for the erection of model cottages. We have seen him at Rugby, and at a later date he was brought down to Uppingham, then a prey to an outbreak of typhoid, which rendered necessary the temporary removal of the school to the sea-breezes of Borth. A characteristic story is told of how Acland fidgeted the school doctor to distraction by his apparent interest in everything but the school drains. When only half an hour remained he suddenly proposed an excursion to the top of the church tower. Then with the town spread out below him like a map, and with its plan under his eyes, he was able in a few minutes to point out how the drainage ought to go; and the business was done. And it ought to be added that for many years he was an active member of the Council of King's College, where his old pupil Lionel Beale was Professor of the principles and practice of Medicine: the existence of the laboratories and their maintenance on a proper scale was largely due to Acland's efforts and to those of Archbishop Thomson.

Moreover, these were years of considerable literary activity. In 1864 he published his biographical sketch of Sir Benjamin Brodie, originally read before the Royal Society. In 1865 he delivered an address before the British Association at Birmingham on the relations of physiology and medicine, and on the visit of the British Medical Association to Oxford in 1868 he gave the presidential address. In 1865, moreover, he was appointed to give the Harveian Oration, and he chose for his subject 'a discussion on Comte's statement concerning Final Causes,' making a notable, but much approved innovation by delivering it in English. Liddell was pleased, but blended, as was his wont, a little reproof with the commendation.

I thought your address very clear, pertinent, and useful; nor, as Conybeare rather led me to expect, do I see how it can give umbrage to the Physiologists, or to any mortal man. *If* you will adhere to the line of work you lay down, you will be very wise, and will (I am sure) get on very well. Add to this, if the Acland nature will permit, a little economy of time and more rigour of punctuality, and nothing will be wanting to make your life happy. You will have more leisure for professional work, and more time for meals and sleep, which last matter you cannot continue to neglect with impunity.

In 1868 he published his address on the opening of the new school at St. George's Hospital, rich in the memories of his past days. In 1871 he expanded into a pamphlet of 100 pages a lecture which he had delivered in the Royal College of Physicians on National Health, dedicated 'to all who are striving to combine material progress with advance in morality.' At the Brighton Church Congress of 1874 he read a paper on the 'Influence of Social and Sanitary Conditions on Religion.' There are other lectures and addresses too numerous to mention. Acland always took immense pains with them, having in his mind's eye the multitudes who would be reached by the written rather than the spoken word; and then with a few revisions and additions they were ready for the press.

The present Controller of the University Press, Mr. Horace Hart, has supplied me with some interesting particulars of the interest he took in the printing and correction of his writings:

He was constantly in and out, bringing with him such small matters as notices which he wished to be printed and circulated, occasionally larger works in the shape of lectures and pamphlets, and in one instance a considerable and important book. There was always about him a breezy and vigorous air as he came bustling into the Press; he invariably wished to meet the actual workman who was to have the putting of his MS. into type; and when the work was done,

would always want to thank him personally. He had an embarrassing habit also of desiring to bestow pecuniary rewards on the artisan who pleased him, and I remember one instance in which a gratuity had to be made over to the workmen's benefit fund, because, as I pointed out to him, the man had already been paid for his labour, and it would make those engaged on other work discontented if he persisted. We generally managed to send him clean proofs notwithstanding the very bad hand which he wrote during the days at any rate when I knew him, and he almost always called personally at the University Press to give vent to his gratitude and his admiration of the skill of the compositor and reader in deciphering his MS. He was delighted when I told him that his handwriting was legibility itself compared with that of Dean Stanley. 'Didn't think anything could be worse,' he said. In 1893 his little book on the Museum was reprinted. It was published by Mr. George Allen and had to be printed on hand-made paper with large margins in the manner adopted for the Ruskin publications. In all the details of publication he took a delight which was almost boyish, and he was most appreciative of any help in carrying out his ideas. I have before me a copy of the book in which Sir Henry has written, 'Pray accept *my* copy of your beautiful *work*.' This was quite seriously intended, and he would have been much hurt if it had been treated as a joke.

The outside interests, though largely destructive of his private practice, were not allowed by Acland to interfere with the various University offices which he held. Besides the Regius and Clinical Professorships and the Radcliffe Librarianship, he was a Curator of the Bodleian and of the University Art Galleries, and a sort of general 'Protector' of the Museum, now rapidly increasing in scope and usefulness. He was thus drawn into the whirlpool of University politics, and his position in them requires attention.

The epoch which lies between the first and the second University Commissions was one of extraordinary activity at Oxford. The stroke of a pen had trans-

formed the mediaeval πόλις into a modern University town. Its government had passed from the hands of the old Hebdomadal Board, and a group of reformers was ready to organize the new structure which had risen on the foundations of the old. There has never been a time when Oxford was richer in men of large views, boundless energy and powers of work, and possessing clear ideas both of what they wanted and of how to compass it. In their eyes the moulding of individual character and the success of an individual college in the class lists was not the be-all and end-all of University existence. Content to leave tutorial work to those whom it more directly concerned, they concentrated themselves on 'administration' in the highest sense of the word. It would be equally invidious and difficult to compile anything like a catalogue of these reformers, but no one, I think, will dispute the titles of Dean Liddell, Professor H. J. S. Smith, and Professor Bartholomew Price to the highest place among them. And if Acland cannot 'attain unto the first three,' no one who has followed the inner workings of University machinery during those years would question his claim to rank among the very foremost.

But there are reasons why, in the history of the transformation of Oxford, Acland's share has never met with full recognition. The efforts of the party of reform flowed in two distinct streams; one was the enlargement and improvement of University studies, the other the 'nationalization' of the Universities by the abolition of tests and theological restrictions. With the latter object he had no overpowering sympathy, and he regarded the men who directed this branch of the Liberal movement in Oxford with very little confidence. At the same time he took a broad and comprehensive view in the quasi-theological battles which raged in Oxford during the sixties. One of the most famous of these was the contest for the Professorship of Sanskrit, which rocked University society to its foundations;

and his letter to his father, who had been summoned up from his retreat at Killerton, shows the spirit in which he approached these vexed questions.

Can I solve the dilemma? I should prefer an Englishman to a German, tho' I may be mean for doing so. But if I were ever to prefer a foreigner it would be Max Müller, old Bunsen's creation and friend to his death. The arguments for Mr. Williams[1] do not weigh with me nearly as strongly as those for Müller. There seems to be no question that Müller as a scholar is supreme. Williams's claims as a scholar are not professed to rival Müller's, but he is presumed to be a great teacher. He has been where he had many pupils, and has therefore many supporters in India. But see what is said of Müller in India, where *he has no pupil* and *no friend* but on public grounds, and see what is thought of him in literary Europe generally. All this being admitted in fact, it has been hinted that he may not promote Christianity tho' he may promote philology. Now happily I need not answer this. The answer is by abler men, and better judges. Both Dr. Macbride, the ancient evangelical leader in this place, and Dr. Pusey, who have known him and observed him for fifteen years, are his warm supporters. *Here* there is no question as to the weight of metal in the two scales. If *numbers* are in Müller's favour it will be a rare testimony in favour of the value of great merit with natural disadvantages when pitted against moderate merit with great accidents to aid and support it. How I wish you would pair and not take this long journey.

The tone which the advanced section of the Radical Dons of those days adopted towards all questions concerning the Church of England was profoundly distasteful to Acland. He was no partisan of the old exclusiveness, and he recognized the hardship which was suffered by men of high character and great attainments under the existing *régime*, but he felt that the abolition, or even the modification of the tests, however inevitable, was a step towards that impending seculari-

[1] Max Müller's successful opponent was Professor Monier Williams.

zation of Oxford which he could not regard without alarm. One of the early acts of the Reformed Parliament of 1869 was to render Oxford, Cambridge, and Durham more accessible to the nation by the removal of divers restrictions, tests, and disabilities[1]. Acland accepted the measure, with the full knowledge that it was only an instalment. The attitude of those who felt bound as a matter of conscience and duty to oppose the Bill is admirably expressed in the following letter from Lord Salisbury. It is dated some three years previous to the passing of the Act of 1871, and refers to a Bill with the same object which Mr. John Duke Coleridge, Q.C., member for Exeter, and afterwards Lord Chief Justice of England, had introduced into the House of Commons[2], where Lord Cranborne, as he then was, sat for Stamford.

Many thanks for your letter. I quite comprehend your difficulties, for there can be no doubt that the existing tests are in an unsatisfactory form and that they only indirectly meet the exigencies of the present time. They were made to keep out Romanists and Nonconformists, of whom we are not now most afraid. They are much too minute for a time when consciences, though by no means powerful, are remarkably fastidious and microscopic.

But Coleridge's Bill is a step not to better tests but to no tests at all. The reservation of power to the Colleges is quite illusory. The visitor is almost always either the Crown or some Bishop; and the Bishops are unlikely to authorize the imposition of a special test in any college.

I agree that the tests do not exclude careless men. But I am not afraid of careless men. What I am afraid of is the Atheistic propaganda which is growing to be such a terrible power in modern cultivated society. It is idle of course to

[1] The Act of 1871 (34 Vict. c. 26) will always be associated with the name of Lord Goschen, then member for the City of London and a former fellow of Oriel.

[2] It was brought in on February 18, 1868, and the second reading was carried by a majority of fifty, but it made no further progress, and was withdrawn on July 22.

suppose that any manner of restriction will silence these opinions. But allowing them free scope is one thing: bringing them into close contact with what are to be the leading minds of England, at the soft and plastic age, is quite another. It seems to me carrying free trade in dogma a great deal too far.

If I saw anything in Coleridge's Bill of the nature of a compromise I should try to meet him, for we are too feeble and too shattered to hope for anything on any subject but favourable terms of capitulation. But the permission to Colleges, with the consent of their Visitors, to make exclusive statutes if they dare, is only a bitter mockery of the notorious timidity and helplessness of those who are attached to established institutions. I am afraid you are buying the admission of a few choice and scrupulous men—an important object, I quite grant—at too dear a price. But I am afraid your view will prevail, and the price will be paid.

I once thought that we might have fought this point for a time successfully and so protected Oxford until the tide of unbelief which is running so strong outside had turned, and better days had come back. But if you and others whose judgement and devotion are so much respected have decided to give way, there is little more to be done. Long before those better days come back, Oxford will be contributing to the sustenance of religious life in this country about as much as an average German University. God help us all, it is a bitter comfortless prospect.

In the course of the following year Lord Salisbury, who had now succeeded to the family honours, was elected Chancellor of the University in succession to the Earl of Derby. Needless to say it was a source of much satisfaction to Acland that one for whom on personal and private grounds he had so deep a regard should be placed in the highest post of honour which Oxford can bestow. The new Chancellor's letter throws a further light on the relations between the two. Acland may have sympathized with his correspondent's forebodings, but he was prepared to confront the battle in a more buoyant spirit.

Many thanks for your kind expressions. I value them much more than I do the Chancellorship.

I am sorry that I have been in any way a cause of discord, but it is no fault of mine. I not only did not seek the post, but sought to decline it: feeling with you, that the holder of it should be less of a partisan, and more of a scholar. I allowed myself to be nominated only on receiving from several independent authorities the assurance that by so doing I should spare the University a contest, as my candidature was less likely to excite hostility than any other at this moment practicable. It was only natural that those who agree with my general opinions should be forward to support me. But I do not think any party demonstration was intended. I quite agree with you that a University should be governed, both by its nominal and its real chiefs, without reference to the political struggles of the day.

But an Ethiopian cannot change his skin—nor can I put off my 'Toryism'—my deep distrust of the changes which are succeeding each other so rapidly. Numbers of men support them who are not of the spirit that bred them: but that spirit is essentially a pagan spirit, discarding the supernatural, and worshipping not God but man. It is creeping over Europe rapidly: and I cannot put off the conviction that it is dissolving every cement that holds society together.

I have given you enough and too much of my gloomy thoughts. They have been excited by reading in a Liberal paper 'that learning is too high and sacred a thing to be sectarian.' Bah!

One more dictum of Lord Salisbury's. In June, 1870, it was proposed to confer an Honorary Degree on Charles Darwin. This was warmly opposed by Pusey, and once again Acland's personal influence with him was called into requisition. In a long interview he strove to dissuade the great divine from stirring up the embers of an unhappy controversy and giving fresh occasion for the foes of Oxford to blaspheme. The issue was uncertain when they parted, but Acland returned to the charge with the following letter:

It was very kind of you after giving me so much time on

Friday to take the trouble of sending me the passage which seemed to you important in respect to the estimate of Darwin.

As I understand him I do not agree with the writer. He seems to me to misapprehend the nature of Darwin's work, which is an inquiry into the facts of the Material organism of the Planet. The writer seems to forget Butler's argument (which I feel more and more keenly) as to the partial knowledge of the Creation which is attainable by us. It will indeed be poor encouragement to the honest pursuit of truth if men may not state without fear the facts they discover. I would add, as I had occasion to say many years ago to one who had neither the sagacity nor the courage to follow you in helping the study of Physical science, that his evident fear of inquiry necessarily suggested to scientific students and others doubts as to the strength of *his* faith in God. No student of nature has anything to fear, and he takes the universe as he finds it. He learns what scraps of it he can; and if morally tender, like Harvey, Newton, or Hunter, he seeks and adores; though he seeks dimly, and adores in hope and trust yet not with sight.

If you will show me a single irreverent passage or uncharitable passage in Darwin's writings, I will re-consider the whole matter. Meanwhile it seems strange to cast a slur on Darwin just when the learned author of Mansel's Bampton Lectures is made, as I said on Friday, a Dean in the Metropolis after all the tendencies, real or supposed, of his arguments.

I wish to keep clear of the question whether Darwin's inferences are correct. It is Darwin's exceeding eminence and his character as a working man that justify and required me to beg you respectfully to pause before bringing about his rejection here. Lord Salisbury, as you, my dear Dr. Pusey, know, is a devout man. What must be the difficulty in which he finds himself? However, I must cease, again thanking you for your great and ready kindness on Friday.

The opposition was withdrawn, though how far Acland's reasoning was efficacious is uncertain, for Pusey declared to him that he acted 'on the authority of one whose judgement I deservedly set far above my own.' This authority is conjectured by Lord Salisbury,

to whom Acland forwarded the correspondence, to have been Liddon.

'Your reply to Pusey,' he wrote, 'was excellent. I am very glad he found a wise man of his own way of thinking to back it up. I never could understand why creation cut up into short lengths was any the less creation. It would seem to me, on the contrary, a demonstration of greater and more enduring power, if such adjectives can be used on such a subject.'

But Pusey was wounded to the heart. 'I shall not take any part in the University proceedings except in mourning over them' were his parting words to Acland. The whole affair was crowned by Darwin declining, on the score of ill-health, to come up and receive the proffered distinction.

The position which Acland took up with regard to general politics was a somewhat peculiar one. In the first place he maintained that a doctor ought to have no politics. In the second he held it, upon the whole, to be the best course for one who, like himself, was not a practical politician, to support the Queen's Government whatever its shibboleths might be. It was the duty of the Government to promote that progress of internal improvement in the condition of the whole people in which he took so keen an interest. Sanitary questions, education, the due adjustment of local wants and rights and areas of administration, together with efficiency in the Army and Navy, these were the affairs of state on which, as a citizen and a specialist, he laid most stress, as well as he might in the days before the Eastern Question, Ireland, South Africa, China, and Egypt had relegated domestic affairs to the second place in party programmes. He had been a warm supporter of Mr. Gladstone as Member for the University, had served on his election committees, and had deeply deplored his rejection in 1865. But in 1874, when the Conservatives were placed in power, he was for giving them a trial.

A government (he wrote) which has not a powerful majority can never be at its best. Had Mr. Gladstone had full confidence and proper support he would have had fewer critics and prolonged power. The finest parts of his great nature would have had time and opportunity denied to one who had a divided army behind him. Shall we because the 'Liberal party' has done much, for which I am grateful, do what in us lies to hamper their successors in office?... Extreme opinions on either side have been the bane of the English *haute politique* ever since I can remember. Extreme opinions are the terror of all sober patriots. Which are the worst enemies of steady progress, Tory obstruction or Radical intemperance, I know not.... Looking, then, as calmly and as practically as I can at the existing state of affairs, I desire that the present Cabinet should have the fullest opportunity of carrying forward the best work of the late Government and the good work of their own. As sure as they flinch from this their days are numbered.

The quotation is from a printed but unpublished letter written by Acland during the bye-election at Oxford, caused by the elevation to the Peerage, in February, 1874, of Mr. Cardwell. The Conservative and Liberal candidates were Mr. A. W. Hall and Mr. J. D. Lewis respectively; and Acland declared that if he voted at all it would not be for the latter. In the course of the contest Mr. Lewis was exposed to bitter personal attacks by the opponents of the Contagious Diseases Acts. Acland wrote a strong letter of protest to the local press, as an act of justice to which he considered the Liberal candidate was entitled; but he refused to be drawn into any action which might be construed as an endorsement of Mr. Lewis's candidature.

To him, as to many others, the Agricultural Labourers' Union had seemed a movement which, if wisely directed, might do much in raising the standard of life and comfort in the villages. It was a subject in which he had always taken deep interest, and when in October, 1872, Mr. Joseph Arch was announced to speak at Oxford,

Acland felt strongly inclined to go and hear him. He was dissuaded, however, by Lord Carnarvon in the following letter:

My inclinations in doubtful cases of this kind are always to the cautious side, and so I should advise you not to attend the meeting.

In the first place, Arch is apparently becoming more and more of a political agitator, and those who seem to sympathize with him will naturally lose influence and power of usefulness with the more moderate part of the country. In the next place, such a meeting as is convened by him will probably not be one where moderate and sound counsels will have a chance of being heard. The time is probably at hand when reasonable men will get the chance and have a right to give their opinion, and it is of consequence that those who can give good advice should not prejudice themselves in popular judgement by premature or ill-advised action. You *can* do extremely little good by attending; you may find yourself in an awkward position personally, and find your ultimate power of good much curtailed[1].

It was sound advice, and it exactly embodied the rule of conduct which Acland had evolved for his own general guidance.

It is impossible to give any adequate account of the various interests and the various friendships which went to make up his life during these busy years. A few extracts, taken almost at random from his papers, must serve to show the many-sidedness of the man and the broad humanity which could attract so miscellaneous a correspondence. If the effect produced is kaleidoscopic, I can only answer that Acland's life *was* a kaleidoscope.

THE DANISH ISLAND OF FALSTEN, *September* 27, 1862.

You perhaps recollect having met, my dear Sir, on the road between Windsor and London, two travellers towards

[1] Acland does not appear to have attended the memorable meeting ten years later, when Joseph Arch revisited Oxford and Professor Smith contracted his fatal chill while occupying the chair.

whom you were in a way kind that they hardly ever will forget you. You asked them to come and to spend a whole Sunday with you at Oxford, and to join those young students for whom you have room besides your own seven sons. We did not come, for we dare not come; we indeed were too foreign to you. Still I feel I am bound, and more, to tell you how thankful I feel for your exceeding kindness; a kindness which you only, and I am sorry to say so, find in England. You treated us not as foreigners, but like old acquaintances. Allow me to ask you to do me a little favour, and not take it amiss when I try to show how deeply I recognized your wish to let us spend a day in an English family, and let me send you a small trial of my dairy, which generally produces pretty good butter.

Once more repeating my best thanks, and asking you to excuse these bad English lines, I sign me,

Yours very truly,

EDW. FESDORFF.

(FROM CHARLES MAYO[1].)

CAMP IN REAR OF VICKSBURG, *June* 23, 1863.

As my connexion with the medical service of the United States seems to be drawing to a close, I have thought that you might be interested in hearing of the career of the only member of our University who has entered the service.

I reached Washington about the middle of November last, offered myself for examination, and was promised a commission as Assistant-Surgeon of Volunteers, i.e. Staff Assistant-Surgeon. I was put on duty immediately in Washington in attendance on sick and wounded volunteer officers, in which duty I remained till the middle of last month. Having found favour in the eyes of the authorities, I was recommended by the Surgeon-General for promotion to Staff-Surgeon about February 5. About the same time I was ordered to serve as a member of the Examining Board for Staff-Surgeons; but as my commission had not then been confirmed by the Senator, this order was found to be illegal, and I did not serve on the Board, which I much regret. In April, Major-General

[1] Mr. Mayo, the distinguished army surgeon, was a Fellow of New College. Besides his work with the Federal Army he did admirable service with the Prussian ambulance in 1870.

Hartsuff, who was then going from Washington to take command of a new Army Corps, the 23rd, in Kentucky and East Tennessee among the mountains, asked me to come with him as Medical Inspector of his corps, and on my consenting, obtained verbal orders from the Surgeon-General and the Secretary-of-War to that effect. But the person whose duty it was to write out the order, inserted by mistake the name of General Grant instead of that of General Burnside as commander of the department to which Hartsuff's corps belonged; and his superiors signed the order without looking at it. In consequence of this blunder, which the Surgeon-General told me he could not afford to acknowledge and rectify, I was sent down here. I left Washington about the middle of May. My present duty is that of Medical Inspector of the 13th Corps, commanded by Major-General Ord, who has replaced McClernand within the last week. The corps numbers from 20,000 to 25,000 men. Ever since my arrival I have been troubled with an illness which prevents me from doing much duty; and as the worst season of the year has not yet begun, I do not expect to be of much use in this climate. Consequently I have determined to resign, and to leave the service whether they accept my resignation or not. I shall wait till the 30th of this month, which will have given the Surgeon-General ample time to reply to the requests addressed to him by General Hartsuff, whom I saw at Louisville (Kentucky) on my way to this place.

Vicksburg still holds out, and seems likely to do so. It is not known with certainty whether the besieged have thrown up an inner line of works besides those which confront us since the beginning of the siege; it is certain that they had a second line when the siege began. Up to this point they have lost nothing. They are careful not to waste ammunition, and are feeding their men on half rations, if the deserters are to be believed. I am getting accustomed to the whizzing and banging of shells, and the whistle of rifled cannon shot. My tent is pitched under a pair of fine beeches, on a hill; and if it were not for the climate and the badness of the water, would be a most desirable summer residence. The want of water will be a serious difficulty when the contents of the cisterns, which the inhabitants use exclusively, have

been exhausted. The springs are all bad, and there are no running streams. The country is all hill and valley, with plenty of fine trees; the magnolia, which is often as large as an elm, is the most conspicuous. Blackberries, plums, and peaches abound everywhere. There is not an able-bodied white man to be seen in the country. They have all gone with the army, or escaped into Texas. The negroes are living on rations drawn from the Federal Commissioners; they will not long remain to embarrass their liberators, for they are dying off like rotten sheep wherever they leave their masters. The men are impressed and made to work for the army, or put into the negro regiments; and the women and children are kept in camps, which soon become foul and unhealthy. The same thing is going on at Washington with the Virginia slaves.

I presented the note which you were kind enough to give me to General McClellan when he was in exile at Trenton, and I also called upon him lately in New York. We hear that Lee has advanced into Maryland and Pennsylvania; from what I saw and heard in the Army of the Potomac just before Hooker's defeat, I have no doubt that as soon as there is any real danger there will be a cry for McClellan which the Government can scarcely resist. I was surprised at the constancy with which that army holds to its first love.

We are just notified by the Commander of the Corps that a battle is expected at any moment: probably with some of Johnston's forces in our rear. We do not believe that he has enough men to do much harm; at all events I hope not to have to take a tour round the South as prisoner. I must now hasten to my duties.

CHARLES MAYO.

(FROM HERBERT SPENCER.)

88 KENSINGTON GARDENS' SQUARE, *December* 11, 1865.

DEAR SIR,

I have to thank you for the copy of the *Oration*[1] which you have been so good as to send me. Without discussing the view which you take, let me say that I am very glad to see the question deliberately treated. Nothing but

[1] The Harveian.

good can result from the comparison of opinions on these fundamental problems.

I wish every success to your efforts towards the extension of scientific culture at Oxford. I feel some doubt whether these old educational institutions can be adequately modified to suit modern requirements, but I shall be glad to hear my doubts proved groundless.

Faithfully,

HERBERT SPENCER.

(FROM GENERAL McCLELLAN.)

PARIS, *October* 24, 1867.

MY DEAR ACLAND,

I came here the night before last on some important business, by no means on a pleasure trip; and I am beyond expression disappointed in finding that it will not be possible for me to get through in time to enable me to get to Oxford on Saturday. . . . Trusting, my dear Doctor, you will believe that nothing but the force of imperative circumstances has made me break my engagement, and with the hope that I shall see your face, if only for an hour,

I am, with kindest respects to Mrs. Acland,

Your sincere friend,

GEO. B. McCLELLAN.

(FROM PROFESSOR TYNDALL.)

February 9, 1867.

MY DEAR DR. ACLAND,

Many times since I received your *Oration* I have thought of writing to thank you for it. But I have been hard pressed by other matters, and thus rendered tardy in the performance of my duty to you. I read the discourse with great interest, coming as it does from a high heart and a cultivated head. For my own part, when I look over human history and see how the belief for which you contend helped men to the performance of deeds which are even now classed among the greatest and most sublime achievements of humanity, I am tempted to ask is there no way of preserving the force intact? Must we go with all the forms to which in special ages it linked itself? I cannot, I confess, look at the ex-

tinction of this grand motive power without regret, and I can hardly imagine it doomed to destruction.

Perhaps the most significant phrase of the whole lecture is that where you speak of a Supreme Will 'whom the reason cannot comprehend, but whom the heart can approach[1].' What you here translate into the approach of the heart is the thing which gives the discussion value in your eyes. As a purely intellectual problem in which your heart had no share the question of a Supreme Will would possess comparatively little interest for you. You find this feeling to be of an ennobling character, and you would therefore defend, not only it but the conceptions with which it has been associated, from all assault. But is it of necessity that the beat of heart and height of soul should express themselves in theological forms? I hope not, for they will come to grief. Judge of theological inquiry by its tendency and achievements hitherto. The idea of entrusting any department or investigation of general interest to humanity to the exclusive treatment of theologians is, I confess, exceedingly unacceptable to me. If they knew their vocation the case might be different. But, taking them as they are, they appear to me to be specially endowed with the capacity of bringing into contempt the noblest aspirations of the human soul.

Excuse this rather random production, and

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

JOHN TYNDALL.

(FROM SIR THOMAS WATSON.)

August 10, 1868.

MY DEAR ACLAND,

I have just been reading in the *British Medical Journal* with great delight your most able and most interesting address as President of the Association. I sit down at once to congratulate, applaud, and thank you for it. I know no one in our Profession who could have acquitted himself of the appointed and necessary task half so eloquently or half so well. What you have said cannot fail to have a salutary, elevating, and permanent influence on the whole body to which we belong; nor to raise the character of our science

[1] See p. 73.

and art in the minds of all outsiders who may read it. And I trust, or rather take it for granted, that you will give outsiders the opportunity and temptation to read it in a separate form. The whole spirit of it—scientific, humanitarian, religious—is excellent, and the diction admirable. I don't shrink from using these strong expressions to you, because I know you will not suspect me of using towards you words of insincere or mere fulsome compliment. That your own future course may be happy and brilliant in correspondence with your noble aspirations is the prayer of,

Yours ever affectionately,

THOS. WATSON.

(FROM PROFESSOR HUXLEY.)

February 7, 1871.

MY DEAR ACLAND,

I see nothing to prevent my accepting your invitation for the 18th, unless this wretched influenza which I have been suffering from for the last fortnight should disable me again. But I hope for better things. I shall be obliged to return on the Sunday evening, if the Canon[1] won't be scandalized. But I will make up by going to hear him preach in the morning, if you will take such a heretic under your wing.

Ever yours very faithfully,

T. H. HUXLEY.

(FROM SIR WILLIAM GULL AT SANDRINGHAM DURING THE PRINCE OF WALES'S ILLNESS.)

December 14, 1871, 10 a.m.

DEAR ACLAND,

Yesterday was sad indeed, and both Jenner and I began to drift from our hope. In the evening a change came which has lasted up to now: first sleep, then slower and fuller breathing, and lowering number of pulse. These changes occurring at the expected time and beginning definitely make us hope we are over the bar into smoother water.

I cannot delay communicating to you the ground of our hopes.

Yours always most sincerely,

WILLIAM W. GULL.

[1] I have been unable to identify the preacher.

(FROM THE LATE BISHOP RYLE.)

STRADBROKE VICARAGE, SUFFOLK, *Dec.* 21, 1872.

DEAR SIR,

I believe we were at Christ Church together, and this must be my apology for writing this letter. I hope you will not think I take a liberty in asking you, as a medical man of experience, to favour me with your opinion on a point in Scripture.

The point I refer to is a fact narrated by St. John, in his Gospel, chap. xix. 34. He says that 'blood and water' came forth from our Lord's body, after death, when a soldier pierced his side with a spear.

What I venture to ask is this: (1) Is it correct, *anatomically*, that blood and water, or something closely resembling blood and water, would naturally flow from the side of a dead person if the heart or pericardium was pierced with a spear? (2) Or are we to regard this issue of blood and water recorded by St. John as an event, to say the least, extraordinary and supernatural, and contrary to usual experience?

My reason for asking is very simple: I am just finishing a very full Commentary on St. John's Gospel, and I find that the opinions of commentators differ much on this verse.

I have never studied anatomy, and of course have no right to speak positively about it. Whatever your opinion may be on the subject, I shall value it highly, and I should really esteem it a favour if you would let me know it. Of course I should make no use of your name.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN C. RYLE.

(FROM THE LATE LORD COLERIDGE.)

MIDLAND CIRCUIT, DERBY, *March* 5, 1875.

MY DEAR ACLAND,

I am very sorry you did not come in when you called at my house in London. I should very much like to have shown you *in situ* some work of Butterfield's to which I do not think you could have taken exception; and it is always pleasant on any occasion to see you or Mrs. Acland. But indeed I never

dreamed of your having said anything which needed either regret or excuse when we talked together at Willis's. I am quite aware that every one does not look at my dear friend as I look at him. It would be strange if they did; for I have been to some extent taught by him in many things about art, and know his noble qualities and extraordinary powers in a way in which men in general cannot and do not know them. I should not be honest if I affected to doubt that my judgement about him is right, and that hereafter people will feel that a very great man has been amongst them; but I am not so foolish as to expect other people to feel my certainty when I know they cannot feel the grounds of it. It *is* foolish if I ever manifest impatience at a difference of opinion which is inevitable, and I did not know that to you I had. If I did, and so far as I did, *I* ought to be sorry and not you.

What does sometimes provoke me is the utter unreason of the reasons given for hostile judgements on him, which shows not judgement but mere prejudice. Chequered bricks may be beautiful or ugly; but why should men declaim against in Keble the very same thing which they admire extravagantly in a Suffolk or Essex Manor-House? Windows 35 feet from the ground may be good or bad; but at least it is no more 'audacious' and 'eccentric' to use them in Keble Chapel than in New College, or Magdalen, or King's, or Eton, or a dozen other grand old buildings. Neither of these things wring *your* withers, so I may say them to you; but this sort of criticism is for the most part the kind of thing which I hear directed against him, and it is provoking because it is what I call no criticism at all.

Yours always most truly,

COLERIDGE.

(FROM SIR BARTLE FRERE.)

WRESSIL LODGE, WIMBLEDON, *May* 12, 1875.

MY DEAR ACLAND,

Many thanks for your note and its enclosure. I sincerely trust you will be able to support the resolutions to be proposed to-morrow in your Convocation, for enabling candidates for the Indian Civil Service to reside at the

University. It has always seemed to me most disastrous—I was almost saying disgraceful—to all parties concerned, that it should be so difficult for a man to enter the Indian Civil Service without sacrificing his University career that few University men now attempt it. The Legislature professes to open the Civil Service to the best-educated men of all classes; but practically University men are almost excluded by the terms of the competition. This seems to me a double injustice and wrong to India, because we lose what I believe to be the best class of men for all Indian purposes—men taken from all ranks of our great middle-class population, liberally trained and instructed, physically and intellectually, in our best schools, and with the best associations, moral, social, and political, which Englishmen can have to make them hardworking, energetic, patriotic *Englishmen*, fitted in every respect to rule and influence men of other races and creeds. No Hindoos, however intellectual, no pedants, however learned, will be efficient substitutes for such *men* as you train at Oxford, and have trained for many hundred years past (I do not say you at Oxford exclusively, but you of both our Universities) with such eminent success. There is much of the modern training which is especially valuable—*inter alia*, all you are doing to teach Physical Science, and Sanitary Science, both of which sciences have special utility as branches of education for India at the present day.

On the other hand, it seems to me that it is most unjust to the University students that they alone should be debarred from competing for such careers as the Indian Civil Service affords.

One naturally asks whose fault is it that they are debarred? The Civil Service Commissioners deny it is theirs. I do not suppose you admit it is yours; but you are now proposing to do what in you lies to remove the bar, and I heartily trust you will succeed, and that your example will aid the Civil Service Commissioners to do their part.

Please let me know the result, and believe me in great haste,

Ever yours affectionately,

H. B. Frere.

Acland and Sir Bartle Frere, though in no wise related to one another, had an aunt in common, Mrs. Henry Hoare of Morden, at whose house and at Mitcham they had played together as children. On Sir Bartle's retirement from the Indian service and return to England the old intimacy was renewed. With what interest Acland followed his subsequent career at the Cape will be seen on a later page [1].

Early in the seventies the now defunct Metaphysical Society was founded, and Acland, brought in by the indefatigable Secretary, Mr. James Knowles, was an occasional attendant at its evening meetings at the Grosvenor Hotel. The part which Cardinal Manning took in its discussions is well known [2], and in more than one interesting letter to Acland he goes again over the ground traversed in debate. 'What you said on Tuesday night,' he writes on one occasion, 'seemed to me to be very much to the point, and I hope in my comments I did not seem to imply any variance. I thought we were on the same track. . . . This was my drift against the semi-materialism of Huxley.'

Jenny Lind—to turn to a very different side of Acland's nature—and her husband Mr. Goldschmidt, were not unfrequent visitors to Broad Street. 'It is indeed very kind of you, dear Mrs. Acland,' wrote the Swedish nightingale in May, 1862, 'to think of us and invite us to kill the peace of your house. We shall not, however, go quite so far as to accept your most kind invitation, as we have ordered rooms at the hotel; but if we should let Walter come with us, I shall be very happy to send him to play with your children, if you allow.'

The acquaintance dated from her first visit to Oxford in 1848, and was never allowed to drop. On one occasion Acland pointed out to her the gap that had just been made in the dining-room furniture by the loss of a beautiful little organ belonging to Canon Courtenay,

[1] See p. 401, *infra*.

[2] See Purcell's *Life of Manning*, vol. ii, p. 513.

and now reclaimed by him. Mr. and Mrs. Goldschmidt were sympathetic, and took special trouble to procure from Paris a large harmonium built practically under the direction of Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, to replace as far as possible the vanished instrument[1].

I have said elsewhere that Acland had no strong taste for the theatre. There is extant a letter to him from Macready, in which the latter places a stall at his disposal with the words, 'My desire to manifest to you my wish to render you any little courtesy in my power will, I know, be understood by you.' As to whether the offer was accepted, history is silent; but Acland's friendship with Tom Taylor took him not unfrequently to the play in company with that accomplished critic and dramatist. He was not always or easily pleased, but his admiration for Fechter's 'Hamlet' was unbounded.

He had been first brought into touch with Taylor during the course of his efforts, eventually successful, to induce the citizens of Oxford to adopt the Local Government Act in lieu of their effete sanitary regulations[2]. Acland's first introduction to municipal life dated from his appointment as Lee's Reader in Anatomy, when he found himself officially required to be a Commissioner of Lighting and Paving. What the state of affairs was at that time and for years after, under the rule of the city authorities, has appeared sufficiently in the story of the cholera outbreak. Acland has summed it up in another place in vigorous language:

The sanitary condition of Oxford and its surroundings was deplorable. The workhouse was ill-placed and ill-managed; human *excreta* which entered the river from the lowest parts of the suburbs were pumped unfiltered through the town.

[1] On Acland's death the harmonium was given to the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, the parish in which the Broad Street house stood.

[2] Tom Taylor was an official in what is now the Local Government Board, but was then the Local Government Act Office.

The alleys were miserable. There was no attempt at protecting the Thames from the sewage, such as there was, of the houses; the Commissioners had no adequate power to raise money on loan so as to remedy systematically the frightful evils. Such was the force of custom and of aversion to change that when it was proposed to abolish the Paving Acts, as they were called, and to place the town under the improved Imperial Laws, the motion was not even seconded, though at a subsequent meeting of the Commissioners it was carried by ten to one.

In the same speech, delivered at a dinner of the Oxford Corporation in 1892, Acland was able to point to a veritable revolution along the whole line. A new Union House had been built, the Thames had been purified of its turbid filth, a system of drainage had been constructed in accordance with the most modern requirements and in conjunction with a sewage farm. A new and constant water-supply was served from admirably equipped waterworks, and the arrangements for the care of the masses in sickness had been altered out of all recognition. The Radcliffe Infirmary had been extended and improved in every direction, a hospital for infectious diseases had been constructed, a competent officer of health appointed, and a complete system of nursing the sick—poor and rich alike—had been established. With regard to all these great changes Acland was well entitled to say *pars magna fui.* As a member of the Board of Guardians and the Board of Health he had been persistent and untiring, as Physician to the Radcliffe he had, in the face of much opposition, active and passive, carried most necessary reforms, and his practical knowledge of sanitation had always been at the service of the Corporation with regard to drainage and water-supply. He took a leading part in abolishing the old pauperizing doles, in obtaining a new Charity Scheme, and in organizing out of the old Cutler Boulter Foundation a new Provident Dispensary, through which the

working-classes were visited and treated in their own homes. How directly the improved system of nursing was due to him and to Mrs. Acland will appear in the next chapter.

Much of this work, during the earlier stages at any rate, was done in the face of great discouragement. 'The longer I live here,' he wrote in 1866, 'the more unbearable it seems to me. The Dean and I have both been pointedly told that whatever he or I proposed at the Local Board would have been equally and violently opposed.' The vested interests and the forces of ignorance and prejudice would have been too strong for Acland, even with Liddell to help him, but for the fact that earnest and enlightened men were gradually replacing the do-nothings and the busybodies both in the City and the University: the difficult thing was to organize them and to promote harmonious working between townsman and gownsman.

Here was Acland's great opportunity. In his twofold capacity of Physician and Professor he belonged to both parties. The antagonism between the Corporation and the University authorities was traditional and apparently irremediable. As late as 1858 we find the Mayor of Oxford declining to take the oath to observe the privileges of the University, and Convocation first authorizing the Vice-Chancellor to proceed against that official with all the rigours of the law, and then empowering him to abstain from opposing the Bill intended to relieve the Mayor (Mr. Isaac Grubb) from the obligation to which he had conceived an objection. The causes of the antagonism lay deep down in academical history, but the mere existence of an *imperium in imperio* is enough to account for it. To-day it is almost a thing of the past; the University is represented in every municipal institution, it contributes its quota of members to the Town Council, and its most distinguished sons do not shrink from their share in the government of the city. In this great process of union and reconcilia-

tion, culminating in the Act of 1889[1], Acland was the pioneer. He threw himself vigorously into all that concerned the health and welfare of Oxford, he attended meetings, served on committees, gave lectures[2], was insistent—in season and out of season—in preaching his unpopular gospel of cleanliness and sanitation. On the Local Board he, and Rolleston after him, discharged without remuneration the duties of a permanent Health Officer. Nor was he neglectful of purely social agencies. In evening parties at his own house, in more ceremonial soirées at the Radcliffe Camera and the New Museum, he knew no distinction between town and gown. The progressive and public-spirited element among the Oxford tradesfolk were brought face to face with all the punctilious elements in academical society. By degrees the barriers were broken down. Other Dons beside Liddell and Acland and Neate were found to interest themselves in the details of civic work. Rolleston and Thorold Rogers, and in a later generation T. H. Green and Humphrey Ward, followed in the same path. But no member of the University ever came to occupy the position in the estimation and affection of the townsfolk which Acland ultimately filled. During the later years of his life his influence was supreme; his tact, his urbanity, his commanding presence, and the remembrance of his self-denying life and his services in the past, placed him without a rival in the hearts of his fellow citizens.

[1] The Local Government Board's Provisional Orders Confirmation Act (Oxford).

[2] It was Alderman Sadler who, as far back as 1847, had reproachfully alluded to the very little practical interest taken in the town by the members of the University. Acland's lectures were the outcome. In after years he and the members of his family used to give a free entertainment of music, reading, and recitations in the Town Hall on Boxing night, and Acland would read to an appreciative audience his favourite selections from Tennyson and Longfellow, delighting especially in *Hiawatha*.

CHAPTER XIII

PRINCE LEOPOLD—RUSKIN—DEATH OF MRS. ACLAND—HOME LIFE IN BROAD STREET

1872–1878

In November, 1872, Prince Leopold came up to Oxford, and was placed, like his eldest brother before him, under the medical care of Dr. Acland. It was a task of grave responsibility, for His Royal Highness had been from his birth an invalid whose health excluded him from the sports and recreations of boyhood. How manfully and nobly he contended with these physical disadvantages, how diligently he strove to follow his father's example in the encouragement of every form of culture, is known to all. His death at the early age of thirty-one closed a career of no ordinary promise, and by it the country was deprived of the most accomplished of its princes.

During his residence, which extended, with breaks, over a period of nearly four years, Prince Leopold lived at Wykeham House near St. Giles's, with Mr. (now Sir R. H.) Collins, whose pupil he had been for some time past. As far as his health would allow he entered into the life of the place and attended with assiduity the lectures of the Professors, and occasionally he was permitted to take part in public functions under close restrictions and precautions against exposure or overfatigue. These years, it may well be believed, were among the happiest of his too short life. 'I am looking forward,' he once wrote to Dr. Acland, 'with the *greatest*

pleasure to my return to Oxford this day week; I wish there were no vacations, for myself at least!' Like all who were brought into contact with the Prince, Acland had been attracted by his lovable and unselfish disposition, and he had recognized what great opportunities for influencing the public mind were in the grasp of this delicate student. Every encouragement and assistance in his power were placed at the Prince's disposal, and in the theatre and laboratories of the Museum he was able to give his Royal pupil some insight into the new world which modern science was opening out before the eyes of the learner.

But it was a terribly anxious time. In the summer term of 1874 the Prince had a bad illness, and for weeks was kept a prisoner to the house. In a letter written as soon as he was able to be removed to Windsor he expressed in touching terms his love for 'dear Oxford,' and his gratitude for 'the great and unceasing care' of his physician. Sir Robert Collins, between whom and Dr. Acland there had sprung up a warm mutual friendship, wrote at the same time: 'I don't know what we should have done without you at Oxford the whole time the Prince has been there, but especially have I reason to be grateful to you for all you have done during the last two months.'

There were worse things to come. In December, 1875, on the Prince's return to Osborne for Christmas, symptoms of typhoid, a disease so fatal to his family, declared themselves, and for some weeks he was in a very critical state. The cause of his illness was found in the drainage at Wykeham House[1], but this unlucky

[1] When Acland made the preliminary inspection of Wykeham House—which had been taken for the Prince on his suggestion—he would not allow the drains to be connected with the main drainage of the town, knowing only too well the susceptibility of the members of the Royal Family to typhoid. During the Prince's absence for the Long Vacation the connexion was effected without Acland's knowledge or authority, and to this he always attributed the Prince's malady.

occurrence was not allowed to put an end to the residence in Oxford, which had come to be one of the bright spots in a life which had so much to cloud it. Prince Leopold returned to the University and did not finally 'go down' till the end of 1876. Nor did his formal departure from Oxford sever his connexion with the place. He had been, on Acland's initiative, invited to become one of the Radcliffe Trustees, an offer which he gladly accepted. In this capacity he came down in June, 1877, to the opening of the new children's wards at the Radcliffe Infirmary. This children's hospital was the gift of Mrs. Combe, and it fell to the lot of the Prince to move a vote of thanks to the Chairman and Treasurer. For the purpose a statement had been prepared by the Committee in illustration of the changes which thirty years had brought to pass in an institution which, when Acland's connexion with it first began, was irreconcilably behind even the limited ideas of those days. The services of Sir Douglas Galton and Sir Robert Rawlinson in the sanitary improvement of the Infirmary were acknowledged by name, but there could have been few present that day who were ignorant as to the part played by the untiring zeal and the knowledge and experience of the Regius Professor of Medicine.

Among the lectures which the Prince had attended with most enjoyment was the remarkable course which Ruskin delivered as Slade Professor of Fine Arts. For some years there had been a strong desire on the part of his friends and admirers to utilize at Oxford the great gifts which he was lavishing elsewhere with somewhat reckless profusion. Ruskin himself was nothing loth, and he seized with something like avidity upon the proposal made by Acland and others to bring him in for the vacant Professorship of Poetry. The project fell through, to Ruskin's disappointment, and it was then suggested that he might like to be appointed one of the Curators of the University Art Galleries.

His acceptance of the offer, which would have necessitated the resignation either of Dean Liddell or Acland—for there was no vacancy—was not couched in very promising terms:

September 23, 1867.

My dear Acland,

Not in despair, nor in sick sloth, but in a deep, though stern hope, and in reserve of what strength is in me, I refuse to talk about art. The English nation is fast, and with furious acceleration, becoming a mob to whom it will be impossible to talk about *anything*. Read the last seven verses of yesterday's first lesson. They are literally and in every syllable true of England, and the weapons with which such evil may be stayed before 'the end thereof' are not camel's hair pencils. Camel's hair raiment might do something.

You have 'no idea of folded hands, while there is hope of safety.' Nor I; but if the *Tyne* had gone off into deep water with a leak gaining on her, you would not have called the carpenters to paint her sides. Nevertheless, we will keep our cabins tidy to the last (though, by the way, if you and Richmond had not had your heads full of Raphael chalk scratches and Roman plaster patches, and had worked with wider sight, you might have had the Peter Martyr in the National Gallery here instead of in Hades) and, if you are tired of that curatorship and think that I can be of any use, I will do the best I can. But in no phrase of politeness I tell you that you are fitter for the place than I, and, working with your old friend the Dean, and entering into the fruit of your efforts for many years, you had much better stay as you are, if you are not weary.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. Ruskin.

Liddell may well be pardoned in writing:

My dear A.

Are you positively certain that Ruskin would like to be Curator of the Galleries? Have you it in writing? And can his inclination or wish in August be depended upon in November?

This scheme also came to nothing, but in 1869 under the will of the late Mr. Felix Slade a Professorship of Fine Art was founded and endowed, and by general consent Ruskin was designated as the first occupant of the chair. The Rev. George Butler, then head master of Liverpool School, who had been asked to stand, wrote to Acland in the following strain:

> Verily I think Oxford must be hard put to it to look to me to supply such a need. Surely Ruskin or Charles Newton or H. Hunt would be better representatives of Art than I could hope to be. You are likely to know, and I therefore ask you frankly. Ruskin seems to me of all men most pointed out, *monstratus fatis*, for it, if he will only undertake the labour. But when I saw him in the winter, he told me he had resolved to give up talking and writing and use his hands in preserving from oblivion some of the noble frescoes of Tintoret, &c., which are falling into decay and perishing by other causes. I had some talk at Easter with Richmond, and he agreed with me that Ruskin ought to be urged to stand, and there is no one who could put it before him more forcibly than you.

Ruskin's *nolo episcopari* was overcome, and on August 10, 1867, he was chosen unanimously. The electors were Liddell, Acland, and the late Canon Rawlinson (then Professor of Ancient History) as Curators of the University Galleries; Bodley's Librarian, the Rev. H. O. Coxe; the President of the Royal Academy, Sir Francis Grant; the President of University College, London, Mr. Grote the historian; and Mr. Fisher, one of the executors of the will. The inaugural lecture was delivered in February, 1870. I have no wish to tell a thrice-told tale, and a goodly proportion of those who sat under the Professor still survive. The lectures were an epoch in many lives and their sound has gone out into many lands. The seed found good and fruitful soil in many an unsuspected and unpromising quarter, and the immediate sensation created by them was without precedent in Oxford. Long before the appointed hour the Lecture-room in the Taylorian was

crowded to suffocation, and it needed all Acland's strength and persistency to force his way to the table and beg the audience to adjourn with the Lecturer to the Sheldonian Theatre. Nor was the excitement a passing feature: the attendance scarcely seemed to wane or diminish, and Ruskin grew to resent, avowedly at any rate, the presence of the throngs of ladies. He had come, he always insisted, to spread the light among the members of the University, and its beams were caught by the bright toilets and luxuriant head-dresses of his fair auditors.

During his first two years of office Ruskin lived as Acland's guest in Broad Street whenever he was in Oxford. Afterwards he went into rooms at Corpus, which had done credit to itself by electing him to an Honorary Fellowship. Of his intention to bring real teaching within the reach of the undergraduates he gave practical proof by a munificent gift of £5,000 to endow a Master of Drawing, and his generosity in the gift and loan of his art treasures knew no bounds. The circumstances attending the gift to the Drawing School are characteristic. Ruskin was ill at Matlock when the affairs of the projected School of Art were still unsettled, and Acland had gone there to see him. The two had much talk on the subject, and one day Ruskin, who was weak and suffering, and confined to his bed, suddenly drew out a cheque for £5,000 from under his pillow and said, 'There, Henry, that's to endow the Master.' Acland was naturally inclined to demur at such an unconventional transaction, but his patient's health forbade excitement or argument, and the cheque was taken and invested in the name of the Trustees.

The incident connected with Ruskin's lectures which made most noise at the time, and is now scarcely remembered, was the amateur road-making experiment at Hincksey. In connexion with this new departure in applied philosophy, ridicule, of a somewhat clumsy order, was only to be expected. But an ill-natured attack in a

London paper excited Acland's indignation and drew from him a letter to the *Times*.

SIR, OXFORD, *May* 19, 1874.

An Oxford correspondent has addressed to one of your evening contemporaries an attack on the Undergraduates who have been induced by Mr. Ruskin to take to 'digging at Hincksey.' Will you allow a few lines' space to another Oxford correspondent who feels sure that neither Mr. Ruskin, who is now in Italy, nor the students who get their daily exercise at Hincksey will notice the sneers. Surely in an age of Liberty and of Philanthropy, well-meaning men might be allowed to mend the muddy approaches of some humble dwellings of the poor without being held up to the public as persons meet only for the neighbouring Asylum. Is it so, that the principles on which Mr. Ruskin and these youths are acting are insane?

Mr. Ruskin, a man of no narrow sympathies, has known Oxford for forty years. He is as interested in the greatness of the educated youth of England as he is in the well-doing of the poor. He is loved by both. To the high-spirited youth of Oxford he has said, 'Will, then, none of you out of your abundance, the abundance of your strength and of your leisure, do anything for the poor? The poor ye have always with you. Drain a single cottage; repair a single village by-way; make good a single garden wall; make pleasant with flowers one widow's plot, and your muscles will be more strong and your hearts more light than had all your leisure hours been spent in costly games, or yet more hurtful amusements.' Is he wrong? Are the hearty kindly men who obeyed him wrong? Are they likely to be worse Englishmen for their pleasant love of a respected teacher, and their cheery, almost playful help to agricultural labourers? Will society be worse that a body of steady students with a kindly enthusiasm left their wonted games to lessen the sadness of the world and make more bright some English cottage homes? To say nothing of the good of humane and hearty occupation to the men themselves, are we sure that some men such as these when wisely directed will not be among the best safeguards in the heaving restless social fabric of modern life?

Is Mr. Ruskin impractical in thus harmlessly evoking the sympathies and energies of the unspoiled minds about him?

Your obedient servant,

HENRY W. ACLAND.

That this letter was in accord with the general sentiment was shown by a poem which appeared a fortnight later in *Punch*, and from which the following stanzas may be quoted:

Acland writes to defend John Ruskin,
  Who an undergraduate team hath made,
For once, from May-term morn to dusk, in
  Hincksey soil to set working spade.
So very Utopian! so Quixotic!
  Such is the euphemistic phrase,
Equivalent to idiotic,
  For Athletes guided to useful ways.

. . . .

Pity we have for the man who thinks he
  Proves Ruskin fool for work like this.
Why shouldn't young Oxford lend hands to Hincksey,
  Though Doctrinaires may take it amiss?
Careless wholly of critic's menace,
  Scholars of Ruskin, to him be true,
The truth he has writ in the Stones of Venice
  May be taught by the Stones of Hincksey too.

Ruskin's term of office expired in 1873, but he was re-elected, and again in 1876. At the close of the third triennial period, in 1879, he resigned; indeed the state of his health for more than a year past had rendered the discharge of his duties impossible. And while his friend lay under the dark shadow of a distressing illness, Acland himself was passing through a time of sorest sorrow.

Little has been said during these chapters of Acland's family, the seven sons and the daughter who had been born to him; a high-spirited and merry party, but with

a share of their father's seriousness and with unmistakable signs of the Acland temperament. The boys had grown into young men and were beginning to make their way in the world. The eldest son, now Rear-Admiral Sir William Acland, had already given promise of a distinguished career; another son, the present Dr. Theodore Acland, was making a name for himself in his father's profession; there was one at Woolwich, and another eating dinners and keeping terms at the Temple. As time went on the occasions on which the whole family could be assembled together under the roof of the Broad Street home became fewer and fewer, but there is in existence a photograph of the 'Acland eight,' 'easied up' by the Christ Church meadows. It represents an old-fashioned racing-boat with the Doctor at stroke and his seven sons at the other thwarts; Mrs. Acland sits in the steersman's place, and a seat in the extreme stern has been contrived for Miss Acland.

The first definite break in the circle was made in November, 1876, when Herbert, the fourth son, left England for Ceylon with the intention of becoming a coffee-planter. A touching letter from his mother, placed at the bottom of his box to be read by him on the voyage, has been printed elsewhere[1]. In June of the following year when Oxford was at its brightest, and the festivities of the summer term were in full swing, his parents received the disquieting news that he was suffering from typhoid fever. Some weeks had necessarily elapsed since the date of the letter, and Dr. Acland telegraphed for particulars. The answer came back that his son was dead. What that blow must have been to the household no words can say. Herbert Acland had been an exceptionally attractive boy; at Charterhouse he was the idol of the school. 'There was not one of us,' I have heard it said, 'who would not

[1] *A Sketch of the Life and Character of Sarah Acland*, page 99.

MRS. HENRY ACLAND

DRAWING BY W. E. MILLER, 1876

have gone across Europe to him if he had held up a finger.' And the thought of his death, almost alone, in the distant Indian island, came as an indescribable shock to his schoolfellows and friends. To Mrs. Acland it was a death warrant. 'When I heard the news,' says Mr. Charles Pearson, 'my first words were, "This will kill Mrs. Acland"; and the prediction, alas! came true.' 'Those who had ever seen her in her home,' adds the same writer, 'knew how the bands that united her to her husband and children were interwoven with the very heart-strings.' Some little time before this her health had shown signs of failing, and from the effect of her son's death she never rallied. All through the year that followed she grew worse, and in the summer of 1878 it became clear that there was no hope of recovery, but no one seems to have suspected how near was the end. She accompanied her husband and daughter on a visit to the shores of the Baltic, staying at Dusternbrook and Elsinore, and she bore the journey home without apparent ill-effect; but she took to her bed on September 14, and on October 25 she passed peacefully away.

'All through her illness,' writes her daughter, 'she was exactly like herself—bright, patient, uncomplaining, unwavering in her faith that all was ordered for the best.' On October 29, 1878, she was laid to rest in the Holywell Cemetery, carried to the grave by her six surviving sons. Of Acland's grief I cannot speak. 'The rest is silence'; and there are sorrows from which it is a profanation to draw the veil. Nor will I attempt to use words of my own about Mrs. Acland[1]. I will venture to print three of the countless letters in which those who had known her strove to impart comfort; the first, it will be noticed, was written before Dr. Pusey had realized the hopeless nature of the malady.

[1] A beautiful appreciation of Mrs. Acland's character from the pen of Dean Church, who knew her well, is to be found in the *Guardian* for November 6, 1878.

SOUTH HERMITAGE, ASCOT PRIORY, BRACKNELL.
September 23.

MY DEAR MISS ACLAND,

I am grieved to hear of your father's and your anxiety about your dear good mother. I trust that it may please God to dissipate your anxieties. She has indeed done a good work in the education of you all, in teaching you all to love God and guiding you on the way. She has done, too, much good in drawing some of our fleeting generations of young men to God and to good. The insensible influence of all who love God is far more than any which they are aware of; and especially of women. They know it not; God hides it from them and keeps it in store for them for the Great Day.

God bless and comfort you in your anxiety and comfort her too, as He will.

Yours affectionately,
E. B. PUSEY.

To these words should, I think, be added an extract from a letter written by Dr. Pusey, some time later, to Acland himself.

Love will be everything: for God is love and he who has most capacity for love will be most enlarged to contain God. I suppose that this was the secret of your dear good wife's peace amid all that, in this place, especially, must have been so contrary to her early habits of simple faith. She must have been saddened to see young men drifting about hither and thither while she herself 'knew in Whom she had believed.' I wish now that I had known more of the inner workings of that mind of beautiful simple faith and love. But there was no reason why she should disclose them. She needed no aid, except what God habitually ministered to her in her daily round of devotion and faith and love.

(FROM LADY SALISBURY.)

HEMSTED PARK, STAPLEHURST.

MY DEAR DR. ACLAND,

Many thanks for the book. It will be very precious to me; I have read those verses[1] over and over again already.

[1] *The Choir Invisible*, by George Eliot, lines which Mrs. Acland

God bless you and comfort you, my dear old friend. Only those who knew her as I did, I may say, all my life, know how precious is the treasure laid up for you.

Yours affectionately,
G. SALISBURY.

(FROM H. R. H. PRINCE LEOPOLD.)

PALAIS DE BRUXELLES, *October* 29, 1878.

MY DEAR DR. ACLAND,

I found your letter on my arrival here, last night, and I need not tell you what grief I felt at the contents of it. I have been travelling during the last month on the continent, and so had seen no notice of the terrible blow that you have received.

You know well how heartily and affectionately I sympathize with you in your sad bereavement. To know dear Mrs. Acland was to honour and reverence her, for her many acts of kindness, for the brightness she shed on her house, and for her constant sympathy with all those who suffered mentally as well as physically. I will write no more, I only wanted you to know how much you are in my thoughts at this sad time. I return to England the day after to-morrow and shall be at Buckingham Palace for some time.

With heartiest sympathy to your daughter,
Believe me, dear Dr. Acland,
Yours sincerely and affectionately,
LEOPOLD.

It ought to be added that one of the earliest messages of sympathy to the bereaved husband came from the Prince of Wales, begging him to come and see him. That interview and the terms in which His Royal Highness spoke of her whom he had lost, left an ineffaceable impression on Acland's memory.

Mrs. Acland's death was to a certain extent the break up of the old life in Broad Street, though husband and children strove to maintain as far as possible the wise and tender traditions that hung around the home. It

had committed to heart and repeated to her husband on her death-bed.

was still a centre of hospitality and of strenuous work; a place where the most interesting elements of Oxford and London society made a meeting-ground. Miss Acland was her father's right hand in keeping house and helping him to receive his guests; but it could never be quite the same, and before the scene finally shifts I think the following sketch of the household and its surroundings, with which I have been most kindly furnished by a member of the family, will be of interest not only in itself but as throwing a flood of light on much that has gone before.

'It is very difficult to think of the family life in Broad Street without one figure rising above all others—that of the devoted wife and mother around whom everything centred. She was a most remarkable woman in every way. Coming of a grave and serious stock, but herself having a deep vein of fun and humour, she was always ready to join in all that was going on, serious or gay. Musical, and with a fine contralto voice—well read[1]—trained by her eldest brother, Mr. William Cotton, in subjects very unusual for a woman of her day—she was a Greek and Latin scholar, knew French, German, and Italian, as well as a little Spanish, Dutch, and Norwegian. On one occasion in Norway she was mistaken for the Norwegian landlady, and to her great amusement accosted by some travellers in Norwegian.

'Calm, wise in judgement, industrious, and cultivated, she was a most fit companion for Dr. Acland with his restless energy, his nervous temperament, and his artistic nature. Unselfish and forgetful of herself to a degree that was almost harmful to those about her, the description which seems most nearly to portray her is the Sonetto out of Dante's *Vita Nuova*:

[1] It is remarkable that as far back as 1861 Mrs. Acland was an appreciator of Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayyam*. Dr. Stokes of Dublin procured for her in that year what he says was the last copy of it in the publisher's hands.

"Tanto gentile e tanto onesta pare
La donna mia, quand' ella altrui saluta,
Ch' ogni lingua divien tremando, muta,
E gli occhi non l' ardiscon di guardare.
Ella sen va, sentendosi laudare,
Benignamente d' umiltà vestuta;
E par, che sia una cosa venuta
Di Cielo in terra, a miracol mostrare."

'The life in Broad Street was very simple. Breakfast at 8 o'clock, to which those who wished to talk to Dr. Acland often came uninvited, was always preceded by family prayers—no matter who was present. Dr. Acland would then see patients, or work with the assistants of the Radcliffe Library, who used to come to him until the Library opened. He went out at ten, either to the Radcliffe Infirmary or to consultations or to the Museum. In the early days of his practice he also saw patients at home from two to four, but when they became so numerous that he was unable to attend to them all in that time, he gave them the additional hour between one and two.

'If the patients had come in from the country, Dr. Acland would constantly bring them into the dining-room to partake of the simple midday meal[1] or dispatch them, for the same purpose, to the servants' hall, as the case might require, and he would even give away or share the dinner which Mrs. Acland used to put aside for him on a hot-water-plate when he was delayed or detained. Whilst he was seeing his patients, the old coachman, Whitlock—who drove him so many miles before the branch railway lines were as numerous as they are to-day—would sit in the servants' hall waiting for country

[1] Bishop King of Lincoln, speaking at an Oxford meeting, once narrated his first meeting with Mrs. Acland. He had gone to her husband, as an undergraduate, for some small ailment, and when the consultation was apparently over his physician said, 'There is one thing you must do instantly, you must come into the next room and dine with us.'

orders. In the summer, and sometimes in the winter, Mrs. Acland used to go these country journeys with him, sitting in some little wayside inn whilst he went to the patient's house, occupying herself with her book or work. In later days, when the children were at school or absent from Oxford, she would choose these occasions for writing long letters to them. The evening meal was in consequence of these long drives a very irregular one, and consisted of a sort of high tea. Dr. Acland used to be very fond of quoting a remark made to him by Sir Henry Thompson, to whom he had been recounting his way of life: "It strikes me that you never dine, you only feed."

'After supper he would often get up and go and sit at the harmonium and improvise. He had a great love and appreciation of music, but no sense of time, and he used to wander on over the keys, bringing in airs that he had learnt in Italy, Germany, and elsewhere, and occasionally singing in accompaniment. He would then come up to the drawing-room carrying an armful of books, and would sit and write letters, which he always used to throw on the floor for fear that they should be mislaid. Meanwhile there would be music, or Mrs. Acland would read aloud, and it rarely seemed to disturb him. Prayers at ten o'clock finished the day for the household, but Dr. Acland would often write on until just before twelve, when he would go down to the General Post Office with a number of letters, meeting many other professors and friends, bent on the same errand. He always brought up his fees to Mrs. Acland in the evening, and used to pour them into her lap, or if she was writing, place them in a little pile on her davenport by her side. All Sunday fees were given away, and placed in a separate bag with a cross upon it. Mrs. Acland not only kept all his accounts, but wrote his cheques, paid his bills, and managed his stables as well as his household. She chose schools for the children, and tutors and colleges for the sons

as they grew up, and attended to all the arrangements necessary for a large family without giving him any trouble beyond asking for his approval. He, on his side, never made any arrangement, however trivial, without consulting her.

'Life was in those days much simpler than now. Mrs. Acland often used to tell in later years that when they married they could count up all the wedding presents which they received on the fingers of their two hands. Professor Max Müller, when he first came to Oxford, in 1848, would often spend the evenings in Broad Street, and he used to describe how he would find Mrs. Acland with one candle, and a basket of mending by her side, sitting at work and waiting until her husband came in. The house was never regularly furnished throughout, but a piece of furniture bought, or a room made habitable, as circumstances required. In the same way alterations and improvements were constantly in progress, and Dr. Acland was never happier than when he had workmen about; for many years a carpenter named Slatter seemed to be always about the house, until he was turned out by Mrs. Acland—only to re-appear very shortly on another job. All the improvements were said to be made for Mrs. Acland's comfort or convenience, and she always accepted the compliment "because it made him happy."

'The days being thus extremely full and busy it was impossible for Dr. Acland to see very much of the children, except on those rare occasions when he would snatch a holiday in celebration of a birthday, and picnic in Wytham or take tea down the river. He used to row himself in a skiff whilst Mrs. Acland and the children went in a large and suitable boat. On one of these expeditions an undergraduate in a tub ran into him and upset his frail craft, and he had to swim ashore. It was a time when few if any of the professors would have thought of rowing themselves on the river.

'After the death of his brother Arthur Troyte one of the latter's daughters came to Broad Street.

When I went to stay with your dear parents first in 1856 (she writes) I was just over twenty and fresh from an extremely quiet country life, and the sudden plunge into such a centre of learning and love of all forms of knowledge was in itself an inspiration. There was never a meal where the interest of the conversation did not turn on something deep—occasionally, of course, patriotic and philanthropic, but never trivial[1]. The whole of the life inside the home seems to me to have been a wonderful mixture of perfection and ease. I do not mean taking ease, but making easy, no fuss—no friction—whatever your mother saw was right to be done she did well, and he always approved and admired. The children were never in the way, never neglected, always considered, but never allowed to think themselves of importance.

'The children came down to breakfast and to early dinner, but were told that they were to be seen and not heard, and they were not allowed to ask for anything. This led to an amusing incident, when one day one of the little boys whose wants had during some interesting discussion been overlooked, pushed his empty plate into the middle of the table, exclaiming, "May I please have some salt?" The hospitable round table was often too small for all the party, and some of the children would be sent to a small table placed for them in the porch outside the dining-room window. All sorts of people used to drop in to luncheon, and were always made welcome, especially on the days when the Ewelme Trustees held their meetings in Broad Street. The house was rarely without some guest or other beneath its roof—the parents or friends of undergraduates who were ill in college—any one who needed help in any way—old Oxford men who wanted to come up for some college gaudy or meeting—all

[1] 'With all this interesting and varied talk,' adds another informant, 'there never was any gossip, no "society talk," no mention of cards or betting.'

knew that they were at liberty to ask for a bed. Sometimes Dr. Acland would invite some examiners to stay, and then forget all about it—but when they arrived they always found a welcome. At the time of the Medical Examinations all the examiners would be bidden to stay in the house—though when the number was doubled some beds had to be obtained in college or at an hotel. Often an undergraduate overworked before some examination or with some temporary or threatened illness was brought by Dr. Acland in his carriage to the house, and he would run upstairs and say, "Wifie, I have brought so-and-so—he is very unwell and needs your care"; and then he would be off again.

'Saturdays in term would constantly bring parents, brothers, or sisters, of undergraduates to stay until Monday, or old friends from London who were glad to get a day out of town. Mr. Ruskin when he was first made Slade Professor lived during several terms in the house as one of the family. He used to say that he could write unusually well there in his room, a quiet one at the back, as Mrs. Acland—"Mama" he called her—made him so extremely comfortable, and he had nothing to disturb him, for he could not waste his time looking out of the windows, since the outlook over the blank brick wall and the chimney-pots was the ugliest that he had ever seen.

'There were not only English visitors. There would sometimes be Americans, such as Dr. Billings, Deputy Surgeon General of the United States Army; Dr. Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard College; the Shattucks of Boston, and Dr. Gross of Philadelphia; and foreigners from many lands, some bent on business, some on pleasure. Occasionally also there came unusual guests from other countries—Oron-hya-tekha, the Mohawk chief with his mocassins and his feathers; Jacob Es-Shellaby the Samaritan, who arrived on Sunday and said that he had come to stay—which he

did. Then there was Mr. Masujima, the courteous Japanese gentleman who arranged a tea-party to show how they made tea in Japan; Mr. Vigfusson, the Icelandic scholar, with his quaint face and weird Sagas; Mr. Holmar, the leader of the Tyrolese singers, who, having come once with his party to sing to an invalid in the house, came afterwards to prayers and breakfast whenever the party was in Oxford, without invitation. These amongst many others sought and found a welcome.

'In the early days, whilst still Physician at the Radcliffe Infirmary, he would go accompanied by his wife and children for Morning Service to the Infirmary Chapel, where Mrs. Acland would play the harmonium. In the afternoon he went to the Cathedral, never omitting a long visit to Dr. Pusey in his rooms in Tom Quad[1], and taking tea at the Deanery, where he was always welcome, and where he used to put on his surplice. He once told a German Professor who was going to the Cathedral with him that he considered this surplice, worn in right of his election to an Honorary Studentship, to be the highest honour that he had ever received. After Cathedral he would return to the Deanery until it was time to go home for high tea.

'Nephews who were up at College or the sons of any old friends, or perhaps some undergraduates who had been ill, would be told to come in when they liked, at eight o'clock on Sunday, to spend a "home evening," on the one condition, made by Mrs. Acland, that they did not dress, as that, she said, would make it like a party. Sometimes Dr. Acland would read something

[1] 'Your dear father's friendship,' wrote Mrs. Brine to Miss Acland, 'was one my father valued so specially. His visits on Sunday were quite looked forward to, they seemed to bring so much refreshment with them. You knew the keen interest my father took in all in which Dr. Acland took part, and it was with a bright smile that I have seen his dear face light up as the time drew near at which he thought he might come in for his chat—with the words "Oh, I suppose Acland will soon be here."'

that he thought likely to interest his hearers, and talk about it, or would, to the great delight of the younger ones present, get into a discussion with Miss Eleanor Smith[1], who regularly spent her Sunday evenings for nearly forty years in Broad Street. On one occasion he was talking about a lately-published translation of the *Imitatio Christi* edited by Dr. Liddon, which he liked very much. He asked Miss Smith if she knew it. "No," she said. "I am surprised at that. Do you not read your Thomas à Kempis?" "Yes," replied she. "In what edition?" "I read it in Latin." "Oh," exclaimed Dr. Acland, "I am not up to that!" She looked at him severely over her spectacles, and said, "And, my dear Sir, may I ask what is the use of an University education?" On her death it was found that she had left him a small legacy—and her little Latin Thomas à Kempis.

'There was almost always during the course of the evening singing, and instrumental or concerted music, and if any one continued talking, Dr. Acland would point up to the text inscribed over the doorway into the little drawing-room, "Pour not out words where there is a Musician." The servants came up to prayers at ten, and a hymn was sung, accompanied by any instruments which had been used during the evening. Milk, seltzer-water and lemonade, with cake and biscuits, were placed in the little drawing-room, and the men left by eleven o'clock. That they appreciated these evenings was shown by the regularity with which many of them came during their residence in Oxford[2].

[1] The sister of the brilliant Savilian Professor, H. J. S. Smith.

[2] 'Rien n'est sacré pour un sapeur,' and there were undergraduates who did not always spare the home of the Regius Professor. Returning late one night, the Doctor found a young gentleman, 'flown with insolence and wine,' pealing at his door-bell. The culprit fled, but Acland gave chase as far as the gate of Christ Church, through which he saw the fugitive disappear. He took his name from the porter, and the next morning being

'The candidates for medical degrees were always invited to breakfast, and as the numbers increased it often became a difficulty to know how to seat them. These breakfasts originated in the custom which, before the abolition of the tests, required the Regius Professor of Medicine to go through the Thirty-nine Articles with his candidates, a condition which Dr. Acland used to fulfil by reading them at prayers.

'With all this pressure upon him, and with health that was never robust, it was not to be wondered at that he would get overdone; and the tact with which Mrs. Acland made him rest, either by actual lying in bed or by change of thought and scene, was one of the triumphs of her perfect nature. Sometimes it would be by breakfast in bed, or not rising till midday, sometimes by sending him to Marsh Gibbon, to Mr. Parker's farm, for the night; or for two or three days to his beloved West Country; or even by train to Didcot to write his letters in the waiting-room[1]. Whatever she proposed, he would always try to do, and he was invariably the better for it. He never went on any of these excursions or for a long country journey without bringing her back something. Now it would be wild roses and brambles from the hedges;

Sunday, he called, on the way to the cathedral, at his rooms, which, oddly enough, were those which he had himself occupied as an undergraduate. The occupant was still in his bedroom, and the breakfast materials were set down by the fire. Acland gravely inserted one of his visiting-cards in the spout of the coffee-pot, and departed. I wish I could add that the undergraduate had possessed either the courage or the humour to make some amends.

On another occasion a handsome door-knocker was wrenched from the door in Broad Street. Years afterwards, when his eldest son was with his ship in the Piraeus, a young Russian came up and avowed himself as the author of the outrage. The knocker, he said, was at the bottom of the Cherwell, but he hoped to make reparation by sending another, the finest which could be obtained. The promise remains unfulfilled to this day.

[1] 'I know hardly any pleasure in life more keen,' he once wrote, 'than being left for two hours in a railway-station undisturbed.'

again baskets of fruit or eggs. Sometimes an old chair, table, or clock would appear a day or two later by carrier—once it was, to her dismay, an Alderney calf, which she found tethered in the garden—some offering, however slight, he always brought.

'The home life was so satisfying to him that it was difficult to persuade him to go into society, but once started no one ever enjoyed it more, and he was generally the last to leave his host's house. There was nothing that delighted him more than giving an evening party. The planning and arranging it was a source of real pleasure, and when the evening came, he always enjoyed it so thoroughly himself that his guests could not but enjoy it too. The memory of one party stands out very clearly. Mr. W. H. Smith was at the War Office, and was coming down to spend Sunday. Dr. Acland invited a large gathering to meet him. The first guests to be chosen were the principal Liberals and Radicals in Oxford, because, as he said, what was the use of asking the Conservatives, who could easily meet Mr. Smith any time? The night came, and all the Liberals were taken up to be introduced to the guest of the evening, who, with his host, was enjoying himself like a schoolboy out on a holiday.

'Dr. Acland was too restless to like a dinner-party—indeed in his own house he very rarely sat still right through any meal. He always found some excuse to get up and walk about. Now it would be to fetch a statuette of Hippocrates if a doctor were present; anon, if some strong Conservative were among the guests, he would place a bust or photograph of Mr. Gladstone on the table beside him; or he would want to look up some point in question, and go out, to return laden with an armful of books on the subject, which he would expect his questioner to read. He was always very sarcastic, as far as in him lay, when people were what he called "cock-sure" on any point,

and he would say that he had not sufficient knowledge or evidence to decide, but would write to So-and-So and make inquiries. When he was weary he would often amuse himself by altering the position of the pictures, kicking off his shoes and climbing up to unhang and rehang them; or he would move the position of all the busts after the family had gone to bed so that the next morning a complete change in the appearance of the house had taken place. He said it was as good as change of air. In his library he had many and most complete arrangements of a very methodical kind for sorting and keeping his many-sided correspondence and pamphlets, but they were never used, alas! and there was always a hunt for his papers, which were invariably lost or in the wrong pigeon-hole or box when they were wanted, in spite of all the best endeavours of his devoted secretary, James Ford.

'Dr. Acland's loyalty and devotion to the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and indeed to all members of the Royal Family, was intense. He never, even in extreme old age, let the Queen's birthday pass without standing up to give the toast of "The Queen!" and his one expressed wish towards the end was that he might live to see "My Queen" once more.

'No account of the life in Broad Street would be complete without some mention of Dr. Acland's relations to his household. He had a wonderful power of attracting all those about him. The house was in every sense a home for them. He rarely parted with any servant if he could possibly help it [1], and they were always his friends—feeling that they could go to him in their joys and their sorrows—sure of his sympathy. He would take infinite trouble to show or to explain to them anything which he thought would interest them—objects under the microscope, the beating of the heart

[1] He only had two coachmen during over fifty years, both well-known figures in Oxford.

in a dead fish, a cast of the brain, or facts illustrating incidents in the Bible. The assembling for morning or evening prayers would give him the opportunity of doing the latter, and many are the subjects on which he would address them. Sometimes it would be by showing them his sketches of the Seven Churches, at another it might be a description of General Gordon or an explanation of a contour map in his possession drawn by the General at Jerusalem, or facts about some other interesting person. The effect produced was not always what he intended: one maid, who had known the household for over forty years, on being asked if she understood what he had been telling them, replied, "I never thought of doing that!" and, being further questioned, she added, "I look across at the dear Doctor and I think to myself—You poor dear gentleman, how you are enjoying yourself!"

'In another instance the butler gave notice that either he or the page-boy must leave, as no one could tell how trying it was to work all day in the pantry with a boy who believed that the world was created in periods when he himself believed it was created in days! One page-boy, who after repeated warnings was told that he really must leave, was actually in the omnibus to go to the station, when he jumped out exclaiming, "If he don't know when he has got a good servant, I know when I have got a good master!" and he ran back into the house again.

'It was most pathetic to see the way in which Dr. Acland bore the overwhelming sorrow of his wife's death. His one thought was how to carry on her interests and her work. The home life, which had before circled round her, now centred in her memory—not in any morbid or despairing way, but in trying to carry out her intentions and her wishes. He always seemed to feel as if she were near to guide him, and to the very end of his life he rarely, if ever, undertook anything fresh without saying, "Do you think your

mother would have liked it?" or, "What would your mother have done?"

'How deep and lasting was the impression made by the home in Broad Street on those altogether unconnected with the family may be gathered from some notes made by Professor Victor Carus more than fifty years after he first entered it[1].

"Beginning to write a few lines on Sir Henry's 'home life,' I am afraid of becoming too personal in my narrative. Dr. Acland had asked me to be his assistant in the Christ Church Museum, a position which I entered upon in September, 1849. Our intercourse was naturally in the first term rather formal, and on an official footing. But his kindness, and the sympathy with which Mrs. Acland bade me welcome to Oxford, made the house in Broad Street, after a very short time, a second home to me. The last three months of my staying in Oxford (from December, 1850, to April, 1851) Dr. Acland had asked me to give up my rooms in Park Place, and to live in his house, so that I not only became a member of his household, but was treated as an old friend, nay, as one of the family. My recollections of that wonderful time are of the happiest of all my life. The whole home life in the house was an ideal one, it was pervaded by the spirit of kindness, charity, and tender regard and love for every one belonging to it, or coming into contact with it.

"When Dr. Acland came home from his medical visits, he was cheerful and hearty. Whenever he was in anxiety over one or other of his patients, or from medical or economic reasons, Mrs. Acland knew how to comfort him and to cheer him up. Very often he came into the drawing-room to write his letters there. At meal-times he was the loveliest host and master of the family. In the absence of guests our conversation was chiefly on the Museum, Mrs. Acland following with the most lively interest the progress of our work. But there was scarcely any question of general importance, religious, social, scientific, philosophical, or political which was not touched, and sometimes entered upon seriously. In

[1] Cf. p. 148, *supra*.

the last months we worked very often in the Museum[1] after dinner, sometimes till late in the night, when Mrs. Acland would come to join us there and give us tea. These were delightful hours, as the genial and happy natures of Dr. and Mrs. Acland manifested themselves in the most felicitous way."'

To the pen of the same member of the family I am indebted for the following short description of the home which sheltered Henry Acland for fifty-five years, and in which all his children grew up.

The old house in Broad Street was in its way unique. It consisted of three houses which had been at some former time joined together. Two of these faced the street, and had lath-and-plaster fronts; the third, at the back, was of much older date, and its walls were over three feet thick.

It was Dr. Acland's amusement and delight to improve this curious old place until he turned it into a veritable museum, though it always remained what Mrs. Acland used to call it, a rabbit-warren. Entering from Broad Street you came into a narrow hall with a Devonshire settle made of walnut from the Holnicote Estate, and with panelling as a dado on the walls all made at his old home. This panelling continued down the long passage which led to the dining-room and libraries, and the doors of the dining-room were also of walnut, and made in the same shops. Indeed everything that Dr. Acland could bring from the old home to the new was brought; he always remained at heart a Devonshire man. Out of this narrow hall opened a small room, used as a waiting-room for patients, or for those many people who came on all sorts of errands to the house. The walls of this room were completely covered, chiefly with engravings from portraits, and showed the catholicity of his interests and friendships. Chevalier de Bunsen, John Ruskin, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Dufferin, Lord Salisbury, Sir Bartle Frere, 'Ben' Harrison, W. H. Smith, Bishop Jacobson, Professor Max Müller, Mr. William Froude, Bishop Selwyn of New Zealand and Lichfield, and many others hanging near together; and on one wall were the engravings of Queen Victoria, the

[1] The old anatomical Museum at Christ Church.

Prince Consort, and their children, given to him by Her Majesty.

Out of this little room opened his small consulting-room or study, furnished in the same characteristic manner. Passing down the long passage you came to the first library, designed by Mr. Woodward. As time went on books accumulated everywhere on every sort of subject, down the passage and up the walls, till at last it was all so full that it was a matter of some difficulty to get in or out at all. Beyond this room was another, built originally as an inner sanctum for himself and his wife. When he asked Mrs. Acland what O'Shea the Irishman should carve on the stone mantelpiece of the first library, she at once quoted Wordsworth's lines to the Skylark:

'Type of the wise who soar but never roam,
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.'

And as time went on and they grew older, a final shelf came up from the old home and was fixed in the north library with these words carved on it, 'Rest and be thankful.' In every corner not covered with books hung pictures, photographs and curios. The stairs to the drawing-room were narrow and steep, but could not be improved owing to the presence of a massive chimney-stack; by Dr. Acland's ingenuity, however, they were made less dark by means of reflectors. At the top of them stood a cast of Alexander Munro's beautiful figure of Undine stepping on to a water-lily. The drawing-room was a low room with a huge beam running down it. Bookcases stood between each window, and there was a long low one across the end, the newest books on every sort of subject being on the octagonal table near the centre. The walls were so covered with pictures that the paper was barely visible. Here hung Millais's famous picture of Mr. John Ruskin, given to Dr. Acland after the death of the latter's mother, also two sketches of Rossetti's, 'The Gathering of the Herbs' and 'The Eating of the Passover,' a small Turner, the Acropolis at Athens, and many other pictures, by George Richmond and his son, and by less distinguished artists, including many by Dr. Acland himself of varied scenes in many countries. This room was the centre

HENRY ACLAND'S LIBRARY, BROAD STREET, OXFORD

of the family life; when Dr. Acland was at home he was rarely, unless actually occupied in seeing patients or on business, far away from Mrs. Acland's side.

I have left to the last the dining-room and the garden, into which the former looked; it was in the oldest part of the house, with very thick walls and quaint appearance. On either side of a stone ogival arch cut through the wall was painted in the pre-Raffaelite days, in red letters, the old college 'grace,' for before and after meat—*Benedictus Benedicat: Benedicto Benedicatur.* Dr. Acland had at the end of the room arranged a top light for sculpture, and here hung two casts, one of the Holy Family by Michael Angelo, the other of the Nikê Apteros; and in the centre was a bust of Dante.

The garden ran back as far as Trinity Garden-wall, and Dr. Acland's originality and ingenuity were constantly exercised in making it as unlike a square bit of town garden as possible. At the four corners of the little fountain stood four pillars, removed from the Tower of the Five Orders at the Bodleian at the time of its restoration. The garden was constantly used in a fine summer as a second drawing-room, with a man-of-war's awning overhead to keep off sun and shower, and on fine hot nights Dr. Acland delighted in having his simple dinner, or his coffee, out there, and he would sit and chat until long after dark.

There was a strong feeling in Oxford that it was not fitting that such a character as Mrs. Acland's should be preserved only in the memories and during the lives of those who had known her personally. A meeting was held at which it was resolved to raise a memorial to her, which should take some form of practical usefulness; and it was agreed that a great want in Oxford would be met by founding in her name an Institution for nurses. The sum required was nearer four thousand pounds than three, but in the course of a few months the total had been raised. The subscriptions came in from all quarters, from members of the Royal Family and the two Archbishops,

down to anonymous subscribers of half a crown and five shillings. No time was lost in getting to work: a district nurse was in the field within a few weeks of the first inception of the project, and in the following Autumn Term, a year after Mrs. Acland's death, a meeting was held to announce that the 'Sarah Acland Institution for Nurses' was in full working order. A house had been taken at 37 Wellington Square, and placed under the supervision of Mrs. Rutherford Smith, and a district nurse was already visiting and treating the sick in their own homes.

The 'Sarah Acland Home' is now one of the most flourishing and most valued institutions in Oxford. So great is its usefulness, so indispensable do its nurses seem, that one marvels how the town or the University had existed without it. Dr. Acland had had some terrible experiences both in the cholera days and in his general practice. He had known what it was to spend half the night looking for some one to sit up with an undergraduate in delirium, and he had had daily evidence of the misery suffered by rich and poor alike in the absence of trained nursing. The memorial to his wife could have assumed no form more acceptable to him.

CHAPTER XIV

THE 'LOST MEDICAL SCHOOL'—SIR BARTLE FRERE—VISIT TO AMERICA—PUSEY AND NEWMAN—THE VIVISECTION DEBATES

1878–1884.

IN the Long Vacation of 1879 Dr. Acland, accompanied by his son Theodore, paid a second visit to the United States. He was in need of a change, for, apart from his private sorrows, he had been passing through a time of much worry and annoyance. In 1877 the second University Commission had begun its sittings under the Chairmanship of Lord Selborne. The Regius Professor of Medicine was an important witness both as to the scientific studies of Oxford and the facilities afforded there for medical training. With regard to the former point he bore testimony to the great progress which had followed the establishment of the Museum, and the general encouragement afforded to Natural Science by the University and College authorities, but he insisted that the existing number of Professors on the Scientific side was inadequate, and that the distribution of subjects among them needed reform. He was strengthened in his demand for an increase in the teachers and plant by the recently published Report of the Commissioners on Scientific and Technical Education. They admitted that the University of Oxford had in recent times acted with great liberality to Natural Science, and they gave unstinted praise to the existing arrangements of the Museum. But they added that these, 'in extent of appliances and in completeness of range even for purely educational purposes,

are at the present moment far outdone by many institutions upon the Continent of Europe.'

So far the medical and scientific world was entirely with Acland, but when he came to expound his views on Oxford as a 'Medical School,' there was a strong division of opinion. Amongst some of the younger generation at Oxford, men who for the most part had received their early training in the Museum, there was a growing desire to follow the example of Cambridge, and attempt to form a complete School of Practical Medicine, from which, after graduation, the medical student might embark direct on his professional career. It was hoped that the Commissioners would be brought to this point of view and report accordingly, and several of the most distinguished of the younger Oxford teachers gave evidence on its behalf. But from Acland no support was to be gained. He admitted that it would be possible—and in the distant future perhaps desirable—to organize a practical school with clinical instruction at the Radcliffe Infirmary. To do so would entail the extension of the Professoriate by at least a dozen new teachers, with a corresponding outlay on apparatus, if the standard of the best London and provincial hospitals was to be aimed at[1]. But against any such scheme he found grave objections.

A purely scientific school of biology, using the word in its widest sense, was a national want. That want Oxford had for the last twenty years been endeavouring to supply; much still remained to do towards the completion of such a school, and the reorganization of the Oxford curriculum on a purely practical basis would be fatal to it. It was impossible, he contended, that the Radcliffe Infirmary could ever afford to the student the same opportunities for the practical study of medicine

[1] Professor Ray Lankester estimated that £20,000 a year would be required to maintain a staff adequate to the requirements of a course of practical medicine, and that £50,000 would have to be sunk in additional buildings.

as were to be found in London and in the larger provincial hospitals. And moreover Acland felt most strongly that the University could not allow the Science School to run the risk of having to adapt itself to imperfectly-trained pass students in medicine whose interest it would be to drag down the teaching of the Science Classes to the minimum of professional requirements. To his mind this flooding of the University with mere medical students, specializing from the date of their matriculation, unaffected by the spirit of the place, and with the smallest conceivable touch of humanistic learning, was an ever-present danger. And the language used by many of the supporters of the so-called practical school went far to justify his alarm. Men who came up intending to be doctors were advised to give up their first year to chemistry and physics, their second to biology, and so on through their whole undergraduate residence. It appeared to Acland an organized effort to drive Oxford men preparing for the medical profession out of the ranks of literary, historical, or philosophical culture. His whole life had been devoted to enforcing the combination of 'Arts' (in the Oxford sense) and Science, and to rendering such a union practicable and easy. He had striven to make it possible for the medical man to pass his early years in an atmosphere of intellectual interests and discipline where the purely scientific side of his studies might be taught with a thoroughness and a breadth of view rarely attainable in the laboratories and lecture-theatres of the best-equipped hospital. Seventeen years' experience of the Museum and its capabilities had confirmed him in these opinions.

The Commission heard the evidence on the other side which was put before them, with all his wonted vigour and lucidity, by Professor Ray Lankester. A memorial in favour of a closer connexion between Oxford University and the study of medicine, signed by a number of the leaders of the medical profession,

was duly presented and put in, but the signataries refrained from committing themselves to any details. It was accompanied by a strong representation on the part of the majority of the medical graduates of Oxford against the proposed practical medical school, and by letters of a similar tendency from the President of the Royal College of Surgeons, from Sir William Gull, from Sir James Paget, and from Professor (now Sir William) Turner.

The decision of the Commissioners was adverse to the reformers, but, before any definite conclusion had been arrived at, a campaign against Acland and those who held his views had been opened in the columns of the *British Medical Journal*, then under the control of the late Mr. Ernest Hart. The first number for January, 1878, contained, in a prominent position, a letter from 'A member of Convocation,' deploring the fact that 'as a medical school Oxford has within the last twenty-five years ceased to exist.' The letter was 'echoed' in the editorial columns in a manner significant to those who have been behind the scenes in journalism, and for the whole of that year a brisk, if intermittent, correspondence was kept up on the so-called 'Lost Medical School.' The world was informed that 'vacuity and annihilation now reigned where once medicine flourished and science found her own.' Rolleston was assailed in language of great bitterness, and he was accused of 'occupying himself and his pupils with any variety of collateral subjects provided that they had no relation to human anatomy and physiology and could not be pressed into the service of medicine.' He was held up to special derision for the use of illustrations derived from 'Saxon interments, early ceramic ware, and prehistoric pigs.' Nor was Acland spared, though the covert malice of some of the anonymous attacks was veiled under an assumption of outward respect. He was told that he made no attempt to fulfil the duties of his Professorship otherwise than by pocketing the stipend,

and that he must be held responsible to the profession for the degradation of the Oxford Medical Faculty and its conversion into a sinecure.

To any one who knew what Acland had done for medical education in Oxford these charges seemed hardly to need refutation. The Museum was his monument, and the long years of unselfish labour on behalf of the teaching of science were a sufficient answer to these coarse insinuations. He had his own views of his functions as Professor, and he had been upheld by the University Commissioners. The question of practical medical teaching at Oxford was a very wide one, and admitted of much argument and much diversity of opinion, but the hollowness of the present outcry was shown in its very title. 'The Lost Medical School' was a glaring misnomer, and those who invented it obviously knew little or nothing of modern University history. The earlier chapters of this book have shown that there never had been, during living memory, any practical medical school at Oxford, and that whatever might have been contemplated in that direction when Acland was elected to the Clinical Chair had been abandoned as impracticable. The troops of medical students who were assumed to have swarmed at some unknown epoch in Oxford lecture-rooms were mere figments of the brain. When Acland was appointed Regius Professor he found the faculty of Medicine as dead as it was on the appointment of Dr. Kidd thirty years earlier.

He was not left without his defenders in the press, and Dr. T. K. Chambers in particular found no difficulty in dissipating the myth of the lost school. Rolleston's methods were vindicated, in vigorous language, as being far in advance of biological teaching elsewhere, and as being then universally adopted. And he was declared to be 'an example to the men of science whose narrow sympathies and lack of literary and general culture have produced a reaction against scientific teaching.'

It is painful to know that Rolleston suffered acutely under this controversy, and Acland recorded in after years that the last days of his friend had been saddened by attacks on his methods and aims, levelled by those 'who were incapable of appreciating his greatness and his large views of biological science, or of allowing for his sometimes eccentricity in language.' The Regius Professor himself was of tougher fibre, and the strength of will characteristic of his family carried him on with a serene persistence of purpose in the face of detraction; but it would be idle to affect that the whole affair did not cause him infinite annoyance. And he felt, what he was afterwards to realize only too painfully, that a race of men was growing up which had forgotten, or chose to ignore, the great services he had rendered to Oxford. Desperate efforts were made by the Editor of the *British Medical Journal* to provoke him to a reply; but he was not to be drawn. As a Professor of the University he had acknowledged and welcomed the examination by the Royal Commissioners; he recognized no such right in the case of Mr. Ernest Hart.

Acland, however, never shrunk from newspaper controversy when his friends were the object of contumely or misrepresentation. We have seen this already in the case of Mr. Ruskin[1], and he now intervened on behalf of a great and ill-used servant of the Crown. His early friendship and intense admiration for Sir Bartle Frere have been already referred to[2]. He had closely followed his policy in South Africa, and the following extract from a letter of Lady Frere's will show that, when the news of the catastrophe at Isandhlana came upon the public at home as a bolt from the blue, Acland was better posted in South African politics than most men in England. Writing from Government House, Cape Town, on December 8, 1878, to condole with him on the death of Mrs. Acland, Lady Frere went on to say:

[1] See p. 373, *supra*. [2] See p. 361, *supra*.

My dear husband will grieve when the tidings of the loss of another dear friend reaches him in Maritzburg, the capital of Natal, where he has been for the last ten weeks. A very anxious time indeed, and as yet we cannot tell how matters will end. Cetywayo and his Zulus are the keystone of all South African difficulties. The Kaffir War on the Cape Colony frontiers in '77–8 was but the symptom of the true evil, the real cause of all is Cetywayo and his Zulus. Their old dispute with the Transvaal and Natal about their boundary is an ostensible cause, but his insolence to the Natal Government (which is a Crown Colony) has grown worse and grown on. Our force is but scant to defend our frontiers there from invasion, or to have the power of keeping in order Cetywayo and his large body of well-drilled Zulus; some say he is merely pushed into war (the war my husband has so earnestly striven by all the means in his power to avoid) by the young chiefs and the thousands of young Zulus, anxious to wash their spears in blood—and who have had no fighting for nearly five years—and who according to Kaffir law may not marry and settle down until they are warriors, which cannot be attained without a battle. Bartle and the General have had to exercise great care in gathering together and moving to suitable positions the few English troops we have in South Africa—quietly, to avoid that worst of all dangers, panic. In England you seem under too great anxiety[1] to send us the help of another regiment or two so sorely needed out here, and which none perhaps but those who are on the spot, as my husband and the General are, can see the great need of, to *prevent* as well as to carry through war; and few can tell the anxious hours Sir Bartle has had in seeing all that is coming steadily on and finding his appeals for a few more redcoats cannot be complied with. Disasters out here for want of such aid will not strengthen your position in England or in India, and at home you seem to forget Natal is a Crown Colony, and has as much right to be defended from home as the Isle of Wight would have.

Thank God, notwithstanding the immense fatigue and

[1] Lady Frere is alluding to the preoccupation caused by the Afghan War which broke out in November, 1878.

anxiety of the downright hard work and the continued strain, mental and physical, of so much depending on him, Bartle has kept wonderfully well, and in a climate with the weather, for many weeks, of Indian heat. He is living at Maritzburg with the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Henry Bulwer. We are too large a body to have gone travelling with my husband through this, in many places, roadless country, and now of course the fewer ladies he has in Natal the better. He and the General are now awaiting Cetywayo's reply to an ultimatum Bartle has sent to him.

The storm of obloquy which followed the news of Cetywayo's victory on January 22, 1879, is matter of history; and while Sir Bartle was denounced throughout England by the speakers and writers of both political parties, he found himself treated with little sympathy or consideration by his official superiors. Under the influence of strong emotion Acland wrote to the Editor of the *Times*:

SIR,

Will you, in the midst of the free handling of Sir Bartle Frere's character, allow long friendship unmixed with politics, a word? The fairness of your leaders prompts me.

Sir Bartle Frere, before he left England, was, without question, one of the most popular of men. No one was more acceptable wherever he went, and he went everywhere. No one was more beloved by a circle of friends as large as any public man ever had, of every occupation, country, and state of life. It must have struck some of your readers as strange that none hardly of these friends have sent you, in your usual letters, their vote of public and private confidence. The reason is not far to seek. The sudden outbreak of violence which assailed an absent man, in whose province a grave military disaster had occurred, astonished, but did not affect his friends. They have full trust in the breadth of his views, the fullness of his capacity, and the sobriety of his judgement. This sentiment of trust is as firmly rooted as affection for his whole character and respect for his busy life. One of the most staid of your weekly contemporaries, immediately the news of Isandhlana had reached us, spoke of

the anxiety of the High Commissioner in South Africa as 'Sir Bartle Frere's amusements,' of 'his paltry method of escaping his obligations,' of his 'being intoxicated by the chatter of colonial journalists,' of his 'hustling out of sight the mass of his demands'; and then hinted that Cetywayo is 'to be put down' by Sir Bartle Frere 'in the interest of Sir Bartle Frere's reputation.' It was certain every friend of Sir Bartle Frere who knows the brave heart that beats beneath that courteous and gentle nature, and is aware of his deep interest in all 'native races' throughout the world, would keep silence till the nation had, through Parliament, pronounced its verdict. All honour to those who in both Houses of Legislature have, on public grounds, supported this noble servant! His position is hard enough without unjust imputation.

The facts are very simple, but they must be looked at in their right order, and away from the darkness of disappointment and from the great grief of national misfortune. Sir Bartle Frere went to South Africa very reluctantly and wholly on patriotic and philanthropic grounds. He knew the intricate and dangerous character of his undertaking. He found it even more intricate and more dangerous than he, or even Lord Carnarvon, had supposed. He saw himself in the autumn of 1878 in the face of a contingent and overwhelming disaster to the Queen's subjects under his protection. He concluded that action, and not inaction, was the only ground of their safety. As a brave man, he took, without flinching, the measures he thought instantly necessary to this end. A military accident alone marred a plan which certainly would have kept Cetywayo in check till reinforcements had arrived. For this professional disaster he, at least, was not responsible in its details. To discuss these is beyond my province, even if it were needed. The Government have dissented from the Commissioner's policy, or rather the policy which he inherited; they courageously support the man. The policy is doubtless one of the gravest of England's difficulties. But England must be changed if she punish bravery in the execution of her demands by her servants.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

OXFORD, *April* 6, 1879. HENRY W. ACLAND.

Amongst the numerous letters of approbation which Acland received for his outspoken protest was one from Sir Harry Verney, who was even then almost the oldest Whig member in the House of Commons. With the memory of bygone statesmen still fresh before him he wrote that 'Had Lord Palmerston been Minister he would have recalled Sir Bartle if he thought him wrong, or defended him against all the world if he thought him right.'

Lady Frere poured out her gratitude in the following letter, which seems to me to bear so closely on recent events as to need no apology for publication:

CAPE TOWN,
TUESDAY, *May* 20, 1879.

I cannot tell you how deeply I felt your noble letter to the *Times*, which I read (and sent on to Sir Bartle) with such pleasure amidst the war of words at home. I know how greatly he will appreciate any words of yours.

But really had the state of things not been so serious I should have been exceedingly amused at the marvellous colours in which they have depicted Sir Bartle—like a very bad villain in a novel. They seem really to have believed two years of South Africa had completely changed his character. I was more pleased to see your letter in print, because I know there were many others who had written in England to the *Times* on the subject, but the *Times* would not insert their letters, which was most unjust—so I am especially glad you carried your point and got yours inserted. In the end I feel sure truth must triumph, and common sense must carry the day, and people's eyes be open to see that every act, every step, in the action Sir Bartle took in Natal was the only right and wise one for the safety of the country committed to his charge—though one that needed courage, determination, self-reliance, and no fear of responsibility to do it. (It is rather amusing to read that the Governor-General in Canada has just been found fault with for *not* acting on his own authority but referring matters home.) The Blue Books containing dispatches overflowing with the

very exhaustive information on the Zulu question, with which from the very commencement Bartle furnished the Home Government, were all laid on the table of the House of Commons, and it seems so strange that people should not have read them before speaking and writing on the subject. They could not have done so. I suppose people will have made themselves as little acquainted with the state of the Transvaal!! I wonder if they will recognize the fact that Bartle has averted civil war and bloodshed there by his strenuous personal exertions, and the effect upon the Boers of his calm courage, patience, and personal influence. Few who have not been in South Africa can realize all Bartle personally underwent and personally risked in that journey to the Transvaal. They will, I expect, not say as much of the war averted by him as of that which with honour or safety it was impossible to avoid. It was a great moral conquest of the Boers, whose hearts he seemed to have completely won. One man said to him after he had been talking to them, 'If we had been always spoken to this way all this would never have happened.'

The armed Boer camp twenty miles from Pretoria dispersing on the 18th of their own accord without any coercion or display of force was a silent triumph, which will, I dare say, scarcely get recognized at home, and I daresay he will no more get *thanked* at home for that than he was for all the work he did for this colony in the Kaffir War last year, which he acknowledged to me was harder work than any he ever went through in his life, not excepting the Indian Mutiny. People here were surprised that no public or special acknowledgement was ever made to him for his lion's share in that, though army, navy, and colonial forces received their meed of honour. He could, of course, draw attention to the services of others, but I should have thought his own work would have spoken for itself. Doubtless you will have seen in the newspapers before now accounts of the great mass-meeting of Boers, and how Bartle went through their camp (twenty miles from Pretoria); but the newspapers, I think, do not say what I hear from Dutch friends struck the Boers more than anything else—that he rode very deliberately through their midst unescorted and only followed by his own

personal staff and Colonel Lanyon the administrator of the Transvaal—the physical courage struck them, for they knew he was aware of the bragging of some of their number as to designs of personal violence, but I hear they were still more impressed by the moral courage with which in all his communications with any members of their committee he never flinched from telling them the truth however unpalatable, and never for a moment disguised his intentions or views, or for a moment buoyed them up with promises or hopes he did not intend to fulfil.

Bartle fully believes that when the Boers have time to feel the advantage of a good firm government, a blessing unknown to them for many years, H. M. will have no more loyal peace-loving subjects than she has among this very primitive, very simple, and very ignorant people who have suffered so much from dishonest and interested agitators working on their ignorance.

A Dutch friend here who has many Transvaal correspondents told me yesterday that nothing had had such an effect on them as feeling they could trust him implicitly. He left Pretoria on the 1st, the Boers' camp having broken up on the 18th, and he told me then he was full of hope of turning their strength *in aid of us*, instead of opposition to us, and with this view he sent Colonel Lanyon—who was to have gone on with him to Kimberley, the Diamond Fields (where he had lately taken charge and where therefore his presence with Bartle was wanted)—back from Potchefstroom (Transvaal) towards Utrecht to endeavour to obtain some help in mounted men from the Dutch themselves for Lord Chelmsford's and General Wood's operations. Imagine how glad I was to hear last night that this move is eminently successful, and the very men who were lately the ringleaders in the camp, Pretorius himself included, are recruiting a mounted contingent to help us up there! Do you not call this a moral conquest? My last tidings of Bartle from Kimberley, where he was most enthusiastically received, lead us to hope that in another fortnight he will return here after nearly nine months' absence. The people here are preparing garlands, addresses, banquets, &c., &c.; meanwhile Bartle (junior) has just come from Gibraltar on a short leave, and rushed up to

join the General (Lord Chelmsford), who has made him his extra A.D.C., so our anxiety is not at an end.

I am sure in common with all our friends you will have been anxious to know how Bartle would deal with the open censure sent out to him (and really, I cannot but feel, so shabbily published for party reasons at home) and whether he would continue to work for the Government which had so dealt with a distant servant. I am sure you will not have doubted that his first and last thought will be for the good of the work in hand; and as he writes me, 'this is not a time for private or personal feeling but for doing one's best for the country,' and at that he will continue to work until they find a better or a stronger man, which I defy them to do! but at present he is a sentry at his post and will not desert it until relieved. It is rather amusing to see the consternation of both parties—and I have been amused that in all the violent newspaper abuse no name of any one fit to take his place has ever crossed their ideas! They feel I should fancy that only *himself* can draw *Ulysses' bow*! Most providentially Bartle had put down the Boer excitement in the Transvaal before news of the dispatch of censure of the 19th of March, which was telegraphed out by Reuter's agency, had reached the Transvaal.

It was there that I most feared its dangerous effect, but I cannot say even now how greatly it has embarrassed his position (quite apart from all personal consideration!). But he will maintain it, nevertheless, in spite of the tying of his hands—especially at such a critical moment—and I have no doubt that the world at home will be convinced in time, and I hope it will be ashamed of the hasty and unworthy judgement passed, of which I should never have thought England could have been capable. Meanwhile all thanks to you and all the other loyal friends whose faith did not depend on seeing which way things would turn! He would, I am sure, have liked to write to you himself—but writing private letters is an impossibility—those to me have been written in pencil on his knee in the cart, travelling down the country. You must know all these journeys have had to be made either riding long distances or going over rough roads in a cart; when I last heard he had just received all the newspapers and accounts from home, and tells me how much he felt

Lord Carnarvon's noble speech in the House. I, you know, cannot help feeling no one can say too much, or even enough! I was very much delighted with Lord Elcho's manly action.

Acland reached Baltimore in the middle of September, 1879. His main object in crossing the Atlantic had been to visit the newly-founded Johns Hopkins University, and to study on the spot the plans and structure of the hospital which had been erected under the same wise and benevolent bequest. The creation and endowment of Universities and of public institutions has of recent years become such a common feature of millionaire existence in the United States that the princely gift of the late Mr. Johns Hopkins is only one among many visible examples of public spirit combined with munificence. Five-and-twenty years ago it was looked upon, and rightly, as the first step in a new departure. Acland's interest had been excited in it in 1876 by Dr. Billings, who had visited him at Oxford to confer with regard to plans for the projected hospital, and it was largely at Billings's instigation that the trip had been taken. In this new foundation, where a great modern hospital stood side by side with a University, enjoying every advantage which money could buy and experience suggest, he saw the possible realization of those views on medical education of which he was the life-long exponent. Here, in a town of 350,000 inhabitants, in the wards of a perfectly equipped hospital, it was possible to unite a practical training in medicine and surgery with the earlier studies that go to make a liberal education and with the preliminary scientific teaching which is the necessary equipment of a medical man. He was delighted with all he saw both in the University and the hospital, and with the opportunities which the latter afforded for the training of the nurses, and for the teaching of his favourite hobby, 'Comparative National Health.'

He was invited, *more Americano*, to make some

remarks on his impressions at the opening of the University session. This he was prevented from doing by temporary indisposition, but he put on paper in the form of a letter to the Trustees the substance of what he had intended to say, and the Trustees, with whom he was for the most part in hearty agreement, caused the letter to be published. Written with an eye to the controversies he had just left behind him in Oxford, it is a clear statement of his views as to the ideals to be followed in medical education, when these ideals can be pursued free from the restraints and limitations which in the old English University hemmed them in on every side[1].

Not only at Baltimore, but in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, he was able to discuss the broad questions of education and of Public Health administration with the leading authorities and specialists in America. Some were new acquaintances, many of them old friends who recalled memories of his former visit with the Prince of Wales nineteen years before. Among these the most prominent perhaps was Dr. Billings, then occupying an important post in the Surgeon-General's office at Washington, and now Chief Librarian in the Public Library at New York. His duties as Representative of the United States at the various medical and sanitary conventions brought him frequently to Europe and to Oxford, and gave opportunities for an intimacy which ripened into an affection that on the part of the younger man was almost filial. 'My greatest regret,' he has written, 'is that I did not know Sir Henry Acland ten years earlier than I did.' What most impressed Dr. Billings was 'the strong personal influence which he exerted upon his pupils and associates, and upon some of the leaders of public opinion in England.'

[1] Not the least remarkable incident in his journey was his delivery of an address to the students in the Union Theological Seminary (Presbyterian) in New York.

He could be as enthusiastic as a boy over some new discovery, and especially over new methods of research, such, for example, as those of modern bacteriology; his interest in the progress of the United States in science and education, and especially in the work of the Government Departments connected with these matters, was keen and unflagging until the end of his life. I endeavoured to keep him supplied with such recent public documents as I thought would interest him, but I was several times surprised by requests for documents which I had not supposed he would care for.

This was not Acland's last visit to the United States: he crossed the Atlantic for a third time in 1888, and then, as ever, enjoyed to the full the abounding hospitality of our kin beyond the sea. Much of this he was able to return under his own roof in Broad Street, and by smoothing the path of his American visitors in their journeys to places of interest in the old country. To quote only one instance, he was instrumental in obtaining for the Bishop of Minnesota a grant from the Clarendon Press of books of the value of £150. He kept up a voluminous correspondence with these friends, much of which has been preserved. The names of Drs. Bowditch, Gross, Hilditch, Shattuck, Gouverneur Smith, and Weir Mitchell, of Asa Gray, of Bayard, and of the McLellans are only a few out of the long list. Two letters, one from Oliver Wendell Holmes, the other from Justin Winsor of Cambridge, Mass., deserve to be quoted.

BEVERLY FARMS, MASS., *August* 26, 1879.

MY DEAR DR. ACLAND,

I can never forget the tender confidence of which you felt me to be not unworthy. I have been taught by my experiences of late years that it is better to go to the house of mourning than the house of feasting. Deep sorrow brings us nearer together than any other condition, and I have learned the best lessons of my life in holding the hands of friends who were going through the dark valley where they had lost sight for a time of those who were dearest to them.

I knew you were made to be loved when I first saw you; I know too now that you were made to love, which is a better gift, for out of earthly love grows every heavenly affection. Words are of little value beyond the simplest expression of communion in another's suffering when one has listened to the story of a loss like yours. It is for grief to speak, for sympathy to listen.

You expressed a wish to see the lines I repeated to you. They were written in June last, for the fiftieth anniversary of graduation of my college class, the class of 1829, of which Mr. Lee spoke to you, and read at the Commencement Dinner as the closing paragraph of a poem which is printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August with the title *Vestigia quinque retrorsum*[1].

Believe me, my dear Dr. Acland, most sincerely yours,

O. W. HOLMES.

November 24, 1883.

MY DEAR DR. ACLAND,

I was gratified with receiving a copy of your *Ground Work of Culture*, which reached me safely the other day; and has given me pleasure to read. If I may presume you have any interest in what I am doing, you may spare a moment in glancing at some proofs which I send you by the same

[1] The letter contains, in Oliver Wendell Holmes's handwriting, the well-known lines, which yet may possibly be new to some of the readers of these pages:

Brothers, farewell! the fast declining ray
Fades to the twilight of our golden day;
Some lesson yet our wearied brains may learn,
Some leaves, perhaps, in life's thin volume turn.
How few they seem as in our waning age
We count them backward to the title page!
Oh, let us trust with holy men of old,
Not all the story here begun is told;
So the tired spirit waiting to be freed
On life's last leaf with tranquil eye shall read
By the pale glimmer of the torch reversed,
Not *Finis*, but *the End* of *Volume First!*

post[1]. The study may be quite out of the limits of your interest, and possibly Mr. J. A. Doyle of All Souls may have a more immediate interest in them, as I have already communicated proofs of other portions of the work to him, and he may like to see these if you could kindly in turn hand them over to him.

Since you were here we have lost Longfellow as you know, and his daughters are now for a year or so in your neighbourhood, I think[2], studying at Newnham. Colonel Lee, who accompanied you to Longfellow's house, is well, and we meet every few weeks. The last time I saw him was at the dedication of the new Medical School Building in Boston, when Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes delivered an address. I was with Dr. Billings for a week during the summer at Niagara; and his friends are looking for his promotion to the office of Surgeon-General of the Army, that position being again vacant. We are looking forward to seeing Bryce here in a fortnight. He has ingratiated himself with us in Cambridge very much in previous visits, and we are great admirers of his charming ways. I was sorry your Chief Justice[3] was not here at a time when he could have seen the *personnel* of the college. In August everybody was away, and I was about the only one at home to do the honours of Harvard for him. He fell into the hands of General Butler as the guest of the States, and saw in Boston chiefly that person's familiars. Coleridge made many excellent speeches during his peregrinations in this country; and quite captivated our people by his facility and felicity in this respect. Matthew Arnold, who is now here, is not half the presentable lion that the Chief Justice was, who was perhaps rather over kind in sending Arnold off among us by calling him at a dinner in New York, at which both he and Arnold were present, the 'most distinguished living Englishman!' I am going to Boston this evening to meet Mr. Arnold at a club, the

[1] Dr. Winsor was then engaged as editor upon the *Narrative and Critical History of America.*

[2] To the American citizen, in the land of magnificent distances, Oxford and Cambridge are geographical neighbours: or could the historian have confused Newnham with Nuneham?

[3] Lord Coleridge.

'St. Botolph Club,' so you see we know our Lincolnshire origin and don't forswear it.

I did not mean to inflict on you so long a letter; but you will believe me,

Dear Dr. Acland,
Faithfully yours,
JUSTIN WINSOR.

The year which followed Acland's return from the Baltimore expedition was rendered memorable by the renewal of his friendship with Newman. He had been away in London and Edinburgh during the crisis, now so far distant, which ended in Newman's secession, and he had never seen him since the days when the future Cardinal had been the companion of his undergraduate walks[1]. In May, 1880, Newman paid a visit to Oxford after an absence of five-and-thirty years, and stayed at Trinity, of which college he had recently been elected an Honorary Fellow. Acland met him at a reception given by the President in the College Hall, and begged him to come and see him. The next afternoon Newman rang the bell in the house in Broad Street, and the two, parted for half a lifetime, but linked together by such a chain of tender recollection, sat down once more and talked long and earnestly. It was in many ways a trying interview, and the deepest chords in the nature of each of the speakers were sounded. Newman was especially touched to learn from the widower's lips of the comfort that some of his writings had given to Mrs. Acland both in health and in her last illness. The Cardinal, now in his eightieth year, was taxed beyond his strength, and Miss Acland at last induced him to go and lie down on a sofa in the library. Here he was discovered fast asleep, two hours later, by an agitated chaplain, who was profuse in his gratitude for the consideration which had been shown to one so much over-wrought and over-fatigued.

[1] See p. 42, *supra*.

Not many days afterwards Acland received the following letter from the Cardinal[1]:

MY DEAR DR. ACLAND,

I return to you by this post your Harveian Oration and thank you for letting me read it. I found it very interesting and very instructive. Your passage at p. 50[2] is what every serious thinker must feel. It is what St. Paul expresses so forcibly.

How could it but overcome me to receive such a welcome from you and your daughter? I did not know you recollected having ever seen me. And to find such warm friends in Oxford, from which I have been cut off so long and so utterly, was more than I could bear, especially when you told me too of other kind friends I had had, so especially dear to you.

I know there is but one religious house, to the inmates of which faith is promised as the privilege of the *domestici Dei*, the household of God, but it was an additional comfort to me to meet with friends, not only kind to me, but whose reason and whose affections were so drawn and directed towards the Only Truth, our Lord and Saviour, and I pray God to reward you and yours abundantly for the witness you are bearing to Him in a sad day; and to give you grace for grace.

And may He bless you too, for all your kindness to me.

Yours affectionately,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.

They never met again, and within a short time Acland was destined to lose by death another of the most revered teachers of his youth, and one with whom he had been for more than thirty years on terms of unbroken

[1] For permission to publish this and another letter I am indebted to the kindness of the Rev. Father William Neville, of the Edgbaston Oratory, the Cardinal's literary executor, and the chaplain referred to on the last page.

[2] 'It is unnecessary to add another word. No student of Nature worthy the name looks on the problem of this world as other than vast and inexplicable. He pretends no more than to see as by an image, darkly, and to bend before the cause of all, which is by us unattainable, by us only mediately comprehensible.'

intimacy. As far back as January, 1873, Dr. Pusey had been suddenly stricken with illness at Genoa, and Acland had gone out without a moment's delay to attend him. Ever since then he had kept careful watch over him, and had noted with pain the gradual increase of bodily infirmity. For a very long time their intercourse both by word of mouth and on paper had been of a confidential and a sacred nature. To Pusey, Acland stood as a precious witness for truth in an age of rapidly spreading unbelief. For many reasons it is unlikely that their correspondence will ever see the light of day, but an exception may be made in favour of the following letter from Dr. Pusey, undated, but evidently written not many years before his death:

The proverb says that 'when things are at their worst they will mend.' And proverbs are the language of a good deal of observation. Unbelief used to be limited to surgeons. I suppose that the continued handling of the material indisposed them to the belief of the spiritual, which they did not see. It used to be one of those overbroad sayings in 1818, 'All surgeons are atheists, and all lawyers are Deists.' And certainly knowing some Lincoln's Inn Preachers then, Bishop Lloyd and Bishop Maltby, I fear there is no question that there was a good deal of unbelief then among lawyers.

Here we have suffered from three causes: (1) The failure of such as Newman; one said to me, 'We followed our guides implicitly' (meaning N.), 'and they have left us.' (2) That of those who did not go to Rome so many left the University ('The Heads drove out the intellect of Oxford,' Bishop Jeune said to me). It was a continual weakening of the heart. (3) The Heads of Houses were so anxious to keep out Tractarians that they looked to nothing else. They kept out Tractarians at the front door and let in unbelievers *posticâ*. Leading writers in the *Westminster Review*, F. Harrison and, I think, Congreve, were both Fellows of a leading, though small, Evangelical College, Wadham.

Jowett and Stanley were both sceptical minds. It was one of Newman's far-sighted sayings, 'I wonder where J. and S.

are going to.' *The Pall Mall Gazette* said of J., 'A most learned and amiable man exercised extraordinary influence on the education of the most advanced college in Oxford. He led his pupils quietly on to the negation of all creeds; not because he was an unbeliever, in the vulgar sense of the word, but because his peculiar mode of criticism cut the very sinews of belief. The effect of his peculiar teaching may be traced in many a refined mind of the present day.' Mark Pattison, on the other hand, started back from the very threshold of Rome. His mind was one which could only see consistency in extremes. Since he could not become Roman, he became what he has become. We expected him to become a R. C. the earliest of all.

Minds worked together so strangely to one result, e.g. Norris, President of C. C. C., hated Tractarianism. He gave all but finance into the hands of the present President, Wilson. Wilson as Moral Philosophy professor, did not mean to be sceptical; but he balanced things so that he landed his pupils in scepticism. I know not how it was in your department, or whether Daubeny or Baden Powell had any faith. The upshot of both would be to unsettle faith. Then came the reign of dogmato-phobia. People dreaded anything definite; but the absence of definite faith always ends in its slipping through. Then, a fashion of unbelief. Young men who had no definite religious teaching at school came here ready to surrender their faith and accept unbelief as a mark of intellect. The first check to this was by a very able man, Addis, gaining a First Class.

The Oxford Act put everything on a level. M. has as much right to teach Deism as a senior student, as Holland and Paget to teach faith. But I think it only lays open what was less avowed before. We fight without walls, but the battle is open. Newman said he had rather have to meet the open infidelity of the nineteenth century than the concealed unbelief of the Middle Ages.

I write all this, my dearest Acland, because it gives courage. We have failed through men on the wrong side. It has not been the weakness of the cause (God forbid!), but human agency, one way or another; and what man can do, man, by God's help, can undo. The *veteris vestigia fraudis* may

remain; but to be an unbeliever is only regarded as a mark of intellect in one department. And there too there are rising believers, though they have not made their mark yet. The waters are rising, the tide has turned; though there may be a wide sand-waste, visible energy is making its way on the right side, the more God is with it. It is the observation here, 'A man is no longer the same man after he has taken a walk with Holland or Paget,' and 'On Monday there is such a club, on Tuesday such a wine, and on Friday there is King[1].'

As for the din in your department, there would not be any, unless there was something which men wished to drown. A strong surf may hide a lighthouse for the time, as it bursts over it, but it soon shines out again. Din is but an echo of success. If they had things their own way, they would be quiet.

I have heard of the tumult which has been made on behalf of Mr. R. and in the Hebdomadal Council, and how they have been tired out by the sparring between Jowett and Rolleston, but it seemed to leave no impression, except that of weariness. Sometimes after there had been a talk for half an hour I used to ask my neighbour Dr. Bellamy what they had been talking of, and I not unfrequently had the answer, 'Nothing.' I have often in my mind, when trouble comes, Horace's lines, only altering the Trojan name:

> 'Fortes peioraque passi
> mecum saepe viri,
> Nil desperandum *Christo* duce et auspice *Christo*[2].'

I think it is of the utmost importance that you should retain your place here. You are a witness for God. Things must come round. Atheism is no *terra firma*. It has been this weakening of the heart by our friends going away which has been a great part of the harm. But 'one generation goeth and another cometh,' and now there is a generation rising for the faith. There has been a partial eclipse, but when the

[1] The present Bishop of Lincoln, then Professor of Pastoral Theology.

[2] Hor. *Odes*, I. vii. 27 and 30, 31. The first two and the last line in the text are transposed from their place in the original.

eclipse is at its height, it begins to diminish. So be of good courage. I often think of Moses' words: 'Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord.' God be with you.

Pusey's strange antipathy to allowing a picture of himself to be painted is well known. Acland was chosen to approach him on the subject, both alone and in conjunction with Liddell, but their efforts were fruitless: 'Please, my dearest Acland,' he wrote in 1878, 'if you pay me one of your kind visits on Sunday, do not say anything about that odious subject—picture. It was very kind of the Vice-Provost[1] to send me the picture of Cardinal Newman to look at, but my own happy memories are of J. H. N. of forty years ago. With me it is a religious question[2]. I need not go over it again. If you look upon it as a disease, it is a disease of forty years' standing.'

Pusey was extremely anxious to preach what he felt would be his last sermon in St. Mary's, in November, 1878. Acland positively vetoed his delivering more than half the discourse. Finally Liddon ascended the pulpit instead of his master, and read, amidst a scene the impressiveness of which can never be forgotten, Pusey's last public message to Oxford. It was published, with the title, *Unscience, not science adverse to faith*, and was dedicated to 'Henry Acland' as one 'who devoted the prime of life to the revival of the study of the book of God's works at Oxford, and through whose kind care and skill God restored to the author the strength to write it.' Before printing the dedication Pusey had written a humbly tender note to Acland saying that he hesitated to do so without permission, for fear that the conjunction of the two names on the same page might injure the younger man!

When Pusey was seized with his last fatal illness at

[1] Of Oriel (D. B. Monro).

[2] See *Life of Pusey*, vol. 4, p. 326.

Ascot in September, 1882, Acland was away in Devonshire. He was summoned immediately, and on the first impression had hopes of at any rate tiding his patient over the crisis. But it was not to be, and a week later he walked, with Canon Courtenay, as a pall-bearer in the vast concourse of mourners who followed Pusey's body to the grave in the cathedral precincts that bright summer afternoon. He had written to ask Newman to come to him for the funeral, and the Cardinal wrote to explain his reasons for being unable to be present:

MY DEAR DR. ACLAND,

Your and your daughter's kindness to me two years ago will never leave my mind, and your present offer is like it.

I have from the first felt that, as a Cardinal, I represent the Holy See of the Pope so directly, that I had no right to indulge my private feeling by coming to Oxford and taking part in to-day's solemnities. Nor was I sure that I should be welcome to dear Pusey's immediate relatives; even Mrs. Brine, who wrote me a most kind letter, took it for granted I should not come. No hint came to me, implying such a wish, on occasion of the funerals of Isaac Williams and Keble; and, as regards Williams's, the first of the two, Sir George Prevost wrote to me to say that he was sorry he could *not* ask me. I thought then, and think, that even were I not a Cardinal, there would be a technical or ecclesiastical difficulty in (say) a Bishop of Oxford receiving me, both on my side and on his, in what *must* be public.

One of our Fathers is going from this place, and, since this house is mainly made up of converts, I and others make him their representative. One thing struck me just now that I might have done. I might have asked to go to see him, before the coffin was closed; but on Monday I had arranged to go on a matter of private duty to Tenby, returning last night, and my mind was so occupied with the anxieties connected with it, that such a thought did not occur to me.

I have sent your name some weeks ago to my publishers, with the hope you will accept from me William Palmer's

Russian Journal, but the publication has been unavoidably delayed.

Most truly yours,
JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.

The armchair in which Pusey habitually sat during his later years had been lent him by Acland, and was returned on his death to the latter; but the most cherished relic of his friend was a picture of the crucifixion, which had been much valued by Pusey. For the rest of his life it hung above his bed's head, and was joined in time by a beautiful picture of the Madonna which had belonged to Jowett and was given as a memorial under similar circumstances.

It is fortunate perhaps that Pusey was spared the necessity of taking part in a struggle which followed shortly upon his decease, and was the cause of much heartburning and bitterness in Oxford. One of the new Chairs founded by the University Commissioners of 1877 had been the Waynflete Professorship of Physiology, for the support of which the revenues of Magdalen were rendered responsible. It seemed a great opportunity for bringing down to Oxford a teacher of established reputation, whose lectures and practical work would place the study of Physiology in a position worthy of the recognition thus accorded to it. In this branch of science the name of Dr. (now Sir John) Burdon-Sanderson stood supreme. He was at the moment Professor of Human Physiology at University College, London, and was pursuing researches of a highly important nature; and it was dubious how far the exchange of active professional life in the metropolis for the career of a teacher in a University town would be acceptable to him. He was persuaded, however, and Acland, who had known him for some time, and had formed the highest opinion of him both on personal and public grounds, was largely instrumental in influencing his decision.

The election was made in November, 1882, and it was

not long before difficulties began to present themselves. The accommodation in the Museum for the proper teaching of physiology was hopelessly deficient, but the Commissioners, while establishing and endowing the Professorship, had made no provision for 'plant' and appliances, and had forbidden any allocation of the income of the Professorship in this direction. It was necessary, therefore, that the University should supply the deficiency out of its common fund. In February, 1883, Convocation voted without demur the sum of £1,500 for instruments and apparatus for the new Professor, and it was intimated that a much larger sum would be required for building purposes. On May 29 notice was given of the intention to ask Convocation for a decree authorizing the Curators of the University Chest 'to expend a sum not exceeding £10,000 in the erection of a Laboratory, Working-rooms, and Lecture-room for the Waynflete Professor of Physiology, and in providing fixtures, warming apparatus, and gas for the same.'

Then the storm began: a considerable party in the University was opposed to the expenditure, partly from the old dislike to the Museum, partly from motives of economy, on which latter score it would be idle to say that they were altogether without justification. But a far more formidable sentiment was aroused. It was matter of common knowledge that Dr. Burdon-Sanderson held a licence for experiments of research under the so-called 'Vivisection' Act of 1876; he had been a witness before the Royal Commission on Vivisection, and he was the Editor of a *Handbook for the Physiological Laboratory* which had been the object of much criticism and some obloquy. When the decree was submitted on June 5, it met with a strenuous opposition on scientific, financial, and humanitarian grounds, and was only carried by a majority of three in a house of 173, 88 placets to 85 non-placets. The late Warden of New College (Dr. Sewell) insisted that while the

University was largely in debt it must learn to do without costly luxuries, and the Warden of Keble (Dr. Talbot, now Bishop of Rochester) expressed himself as not satisfied of the propriety of the vote, though most reluctant to countenance any opposition to scientific studies.

Acland next intervened in the debate. His views on the whole question of experiments on animals had been given before the Royal Commission. He there drew a strong distinction between experiments made for the mere discovery of fresh knowledge and those intended to advance the healing art. He felt not the smallest doubt that he would be morally justified in taking a step which would enable him to save mankind from suffering and pain if he were sure that he would thereby be put on the right path. He was convinced that most beneficial consequences in the past had resulted from experiments on living animals. He had confidence in the humanity of the great men of his acquaintance who had practised vivisection, many of whom, like Brodie, were persons not only of great intellectual power but of tender and gentle natures. But though cruel experiments might be justifiable in themselves, he held it most unjustifiable to repeat them needlessly; he had declined to sign a memorial in which it was stated that the progress of medicine depended mainly upon experiments on animals, and he said it was a very rare thing to find a physician or surgeon, even of the highest eminence, competent to perform these operations profitably.

He had been, since the passing of the Act of 1876, one of the 'certifiers' under it; of the care which he took and the inquiries which he made in the discharge of this duty his correspondence bears abundant traces. On the present occasion he reminded Convocation that 'vivisection played only a small part in physiological inquiry,' and that the latter subject was of the utmost importance in relation to the study of medicine, neither

of which points of view had hitherto received their due attention. Finally Dr. Burdon-Sanderson, after showing the absolute necessity of the proposed expenditure, declared that, while he was firm as ever in his convictions on the moral aspect of the relation of man to the animals, he did not intend that students should make experiments involving vivisection, or that such experiments should be used for the purpose of instruction. But he declined to bind himself not to make use of animals in his own private investigations, though continuing to do his utmost, as he always had done, to limit suffering in the course of such researches.

This declaration was far from satisfying the anti-vivisection party in Oxford. Caught napping, as they declared, in June, they proceeded to organize themselves after the close of the Vacation. A memorial was drawn up and submitted to the Hebdomadal Council praying that the following decree should be adopted: 'That, without further order of the University, buildings and appliances provided by the University be not used for the performance or exhibition of experiments involving pain to animals, or of any operations on domestic animals.'

The petition accompanying the memorial was signed by one hundred resident members of Convocation, including not a few names of weight, and by some forty non-residents. The 'Heads' took pains to ascertain from the Professor whether the proposed decree would be accepted by him, but Dr. Sanderson, while willing that the 'exhibition of experiments involving pain to animals' should be expressly forbidden, could not bind himself or his successors to abstain from the performance of such experiments in private research in his laboratory, or from all 'operations on domestic animals.'

The memorial was accordingly rejected, and it was now war to the knife. Acland had done his utmost to bring about something in the way of compromise, not without some hopes of success, but the morning

following the decision of the Council he was notified by a prominent Oxford anti-vivisectionist that the latter withdrew 'all I have ever said to you or any one else as to what I or others should do or refrain from doing in relation to the Professor and the new laboratory.'

The opportunity for action was not long in coming. It had been decided to raise the £10,000 by a sale of stock representing moneys derived from the sale of lands formerly held by the University in trust for the Bodleian. To do this an application was necessary to the Land Commissioners in whose name the proceeds of the sale were standing, and a decree of Convocation was required for the purpose. Regarding the matter as settled once for all by the vote of the previous June, the promoters of the scheme had set the decree down for Feb. 5, 1884, and had no anxiety as to the result. At the last moment it came to their knowledge that a strong whip was being circulated among the non-resident members of Convocation calling on them to come up and *non-placet* the decree. The appeal emanated from 'a committee of resident members of Convocation' whose declared object was 'to prevent the establishment out of University funds of a centre of vivisection in Oxford.' It was headed *Vivisection in Oxford*, and took the form of a pamphlet of ten closely-printed pages, swelled by a liberal selection of 'extracts relating to Dr. Sanderson from the Report of the Royal Commission[1].'

Much indignation was felt at the unprecedented nature of the opposition, at the secrecy with which the campaign had been conducted, and at the attacks of which Professor Burdon-Sanderson was the object. It was the plain intention of the opposers to drive from Oxford the distinguished man of science whom the University had so recently welcomed. Though it was the eleventh hour Acland wrote to the *Times* the following

[1] It afterwards appeared that the Blue Book from which those extracts were taken had misrepresented the character of one of the experiments.

letter, which appeared in the columns of that paper on the morning of Feb. 4, 1884:

PHYSIOLOGY AT OXFORD.

I venture to hope you will grant space for the following statement in a matter of great importance to scientific education. Professor Burdon-Sanderson, of whose eminence in the scientific world it is not for me now to speak, left London in 1882 to fill the chair of Physiology upon its first foundation in Oxford. The University on June 5, 1883, voted £10,000 for erecting and furnishing a laboratory for him. The vote had been opposed; but it being once carried, it was believed Dr. Burdon-Sanderson would meet with no further difficulty. On Tuesday next, the 5th inst., at 2 p.m., it is necessary to take a formal vote for selling out the three per cent. stock required to complete the work. I am sorry to learn from London, that non-resident members of Convocation have now, at the last moment, both by personal canvass and by circulars privately distributed, been requested to come up on Tuesday to oppose the vote. May I, through the *Times*, venture to respectfully but earnestly request members of Convocation to attend, in order to defeat so unusual a proceeding, and one which, if successful, would be very prejudicial to the interests of education in the University, as well as unjust to the distinguished Professor?

In response to the rival appeals a strong muster of members of Convocation, resident and non-resident, was beaten up, and the Sheldonian Theatre was packed with partisans of both sides. The Dean of Christ Church opened the debate with a vigorous fighting speech. Then arose Professor Freeman in his most truculent mood. He would not allow any class of men a monopoly in science. As a historian he claimed to be as much a man of science as any one who operated on live rabbits, but he did not ask to be allowed to illustrate the siege of Jerusalem by a repetition of its massacres, or the Elizabethan festivities at Kenilworth by a bull-baiting. He deprecated the establishment in Oxford of a 'chamber

of horrors,' and insisted that a vote of £10,000 would never have been carried for the British School at Athens. The Warden of Keble, while professing little sympathy with vivisection and much with its opponents, based his support of the vote on the Professor's assurance that students were not to practise or be instructed by such experiments. Acland, who spoke next, was able to cut much of the ground from under the feet of the opposition by the announcement that Dr. Burdon-Sanderson had written some time ago to the Home Office stating that he did not propose to apply for the special certificate entitling him to make experiments in illustration of his lectures. But speaking as Regius Professor of Medicine he insisted warmly on the essential importance of researches such as those upon which his colleagues had been engaged, and he hailed the establishment of the physiological laboratory as of the best omen alike for science and humanity.

There followed a good deal more tumultuous speech-making with a strong flavour of personalities, and then the division was taken. Placet 188, non-placet 147; so the vote was carried. But the anti-vivisectionists were not to be daunted. In the following March, Convocation was asked for an annual grant of £500 for coal, gas, water, and the general upkeep of the laboratory. A memorial was brought out, this time openly in the light of day, in which the members of Convocation were called upon to refuse their sanction to 'the performance of physiological experiments on living animals, commonly but inadequately described as vivisection,' and Dr. Burdon-Sanderson's refusal to use such experiments for purposes of demonstration was met by the argument that his successors would be untrammelled by any such decision. The memorial was signed by, amongst others, the Master of Pembroke (Dr. Evans), the Provost of Worcester, and the Principals of St. Mary and St. Edmund Hall, by the Bishop of Oxford (Mackarness), by Dr. King, shortly to become Bishop of Lincoln, by

Professors Bright, Driver, Freeman, and Rawlinson, by Ruskin, and by Charles Dodgson (Lewis Carroll).

It was followed by a counter-blast, which, after reiterating the precautions which had been taken against the use of the condemned experiments for demonstration or instruction, pointed out that the rejection of the decree would be a fatal blow to all hope of medical study at Oxford. Fifteen Heads of Houses (including Dean Liddell, Dr. Magrath, Professor Fowler, Sir William Anson, and the present Bishops of Rochester and Hereford) were among the signataries, as were five others who were to rise to that position—Bartholomew Price (Pembroke), T. H. Warren (Magdalen), J. Lock (Keble), W. W. Jackson (Exeter), and H. F. Pelham (Trinity). Professors Ince and Max Müller, the Rev. Arthur Butler, the Rev. Aubrey Moore, and Alfred Robinson of New College also appended their names, as of course did Acland. This policy of cutting off gas and water was only too reminiscent of his own tribulations in the earlier days of the Museum.

The 10th of March once more found the Sheldonian crowded to its utmost limits, and Jowett, who now presided as Vice-Chancellor, must have been reminded of the ancient squabbles over his salary as Professor of Greek. Once more Liddell opened the debate. Canon Liddon pleaded earnestly against the decree, somewhat marring the effect of an eloquent speech by too long a pause after the opening words, 'I can never make up my mind.' Acland again defended, urging that the simple question before the House was whether the new building should be handed over in working order or not. The opponents of the vote had made much play by asserting that it 'trifled with the morality of the University.' 'You have already trifled with it,' he declared, 'by inviting a distinguished professor to Oxford and then casting him aside; by taking the responsibility of checking the advance of medical knowledge and the chance of alleviating the suffering of mankind.'

The audience would hear no further speeches. Both Professor Dicey and Professor Freeman were inaudible amidst the shouts, and the vote was taken—412 for, 244 against. And thus the matter ended. Acland's staunch support of Professor Burdon-Sanderson was bound to expose him to much misrepresentation and abuse. The following anonymous letter is a sample of the lengths to which certain minds can go:

To Dr. Acland,
The Great Professor of Science.

In your wife's 'Home' her students are taught *compassion, love,* and *mercy*; but what of her husband's Laboratory, *cruelty* in the *most diabolical* forms on the helpless dumb beings. Which of the twain shall prosper?

'Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of these my little ones, ye have done it unto me.

'Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

Such an effusion could only excite pity, but there were friendships hallowed by old and almost sacred associations which were severed by this Oxford struggle. One lady in particular, with whom and with whose family Acland had been on terms of lifelong friendship, declined, ten years afterwards, to join or to countenance the movement for a testimonial to him. On the other hand may be set a letter in which a humble Wesleyan schoolmaster wrote to congratulate him on 'the most remarkable victory science has gained in Oxford.'

But the most striking sequel to these embittered proceedings was Ruskin's resignation of the Slade Professorship, to which he had been re-elected in 1883. 'To his mind,' says his biographer, 'vivisection meant not only cruelty to animals, but a complete misunderstanding of the purpose of science and defiance of the moral law.' On April 25, he gave effect to his intention, in a public letter to the Vice-Chancellor. It was a sad ending to what had been, with all its storms and out-

bursts, one of the happiest episodes of his life, and it left much heartburning and some disagreeable consequences behind it. It is satisfactory to know that it was not allowed to injure his friendship with Acland.

Before leaving the subject this letter, dated Dec. 31, 1886, should be read in illustration of Acland's attitude towards experiments on living animals, and of the care taken by him as a 'certifier' under the Vivisection Act:

I have carefully considered the letter concerning the certificates under the Cruelty to Animals Act which you write as Chairman of a Committee of the Association for the promotion of Medicine by research.

The matter is full of difficulty. I gather from your letter that the President of the Royal Society, the President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, and the President of the Royal College of Physicians, have each declined to sign the certificate C, to enable Professor M.'s assistant (not Professor M. himself) to exhibit experiments to a class, under the usual conditions of certificate C; you imply that their refusal is a cogent argument that I should do what they decline. No doubt it is so, if they are wrong, but supposing they are right, how wrong I should be to do what they, who are above me in the list of certifiers, have all refused. It is important not to revive unjust and angry discussion on this matter. Professor Sanderson, whose authority on physiological teaching none will dispute, publicly informed the Convocation of the University of Oxford, in a great debate, that he did not and would not hold the certificate C. I am the last person who should, in face of this earnest teacher's opinion as to his duty, act in reversal of the conclusion of the other three Presidents.

The President of the Royal Society has informed me that he approves of experiment for research, but leaves the responsibility of class teaching through certificate C to others. This conclusion is supported, I suppose, by Sir William Jenner and Mr. Savory, whose personal characters as teachers of experience in great schools add weight to their opinion as President of the College of Physicians, and President of the College of Surgeons, in the matter of teaching.

The point of course is, whether showing experiments under certificate C to a class is or is not *necessary* for all students. Dr. Sanderson is clearly of opinion it is not. If it were so in the minds of the three Presidents above named, and especially of the Presidents of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and of Surgeons, I presume they would have signed it. The convictions of a Physician and of a Surgeon of great eminence are of more force in this matter than is that of pure scientists, who are naturally inclined towards the opinion that what is admittedly necessary for first-class experimental physiologists is requisite also for all students of medicine. The Act requires the signataries 'to declare that the experiments are absolutely necessary for the due instruction of the persons to whom such lectures are given, with a view to their acquiring physiological knowledge, or knowledge which will be useful to them for saving or prolonging life or alleviating suffering.'

Under all the circumstances of the case, I propose to ask the President of the Royal Society if he will arrange a meeting of Sir William Jenner, Mr. Savory, and myself, in order to bring about a common understanding as to the grounds on which certificate C should be granted or declined in medical schools, and thus avoid all doubt as to our course in future. I should say that I have lately signed certificate C for Netley Hospital on the ground that the class there is wholly comprised of registered surgeons about to enter the army.

I do not see the force of the remark of the Committee, that the Home Secretary raises no difficulty, and therefore that, *a fortiori*, scientific men should not. I understand by this, that the Home Secretary will honour our certificates. He is not likely to be less disposed to this course if he knows that he can absolutely rely on our careful consideration of all the circumstances under which we give them, but he might hesitate if he knew that the majority of those authorized to sign had declined to do so in any particular case. I hope that the temporary delay will bring about a satisfactory solution of the difficulty.

CHAPTER XV

POLITICS—VISIT TO THE HOLY LAND—THE YACHT—ART AND ARTISTS

1883-1892

In the Birthday Honour List of 1883 Acland's name appeared among the Companions of the Bath, and in the following year he was gazetted to a Knight Companionship. The years of Mr. Gladstone's second administration (1880-85) were a time of trial to many of the Premier's friends, personal and political. Though never a party man, Acland had welcomed his friend's return to power, for this reason among many—that the Conservatives, in spite of Disraeli's famous 'sanitas' speech, had disappointed his hopes of sanitary reform. His fondness for Ireland and the Irish made him follow with especial interest the trend of events in that island. 'He had an intense love for Ireland,' wrote his friend Mr. Cooke Trench, 'and interest in things Irish such as would have changed the whole history of the country if other Englishmen had shared them.' A visit there in the summer of 1881 under peculiarly favourable auspices suggested a letter to his eldest brother, then as ever one of Gladstone's most ardent followers in the House of Commons.

GLENCOLUMBKILL HOTEL, CARRICK
(COUNTY DONEGAL).

MY DEAREST TOM,

You have been much in my mind during my stay here over a week. I came seeking a stone, and have truly been given bread. The object was to see a cliff of 1,970 feet; the end has been the most instructive and charming intercourse with people, landlords, priests, clergy, and coastguardsmen

and officers, all of course having their views, habits, and notions. I wish I could tell you a tithe of it all. But much that is new to me is alphabet to you: you know, no doubt, of Cardinal Cullen and Mr. Gladstone, that the former asked the latter if he read his Bible, if he knew of Nicodemus? 'Then I tell you, Mr. Gladstone, if ye wish to understand Ireland ye must be born again, and next time of an Irish mother!' You probably heard it. At first sight there seems truth in it, whether I shall think so later on I know not. But I have no doubt one must live here long really to know them, and what people who live here long and are not Irish can do, and think, I know not.

The place in which I have been living is a very wild spot on the North-west coast of the wildest part of Ireland. The inhabitants are of the poorest. They occupy small farms of from three to fifteen or even twenty acres, with cow pastures. The pigs, calves, fowls for the most part live in the single room with the whole family, sometimes two families. There are no chimneys. Each smoke, that is each fire, typifying a family, pays the priest four shillings a year. They have potatoes and oats in a very rude way of culture. Perhaps a patch of oats giving twenty sheaves, each giving a stone of oats. Some few fish, some weave their homespun. Few women or children have shoes or stockings. Many of the girls are very beautiful. They are very quick and intelligent, with great powers of conversation in the way of humour and repartee. A large proportion can neither read nor write.

The great feature is the cliff Slieve League on the edge of Fielen Harbour. There are two great parishes, Glen and Kilcar. The churches are ten miles apart. The property belongs to Mr. Musgrave, an iron-goods founder at Belfast. He has between fifty and sixty thousand acres, with a population of about eight thousand on it. The property runs along the coast about thirteen miles. There are four brothers and two sisters, all unmarried, two only have a share in the estate. They purchased it in three lots at different times under the Encumbered Estates Acts. They are men of great kindness, thorough business habits, very wealthy, and of the simplest ways.

They take the utmost interest in the condition and happiness

of their people, have no special views of administration, except those which practical good sense leads them to see to be likely to help the happiness of a very special race, specially circumstanced. They form no special method, therefore, of culture, only are themselves showing what can be done by reclaiming and tillage of what they keep or have in hand round their simple shooting-box, where they live three to four months every summer. Last year *no tenant* failed to pay his rent, and some paid in advance. Agitators have been down and failed to make way with them.

The Ulster custom prevails to the full. Yesterday a tenant sold his farm of five acres by auction, and obtained forty years purchase of the regular rental. I gather from conversation with several that their idea is that their farms are truly their own, and the landlord's relation to them is a sort of just-tolerated eccentricity.

The priests will not allow, if they can help it, the *Landlord* to purchase the tenant-right, for fear he should close the farm by adding it to another. This four shillings 'smoke money' is their income in part, and diminution in population by emigration is of course fatal to it. Besides, they have large fees on all ordinances of the Church. For instance, every one who attends a funeral has to place sixpence on the coffin-plate as priest-money, and the other day a popular man's plate-money gave £14 5*s*. The special priest of Carrick, Father Goddard, is a liberal and educated man, a 'temperance' man, and refuses to join the Land League. But his curate does join it. It is said that it is a part of their policy to have this difference of action in order that they may have a string on each bow. I cannot say more than the fact. The motive I do not know, even if there be one.

While I was at Carrick the Belfast Harbour Commissioners were there, eight in number, on a visit to Mr. Musgrave. One of them is the builder of the famous White Star, Mr. Harland, a hard-headed, powerful man, very wealthy, employing 5,000 shipwrights, living chiefly on his land and building yards of thirty-five acres. I had much conversation with him and the Musgraves in great detail on the whole Irish question. The impression I have received may on the whole be thus summed up.

The Land Act[1] is a good, beneficent, useful Act. It will work well. There will be no cessation of agitation by reason of it. It will be set forth as a concession to provoke and obtain new demands. The priests will foster the agitation partly for reasons I have hinted above, partly because their power depends on their leading ignorant members. The more sensible farmers, even the smallest, are, or will be, convinced of the wisdom of the Act and its justice. In so far as they can be brought to resist the religious influence of indulgences, masses, and terror of future suffering they will be for law and order. The only prospect of peace in the country depends, perhaps, on the development of manufactures, or of agriculture, by English capital and workmen, who will set an example of success which the natives will follow. If the government is 'firm' (whatever that may be in detail) this last *may* proceed. Whatever tends to alarm the capitalist tends to throw the country into anarchy. The Musgraves on the whole, as capitalists and landlords, are hopeful. But they say Belfast and Ulster are more self-reliant and independent than the rest of Ireland, and they only speak for themselves. Parnell is accounted a man of singular ability, not yet fully discounted, and of rare determination. He does not wish for actual separation. But he is not to be trusted in his statements of his real objects.

If the small farmers had their farms in fee, the rougher parts of the population would be no better off. The distress last year[2] was great, starvation of individual families was impending in Donegal or elsewhere. But many self-seeking persons in every station administered, or tried to have administered, the relief funds in a way not according to actual necessity, but for mean motives of patronage. The priests have taken a great distrust of, almost aversion to, Mr. Gladstone. Commercial and business men do not go this length, but many think both him and Mr. Forster too emotional, and therefore dangerous. They think that the adoption of a £4 franchise proposed by Mr. Forster may lead to an absolute catastrophe, and make it necessary for the English Parliament to exclude the Irish Members. To all this I might

[1] Of 1881. [2] 1880.

add much derived from various quarters. I can give you authority for every statement, that is the authority of the person and his opinion.

I shall to-morrow, D.V., be with the Bishop of Derry. I purposely write this now, because I know his opinions to be much less bright than these, and I like to give you these first.

PS. Would you send this to the Dean of Christ Church, 'to be forwarded' (and returned to you)?

I think it right on reading this letter to say two things:

1st. That the whole of this is derived from a most, perhaps the most, peaceable part of the country.

2nd. That determined separatist, disloyal republican agitators *are* and *will be permeating the whole country.*

The series of events which followed the passing of the Land Act, and culminated in the Phoenix Park murders, severely shook Acland's faith in the Government; and in common with a large number of Liberals he felt much sympathy with Mr. Forster on his enforced resignation of the Irish Secretaryship. Acland had got to know him well through various Parliamentary inquiries in which they had been associated together. And when on the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish, Mr. Forster bravely offered to step back into the gap, he drew up a letter tendering 'with no allusion to party or to politics' the hearty thanks of certain of the resident graduates for 'your recent public conduct.'

A severer test of his constancy to Mr. Gladstone was yet to come. Gordon's heroic stand at Khartoum and the failure of the relieving force to arrive in time moved him intensely and painfully. He had no previous acquaintance with the General, though he had once seen him at Exeter; but as the long-drawn agony of Khartoum gradually revealed to England the nature of the man whom she was sacrificing, Acland's interest in Gordon as a man and a soldier was aroused more and more. When the end came he felt the loss of one whom he had come to regard as a personal

friend quite as keenly as the national disgrace. In the previous year he had been anxious to find if there were any of his hero's relatives to whom he could possibly be of comfort or service in their anxiety, and, in this way he became acquainted with Miss Gordon. It was a friendship which endured for the remainder of her life. He became a constant visitor at her house: he records how Miss Gordon 'showed me his letters, papers, treasures, room, and his Thomas-à-Kempis, worn and thumbed, which he had all through his first Soudan Governorship. It is all too astonishing, "of whom the world was not worthy!"' When Miss Gordon was preparing her brother's letters for the press, the proof-sheets passed through his hands, and one of his most valued possessions was a contour map of Jerusalem, drawn by Charles Gordon and presented to him by Prebendary Barnes.

In the spring of 1886 Sir Henry Acland paid a visit to the East, accompanied by his eldest son. Nearly fifty years had elapsed since the *Pembroke* cruise, and he was now for the first time to penetrate to Egypt and the Holy Land. With the former of these countries he had many associations of interest, for his son Theodore had recently served in the Khedivial service as principal army medical officer. Egypt itself was still in the earliest stages of the British occupation: the withdrawal of our troops was regarded as a mere matter of time, possibly a very short time, and, so far from the reconquest of the Soudan being in the purview of practical politics, the Khalifa's unbroken forces were a standing menace to the civilization of the Nile Valley. But none the less Sir Evelyn Baring, to give Lord Cromer his then title, was laying the foundations of Egyptian prosperity, and the introductions with which Acland was furnished gave him ample opportunity of watching the beginnings of what was destined to be the most remarkable triumph of British administrative skill. Now, as ever, he was a voluminous corre-

spondent, and the following letters, selected out of a large number received by his family, reveal him to us little changed in essentials from the Oxford undergraduate who had described the plains of Troy and sketched the Seven Churches of Asia. It should be added that during his stay at Cairo he was the means of rendering professional services to one of Sir Evelyn Baring's children, which were never forgotten by either of the parents, and led to a warm friendship.

CAIRO, *March* 14, 1886.

MY DEAREST CHILDREN,

The last week has not diminished in its varied intensity. We reached Cairo on Friday night, having left Suez after a fortnight's stay. We go to the baths of Helouan, about an hour from here up the Nile, to-morrow, and by Thursday shall decide on our future course. It is tempting to go up the Nile, but it probably is not now a very restful performance, and if that is not done we think of going to Jerusalem.

Now for the week's tale. First I visited the Arab and the French hospitals with Miss Doulton, it being rather quaint that I should act as guide to a resident. The Arab hospital was interesting for its cases, and, on the whole, for the care bestowed on the poor creatures by the benevolent doctor, an Egyptian Copt. I learnt several things of interest in the management of the people, proper only for medical ears. I made an expedition one morning with Mrs. Wheeler, and one or two others to see an obelisk, or landmark, left by Darius, when he made a canal to unite the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. Of these canals there seem to have been three constructed at different times. One by Rameses II or Sesostris, about 1300 B.C. Then Pharaoh Necho made one, or began it, and Darius completed it. Nothing is more interesting than the tracing these great workers from generation to generation on this narrow track of land which was the means of land communication between Asia and Africa. We found the broken obelisk which had been seen by Lesseps and Sayce, but we had not in truth expected to find it from all we

heard, and, it being very hot, I did not take materials for making a cast of the inscription.

This was on Tuesday, and on the next day we had a short donkey ride in the desert. On Thursday we left Suez; I had become quite attached to it and the people. The hot, dusty journey of eight hours tired us both, notwithstanding the excitement of passing out of the desert into the fertile land of Goshen, the scene of the cares, the sorrows, and the deliverance of the children of Abraham. And so we reached the City of Caliphs and of Pharaohs, of Mahomedans, Copts, and Egyptians, and the centre now of England's external policy, her exhibited courage, force, and disastrous vacillation. We found in *Shepheard's* some we knew, and soon knew more. Between soldiers, sailors, and philosophers, Willy and I soon light on our mental legs. We went the next morning to the Boulak Museum, going *generally* through the whole collection so as to see what might be fit for us to attempt to study another day. To be placed among many thousand objects perfect after their kind, exhibiting life and manners extending back 6,000 years, is a sensation at once humiliating at the shortness of life, and elevating in the thought of what blessings and high aims have been bestowed on mankind.

After luncheon we called on General Grenfell at Sir Frederick Stephenson's house, and drove to the citadel. The military hospital is placed in a splendid palace. No soldiers were ever in such airy and sumptuous quarters, a magnificent view over countless domes and minarets and the Pyramids of Gizeh; the streak of the Nile all glowing with the setting sun was a sight not to be forgotten. And so ended the walk. In the morning of Friday early I had the blessing and peace of an early service and remained quiet afterwards in my room. Later we called on Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, and while with him the Minister of Education, a man of great intelligence and suavity of speech, came in, and this led to a conversation on the aims of modern education and the relations of England and Egypt; we drove afterwards along the Shubra Avenue, which seemed to be the 'correct' thing for strangers, though I should not do it again. It was a long, dusty drive of which the point was to meet the Khedive, which we did, surrounded by his outriders. One thing was

worth seeing, the groups of Bougainvillas hanging from the palace in clusters as large as a tent. Anything so magnificent in the world of flowers I have never beheld.

Yesterday (Monday) we went at 7.30 to a review in which Egyptians and English troops were in fact practising together. Several hundred 'dummies' were placed in a strong position on a hill, and every operation of attacking them was gone through both by artillery, infantry, and cavalry. The practice was very striking, but we were obliged to leave before the officer had examined the dummies to see the execution done. The artillery firing began at about 2,000 yards. The camel corps, five camels to a gun, were splendid. We were with General Grenfell almost the whole time. The position was in the desert outside Abbasiyeh, the place where the Turks first gained possession of Egypt, where the French under Napoleon defeated them, where General Wolseley's cavalry passed on the famous night when Cairo and Arabi woke to find that the English were in possession of the citadel—the battle of Zagazig[1] not being yet known—a magnificent feat of confidence and skilled daring. And close by was the building, the scene of Theodore's valued work.

We left to go to luncheon with Sir H. Drummond Wolff and to call on General Stephenson, and shortly after came away with the chief engineer of the railways to Helouan, where we are to remain the week. We are in an excellent hotel kept by a German, not crowded. We look over the desert to the Nile and beyond the Pyramids of Memphis, Abusir, and Ghizeh. Lateen sails stream up the Nile along its silver streak three miles off.

In my next I will try to tell you some impressions of Arab and Egyptian life. It is all like a dream. I am not clear whether I am still a John Bull, or a soldier, or an official, or a servant of the Pharaohs. Willy goes steadily on meanwhile and acts as ballast. He don't see the good of them all. They are a dirty lot, and ought to dress better, and keep their mosques and places cleaner. He sees nothing anywhere at all equal to Holnicote, and he can't tell why we

[1] Known to history as Tel-el-Kebir. *Zagazig* is about fifteen miles from the field of battle.

all talk so much. I trust you are all well. I shall, God willing, be back the first week in May. Whether for full work or not, I know not, and leave this in peace and trust.

Your loving Father.

JAFFA, *March* 29, 1886.

MY DEAREST CHILDREN,

I shall endeavour this week to note daily some things for you. We have landed in Palestine. On Sunday afternoon the 27th, after service at the Dutch consulate, and a visit to the Arab hospital, we embarked in the Austrian steamer *Clio.* Some of the passengers were known to us. Most were going to Jerusalem. As we were to arrive at six, and land immediately if we could, we went to bed early. We had no berths, but after a time two were found in the steerage. I slept till three bells struck. I thought this was 5.30, and got up. I wound my way through the mass of Arabs and Syrians lying on the deck, and got on to the forecastle. It was a cloudless morning: the sea smooth, the stars neither bright nor dim after the gale. We are nearing the Holy Land. *It* cannot be seen, but as Peter saw the stars from Joppa, or Abraham, or any of the pure eyes which from the inland hills had beheld them, so I saw them. I knelt on the deck praying I might be worthy, and forgiven as Peter. And then I went to my berth. It struck four bells, two o'clock, not six—and I tried to sleep. In time we rose, and had some coffee at six. There was a great surf, yet by steering between the reefs we could land. Such a yell and din I never heard, nor such scuffle as we were handed into the pitching boats, and so safely landed. And there on the quay were merchants, and negroes, Syrians, Egyptians, and Turks, men, women, and camels in wild jostling. In time we got our luggage. I made sketches while waiting, having read the simple, and because simple majestic, recital of St. Peter's vision, his doubts, his lesson, his obedience, his account of the whole transaction to the incredulous disciples, their conviction that he had done well, the opening henceforward of the door of the Church to you and to me, to the Gentiles. And so we went on to seek some food, and then to Mr. Hall, the clergyman of the Church Missionary Society, to his school, and his hospital, well managed by Miss Newton

and other ladies, and found the Syrian doctor at work with a *Smith and Beck* on a case of Haematuria. He showed me various eye affections, locomotor ataxy, and a bad case of tumour. Thus refreshed we went for another meal, got two horses and a cart for our luggage and rode towards Jerusalem, to sleep four hours on at Ramleh. The market full of the strange and coloured dresses of the tiller of the soil in the crowded place, the jolting of the camels, the lofty Judaean fig hedges, the palm trees, the groves of orange trees in flower and in fruit perfuming the air afar, the breaking out suddenly of the view into the richly tilled plain of Sharon, are scenes to be seen to be realized, seen not to be forgotten.

Last night I had read in the cabin two or three pages of Arthur Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine*, his first emotions on nearing Jerusalem. They are at the end of the introduction, and worth your perusal. Would I could attain to a measure of the holy temper of this noble man. We are now going to bed, the first day ended (29th).

It was a splendid night. The young moon gleamed into our room. We started from Ramleh at eight, and rode four hours to Wady Babl, where we halted and had rest and food. The road and country were quite unlike what I had imagined the hill country of Judaea. The bottoms of narrow valley are well cultivated, but all the hillsides are rocky and bare, and at one point we ascended 2,450 feet, between 700 and 800 feet higher than Dunkery. This is the height of Jerusalem. There were several ascents and descents into the wadys, or valleys, two of three miles up and down. At one point we looked back on the sea beyond Joppa. We met, constantly, laden camels, and saw various cattle. We learnt to salute 'Neharah Said' (may your day be happy), to the great delight of the people. At the descent of one of the passes a violent shower of rain and hail fell suddenly on us. I got into our luggage carriage for shelter, Willy under umbrella and cloak would ride on, and did. I was not sorry to have a lift, six hours of riding was enough. The ride ended, however, I am not tired. A similar storm broke on us at Jaffa yesterday, and people ran in all directions for shelter. It is very cold. The roads are inches deep in mud.

When at length we drew near the great city the sun was down. We heard on the way there was no shelter to be got. Some people who came with us to Jaffa would go through yesterday, and only reached Jerusalem at 3 a.m. to-day, and then had to go into tents in drenching rain. When we were twenty minutes off we met, at the door of a Jewish convent, two ladies whom we had known at Port Said coming out of the city unable to have rooms. We might get in there. It was dark. We did, and sleep in a stone room, stone floors and wet, and no fire; but we had had a kind reception and a good dinner with these two ladies and six Americans who were in the like case, and so I said there is an earthly as well as a spiritual struggle in Jerusalem. God bless both to us all. And now I go to bed.

March 30. Our vaulted chamber is good for hot summer, bad for stormy winters, and we left early to seek where we could dwell awhile. After search we have taken rooms in the 'Mediterranean Hotel.' I have had an interview with Mr. Kelk of the Jewish Mission, and with Mr. Moore, the Consul. We are now about to move into the city, and then to ride to Bethlehem. The country about Jerusalem is like and unlike what I expected. Unlike in this that I had no idea that the 'hills round about Jerusalem' were elevations round a plateau higher by several hundred feet than the top of Dunkerry, as I remarked of a pass yesterday.

I shall not attempt any account of my first feelings on waking this morning and feeling that I was truly near to Calvary, and to Bethlehem, with all that was wrought before, between, and after them. I am thankful to have gone through Egypt, without which Palestine is scarcely to be understood. The psalms in which David recounts the Jewish story get an intense force by seeing through Egypt the formation of the Jewish Church. But it seems almost a sacrilege to speak. I hope that to-morrow I shall be allowed to see the Mount of Olives. The entrance from this ride is beautiful, but it is not the Mount of Zion. I hear now this must be posted at once, or a week be lost. Prebendary Barnes most kindly and thoughtfully has written me here. God be with you.

We expect to embark at Jaffa on the 16th for Alexandria.

We shall call to see if there be any telegram at each place, for no letter can now reply.

Your loving Father.

JERUSALEM, *April* 2, 1886.

MY DEAREST CHILDREN,

We moved from the Friendly Jews' Home on Monday to an hotel inside the walls. And to-morrow we go to a convent for quiet, unable to endure the bad food and rattle of forty tourists at every meal. We made some visits on Monday morning to the convent, the Rev. M. Kelk, Missionary to the Jews, and Mr. Chick, the architect of the Mosque of Omar; and in the afternoon we rode round the north of the city and up the Mount of Olives. Yesterday we rested the morning and spent the afternoon in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and towards dusk visited the wailing place of the Jews. To-day we rode to Bethlehem. We have seen many ruins, known and unknown, and have a very intelligent youth as our guide wherever we go. I thus have generally related our daily, ordinary life, and how to give a truer or fuller account I know not. In the first place, I will say at once that I am powerless to express the effect which the entrance into Jerusalem, or the first sight of it, or the result of that more exact knowledge which these days of quiet study have produced. The spiritual is mixed with the material, the true with the untrue, the old with the new, in a manner wholly indescribable by my pen. I could speak about it bit by bit. This is partly owing to my imperfect knowledge of the Old Testament and of the topography. It is requisite to know the former as part of your whole nature; and I should advise any traveller before coming to Jerusalem to master Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine*—one of the most lovely books in the English language—and the results of the Palestine Exploration Society.

But four days have brought about a wonderful change in us both. I have not been able to do so much as Willy. He has great topographical observation and quickness. I got a chill, I think, on the way from Jaffa, or it may be only the cold and wet of our position, as I said nearly 2,500 feet above the sea; there are frequent heavy storms, and on Friday we got wet again on our way back from Bethlehem. The food

was improved after I began my letter, and we decided to remain and not to go to the unknown, though the convent—a Franciscan convent, the 'Casa Nuova'—was beautifully clean. It seemed to us quite possible that we should go back to Jaffa to-morrow, if the weather remained so bad, and so we decided to stay in some better rooms which were offered to us.

And now as to *Jerusalem*. We have been here long enough to make every locality of which the history is certain part of our life. We have been on the Mount of Olives, in sight of the Dead Sea, on the road to Bethany, we have traced the spot where our Lord beheld the city and wept, we have passed upon the lofty knoll of Golgotha, have gone through all the traditional sites of the Church of the Sepulchre, the stone of embalming, the pillar of the flogging, the marks of the triple cross, the place of the entombment. We have visited Bethlehem and seen what may have been the stable of the inn, and what was the abode of Jerome, where he dwelt and wrote for thirty years. We have touched the rock on which the Holy of Holies rested, and penetrated, under the guidance of the privileged architect, every recess of the Mosque of Omar. We have seen a Muslim guard, with fixed bayonets, watching day and night by the cradle of the Nativity, and a company of Turkish Muslim soldiers in the Church of the Sepulchre dividing the Christians of the Eastern and Latin Churches lest they fall on one another, and, besides their personal slaughter, destroy it, as a few years ago they did the Chapel of the Nativity at Bethlehem, leaving a total wreck. We have heard the pathetic wailings of the Jews of every condition and every country, as they caress the outer wall and foundations of the Temple, within whose precincts the fanaticism and savagery of Mahomedans forbid their entry. We believe that we have trodden the ways that our Lord went in Kidron, and towards Bethany, and to Calvary, and have seen Mount Moriah from the same spot from which He beheld it. The utter destruction and desolation of desolations, the abomination of abominations, the overthrow so that not one stone should stand on another above the hidden foundation we daily shared, in beholding the filth and the squalor that lies on the surface of the débris of 'the joy of the whole earth,' which has fallen and accumulated to more than

100 feet of thickness round the slopes and valleys of the Mount; and much else it would weary you to record. We have been guided by the kindness of several—Mr. Kelk, the Missionary to the Jews; Mr. Moore, the experienced and obliging British Consul; and above all Mr. Chick, the most learned and charming architect, who for forty years has seen, known, and noted all that could be seen, learnt, and recorded by inquirers of every nationality, occupation, and character.

And only *now* one word more. There are general features which I must record at once. (1) The simple devotion, artless, cheerful, loving devotion of those bands of pilgrims, from every nation where Christ is adored. (2) The, to me, unequalled picturesque sobriety and gorgeousness without tawdry effect of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the rare grace and loveliness of the platform of the Haram, and the Mosque of the Rock (falsely called the Mosque of Omar); and (3) the strange contrast of the dirt and mud and busy idleness of the motley peoples that, from Liberia to Spain, mingle as pilgrims in crowds with the Jews, the Turks, the Syrians and Bedoweens, and jostle in the steep and saturated steps that are counted for streets in modern Jerusalem; the contrast, I say, of all these, with the sense of sacred and spiritual life that, pervading all I have mentioned and much more besides, would seem to hush all thought, and quell all words of modern things.

And the early Christians were assuredly right, when they clung almost wholly to the words and the life of their Redeemer, and not to the earth, and the place on which they were set forth to men.

Your ever loving Father.

JERUSALEM, *April* 9, 1886.

MY DEAREST CHILDREN,

This may be the last from Jerusalem. The weather is changed—yesterday and to-day have been quite fine and warm. I am already better, as are the other invalids. Dr. Liddon arrived on the 7th (my father and mother's wedding-day). We met them coming in as we were strolling outside the Jaffa Gate. He was going to encamp high up on the Mount of Olives. He has four tents, thirteen

horses, and twelve servants. I did not know him, enveloped in a Syrian head-dress and as brown as an Arab. Yesterday we went up to Olivet in the morning, and walked and talked on the summit, looking over the wondrous scene towards the city on one hand, and to Moab eastward. And after we went together past Gethsemane, by the plain where Stephen was stoned, to where we believe, against old tradition, was Calvary. And we went to the tomb beneath, hewn in the rock which is now being carefully exhumed. And then we conducted him to the Damascus Gate, and left him to enter the city alone with his guide. We rode through the town and the rocks for an hour, then called on Mr. Wilson, the Church Missionary Chaplain and lately at Uganda in Central Africa, and so by the Jaffa Gate home. It was a fine evening. The beauty and loveliness of the hills round about Zion grow hourly upon me. I thank God for the sun and the brightness, and the bursting flowers, for the shooting of the leaves of the fig-tree, and the scarlet anemones that are trying to brighten the earth.

To-day we decided that I should be brave, and that we would ride to see Solomon's Pool, an hour beyond Bethlehem. We started before 10, and on the way visited the Eye Hospital and Dr. Ogilvie. It is an excellent and most valuable institution, doing endless good, truly giving sight to the blind. The Pools of Solomon are reservoirs of water, probably (it is not certain) first built by Solomon to supply his garden and bring water to the court of the Temple. They, in his day, must have been a difficult engineering work, bringing the water along a covered conduit, round several wadys, some fifteen miles. We take food with us on such an excursion. We ate under the walls of a Jewish castle, resting by the Pool. It was very hot. We returned through Bethlehem, and halted there to talk with Miss Jacombe about a school which is maintained there for the Christian children by English ladies. They have been allowed to buy land to build a new school open for boarders, but the Porte refuses the firman to erect the building. There are British and American schools in many parts of Syria—the latter are doing great educational work at Beyrout, training medical men, natives. The amount in-

deed of missionary work and educational progress is very great. The Porte is alarmed, and is closing the schools. I can see that the policy of England, in supporting the Porte, is much disapproved by some earnest men—men earnest in their desire to promote the growth of the Kingdom of Christ, and in no narrow or sectarian spirit. They think that England should have taken possession of Egypt, and have allowed Russia to have Constantinople, and so, from the Danube to Aden, Christianity would have its hold against the fanaticism of the Moslem. The relations of Islam and the Western world are such as should occupy the mind of every English statesman who has either his country or mankind at heart.

Sunday. This morning I have had the blessing once more of joining the early Holy Communion in the Christ Church, and since then I have been sitting alone in the Church of the Sepulchre reading, and seeing the simple devotions of the people of every tongue, and people, and nation; and there, too, I read Keble's solemn words for the fifth Sunday in Lent. How strangely appropriate! I stayed through the Coptic service—a wild, rude thing. Afterwards we went to the Mount of Olives to spend the rest of the day with Canon Liddon, taking with us the American Consul, and a clergyman, Mr. Reeves. We had lunch in his hut, and then a walk on the Mount, and then came home. The view from the Mount of Olives is indescribable; every hundred yards it is a new picture. The city lies over against it, enclosed in its lofty walls from north to south, separated by the valley of Kidron. 'Yea, mark well her bulwarks, and behold the course thereof,' strictly unbroken, the city within, the great Mosque of Omar and the Church of the Sepulchre surrounding all. And now Tuesday—really the day approaches when we are to leave. To-morrow, alas! if God will, we go down to Jaffa. I have been so ailing that it was doubtful if I could move, having a third sharp attack since we moved here. But we take a carriage, and hope to reach Jaffa in a day. I am to see the Consul's wife who is ill there, the Consul going with us.

And so this eventful chapter of my life draws to a close. It was yesterday well concluded by a long interview with the Patriarch, and another with the Pasha, governor of the province, both men with whom it was a real privilege to

converse, though so different. The Patriarch is a splendid man in appearance. He received me with exceeding kindness, in consequence of some private letters about me; he talked of the state of Christianity, of the mixture of all questions here with irrelevant politics of nationalities, and explained the great difficulties of the Syrian Christians in consequence of the relations to the great Latin and Eastern or Greek Churches. The conversation was very interesting in all ways, being carried on through the Archimandrite, his secretary, who spoke English *well*, and reads it so fully as to have read all the articles of Mr. Gladstone and Huxley in the *Nineteenth Century*. It was strange to go to the Governor, or Pasha, for a similar private experience in French. It turned out I knew his father in the Turkish fleet in 1839[1]. 'Ami de mon père!' he cried out, clapping his hands. He is a person of middle age, barely forty, active, spare, keen, full of intelligence and benevolence, and sorely perplexed by the political complications which it is his to watch. He is the Governor here, and an earnest Moslem. He marvels at and is shocked by the differences of those who, 'Christian only in name, show none of the characteristics of Christianity.' He spoke freely of education. 'The education of the masses should be moral, to teach them to be just, honest, true, merciful in their public and private capacity alike. It is only for the experts that science is needed or desirable. Qualify them to be good and earnest in their labour, and simple of life.' He spoke with fervour of the character of the peasants and their contented lives. God prosper his benevolent aims!

Farewell, my own dearest children. May we be all to the end soldiers of the Cross!

Your loving Father.

During his sojourn in Cairo, Acland had been much impressed by the appalling death-rate of that city, over fifty-five per thousand, at a time when no epidemic was in existence. His early travels in Asia Minor had convinced him that some of the greatest cities of the

[1] He was no other than Fehmi Bey, the Capitan Pasha who had been Acland's host both at sea and in Constantinople.

old world, Sardis, Laodicea, Ephesus, Hierapolis, and very possibly Nineveh and Babylon, owed their desolation to pestilence quite as much as to the sword. In a letter occupying a column of the *Times*[1], he depicted the sanitary conditions of Egypt, and the efforts which were being made under the new régime to undertake the health administration of an urban and rural population whose dependence on the waters of the Nile rendered its condition so unique. He set out in some detail the work of the great Government departments, of the public health bureau, the State-supported hospitals, and the system of engineering control which regulated the supply of water alike for purposes of agriculture and of health. 'Their success,' he wrote, 'depends mainly on three factors—on adequate funds, hitherto unattainable; on the power of the Government to deal adequately with private rights and public prejudices; and on the condition that good work in this department, as in others, will not be abandoned.'

His acquaintance with Eastern peoples enabled him to appreciate the difficulties of the task, and the extraordinary merit of the work which Sir Evelyn Baring and his little band of English doctors and engineers had already begun to accomplish. He felt, however, that, notwithstanding the establishment of the large medical school at Kasr-el-din, the means of teaching were not equal to the clinical opportunities there afforded, and he enforced the urgent need for an immediate supply of capable medical officers. As a possible road to this end he strove, with the approval of Lord Cromer, but without success, to obtain permission for a certain number of Egyptian doctors to be allowed to go through the Netley course. Netley was an institution in which he had always taken great interest, from the days of Sidney Herbert and the Crimean War. He had known and valued highly its eminent teacher Dr. Parkes, and when, in 1876, there

[1] May 11, 1886.

had been an idea of doing away with the medical school there, he had, on the suggestion of Miss Florence Nightingale, entered upon a long correspondence with Lord Cranbrook, the Secretary for War. Miss Nightingale had also written to him at great length with regard to the transfer of the naval medical cadets from Netley to Haslar in 1881, and he had communicated freely on that subject both with the Admiralty and the War Office. His intimacy with Dr. Billings, the leading American authority on all that pertains to army medical administration, had served to strengthen his convictions, and when again, in 1887, the abolition of Netley as a training-school found advocates in influential quarters, he did not hesitate, as the following letter will show, to lay his views before the highest military authorities.

OXFORD, *July* 15, 1887.

MY DEAR LORD WOLSELEY,

I was greatly obliged by your kindness on Wednesday. The matter is a grave one, both as regards the army generally, and as regards Netley. I said I would write you two or three brief statements.

1st. I believe Sidney Herbert was *certainly* right when, thirty years ago, he established a supplementary school for surgeons joining the army.

2nd. Great progress has been made in civil medical education and examination since this act of Sidney Herbert's.

3rd. It is therefore possible that what was then necessary for the army is unnecessary now. But to draw this conclusion requires the most careful consideration, and dispassionate inquiry, from persons who have no local interests, and have a large knowledge of the means of medical education—notably, I should say, Professor Marshall in London, Sir William Turner in Edinburgh, and Sir James Paget.

4th. I have no military experience, except from reading and conversation, but I do not believe that, at present, *ordinary* medical practitioners can, without some special training superadded, be thoroughly qualified for army and Indian service.

5th. I suppose that the military hospitals in India might train for 'the Indian medical service.' But this is a question of convenience, and even so a home school would, if now required, be still required.

6th. I am quite aware of the extreme difficulty of satisfying the desires of the department; and I have always believed that a mixture of the civil with the military surgeons must be advisable, from the reasons you gave to me; and for others which I imagine rather than know.

Once more I greatly thank you for your kindness now, as on other occasions. It came on me the other day as 'a thunder-clap' that the institution, which I imagined needed help and development, might be done away with instead!

I am,
My dear Lord Wolseley,
Your Lordship's faithful and obliged,
HENRY W. ACLAND.

I spoke yesterday morning about the matter with Lord Stanley, coming up from Hatfield.

The appointment of Mr. W. H. Smith to the War Office for a few months in 1886 brought Acland into personal touch with the head of that department. The two families were united by a double bond; in 1885 Sir Henry's youngest son, Alfred, had married one daughter of Mr. Smith, and in 1887 another became the wife of his eldest. The friendship, which was the natural consequence of these successive alliances, became one of the greatest pleasures of Sir Henry's later years, and the death in 1891 of Mr. Smith, prematurely worn out in his country's service, was a source of no ordinary sorrow to him. Though there was little superficial resemblance in the careers and the activities of the two men, they had many points of contact, and the character of each rested on he same religious basis. Sir Herbert Maxwell has told how the cherished wish of the future member for Westminster was to be admitted to Holy Orders, and how it was abandoned in

obedience to his father. We have seen that, on more than one occasion, Henry Acland had expressed regret that he had been unable to follow in the steps of his friend Canon Courtenay. Both of them remained throughout life devoted sons of the Church of England, each, in his way, and according to his opportunities, giving practical effect to his principles. And they had a common taste for the sea and for yachting, though Acland could not indulge it on the same scale as the owner of the *Pandora*. They took a mutual pleasure in each other's society; Mr. Smith was a frequent visitor at Broad Street, and, as we have seen, his presence would give his host an excuse for one of those social gatherings which he loved; while Acland found Greenlands, with its lawns and the ever-shifting life of the Thames, a delightful and restful retreat. They corresponded freely, and their letters, some of which have been already published by Sir Herbert Maxwell, throw a side-light on the inner life of a Cabinet Minister, and indicate the closeness with which Acland followed the course of political events.

Indeed, politics had come to interest him more and more as years rolled on. The Home Rule policy of Mr. Gladstone had struck him with utter dismay, and, as we know, he had more than a skin-deep knowledge of Ireland, its problems and its people. Sir Thomas remained firm, though not without misgivings, we may believe, to his chieftain, but Henry Acland formally cast in his lot with the Liberal Unionists. In 1887 the coming of Lord Salisbury to Oxford to address a political meeting was heralded by the appearance of a number of black-bordered posters three feet long, containing the words, 'Lord Salisbury is coming. Remember Mitchelstown.' Acland, describing himself as one who understood neither the rules nor tactics of party strife, enclosed one of these placards with a letter to Mr. Gladstone, begging him to 'use his influence to stem the tide of sensational attacks.' Gladstone, as

was natural, disclaimed all responsibility for the posters, and in his reply was all kindness and friendship; but he insisted on the justice of every word he had used with regard to Mr. Balfour and his administrative methods. The letter concluded characteristically with a disquisition on the original seat and provenance of the Horse, a byway in Homeric studies which was just then dividing Mr. Gladstone's attention with Mitchelstown.

Finally, in 1892, Acland broke through his rule that doctors should have no politics. Sir George Chesney, a distinguished soldier and author, but with no local claims on the constituency, had been chosen as the Unionist candidate for Oxford. A wave of enthusiasm for Home Rule seemed to be passing over the country, and it was known that the contest would be sharp and doubtful. The Cowley district was believed to be the key of the position, and here, convinced that it was a crisis in which the very existence of his country was at stake, he went down among the electors, and for the first and last time in his life addressed a political meeting. Sir George Chesney was returned, but only by 120 votes[1], and it was freely said at the time that no one but Dr. Acland, whose name had been for so long a household word among the poorest and roughest of the Oxford citizens, could have turned the scale.

But before this he had received a warning that the infirmities of old age were at hand. All through his tour in the East he had been suffering much pain in one of his eyes, the sight of which was gradually failing him. Though the pain continued on his return to England and throughout the following year, he paid no particular attention to it, until in March, 1888, a haemorrhage supervened, rendering it necessary to remove the eye without a moment's delay. The operation was most successful, and he retained the sight of the other until his death. 'As for the loss of the

[1] Sir G. Chesney, 3,276; R. Souttar, 3,156.

one ray in the double focus, it is nothing,' wrote Ruskin; 'my mother had only one seeing eye for thirty years, and my two eyes see only double grief.' But the operation was only the climax of a wearing illness, and it was some time before Acland was able to return to Oxford from Southsea, whither he had removed for change. He had not the philosophy of the old scholar who, in similar circumstances, thanked God that it was his 'collating eye' which was spared to him; but he bore the loss without a murmur, and his patience was touching and inexhaustible. A severe attack of blood-poisoning at Holnicote in the summer of the same year prostrated him and caused serious alarm, but he recovered with wonderful elasticity, and it seemed to those about him that for the next few years he was actually stronger and better than he had been before his operation. But henceforward his life was lived more quietly: the Sunday evening 'at homes' were discontinued, and he finally abandoned his medical practice, save in the case of those who had a special call upon him.

His love for the sea was unaltered and unalterable; it was still the most bracing of all medicine, but he found himself less capable of undergoing the responsibility and hard work of sailing his own yacht. It was a terrible wrench when he was compelled to lay her up for the last time and finally sell her. One of his sons has set down some memories of his father as a master-mariner which are here reproduced; and the frontispiece of this volume, which represents Sir Henry in his oilskins and sou'-wester, hoping for the best but prepared for the worst, is thought by his family to be the *happiest* of all the likenesses of him which exist.

'"Sailors are lovable creatures," writes Dr. Acland to his wife on one occasion; and verily for sailors and fishermen and for the sea and all that belongs to it

he ever felt an intense love and admiration. He was fortunate, too, in having from his earliest years frequent opportunities of gratifying this feeling, though as years went by the ties of professional and public work and the claims of a large family deprived him of all chance of making a voyage of any length.

'It was not quite easy for him to secure the recreation necessary to counterbalance his laborious life. A holiday without occupation would have been useless to a man of his temperament, and a family visit to the seaside would have been simple boredom, though he was reluctant to be apart from his children, of whom whilst at work he necessarily saw very little. A country house near Oxford was lent to him[1], but was found to be too near his work, and he did not care for sport. At last it was decided that yachting should be tried to see if it would afford the refreshment required. Accordingly in the summer of 1874 he chartered at Inverary an iron schooner of fifty tons called the *Aurora*. The first start was not promising: the vessel was crank and not too well found, there was difficulty in obtaining a satisfactory crew, and no cook or steward could be secured at all. However, after sailing from Inverary to the Gareloch the idea of obtaining a cook from the *Cumberland*, an industrial training-ship on the Clyde, occurred to him. Application was therefore made for a boy supposed to have been trained as cook, and it was hoped in this way to solve the difficulty and at the same time give the lad a start in life. The youth was shipped, proved a dismal failure, and had to be returned to the *Cumberland* after two or three days' distressing experience of his incapacity.

'An adequate crew was eventually got together, and he started on his first yachting voyage. It extended all up the West coast of Scotland, and, notwithstanding discomforts and inconveniences and the proverbial uncertainty of the weather in that part of the world, proved

[1] See p. 318, *supra*.

a brilliant success. From that time onwards, except during the year immediately preceding Mrs. Acland's death, till increasing age and infirmity made such a course impossible, he spent some weeks in each year afloat.

'Encouraged by this first experiment, he determined to purchase a yacht outright, and in the spring of 1875 he bought the *Gertrude*, a vessel which so won his affections that she was constantly referred to both in conversation and in letters as the *Rival* of Mrs. Acland in his affections. She was a fine yawl of eighty tons yacht measurement, built by Alfred Payne & Sons of Southampton, and a capital example of the fast cruising yacht of the day, admirably planned, honestly built, and well found. Acland's high appreciation of the excellence of the work in the building and subsequent alterations of his yacht led in a manner entirely characteristic of him to a friendship with the elder Mr. Payne, which outlasted the ownership of the *Gertrude* and ended only with Mr. Payne's death.

'As time went on the failure of Mrs. Acland's health, and the feeling that he was hardly justified in spending so much money on recreation, determined him, in 1877, to sell the *Gertrude*. "I hope," wrote his wife, "that the touch of sea air will revive you more than the sorrowful parting with the dear *Rival* will sadden you." After the sale of the *Gertrude* it seemed likely that his yachting days were over; but about a year after Mrs. Acland's death he bought the *Druid*, an east country yawl of much the same size as the *Gertrude*, in which, for the future, though under sadly altered circumstances, he took his holidays. This vessel was retained until at last he found the enjoyment of yachting more than outbalanced by its cares and responsibilities. Happily at the time when this came about, his eldest son was in command of H. M. S. *Volage*, of the training squadron, and until he had reached eighty years of age he frequently made short voyages in her, enjoying to the full the strenuous life on board a man-of-war.

'There is no need to follow each cruise in detail. He managed thoroughly to explore the dangerous coast round Ushant, the South and East coasts of Ireland, and the West coast of Scotland, besides the English Channel and (in 1876) the shores of Holland, where thanks to the kindness of Mr. Hutton, the resident engineer, he was able to study the building of the great Amsterdam Ship Canal. One trip, however, that to St. Kilda, though often projected, was never destined to be realized, and to the last Dr. Acland was never able to reach the island west of the Hebrides which had given a name to his father's yacht. One of his treasures on board was the chart which had belonged to Sir Thomas, on which were marked the positions of the *Lady of St. Kilda* when more than forty years previously he had made what was thought the rather perilous voyage to this outlying part of the British Isles. Often was this chart produced, laid on the cabin table, eagerly scanned, and all possibilities of reaching St. Kilda discussed; more than once a start was actually made, but each time the expedition had to be abandoned.

'Acland, as soon as he became a yacht owner, set to work after his manner to treat yachting not merely as recreation but as a means by which the bounds of knowledge for himself and his family might be extended, and habits of discipline formed. Rules were printed providing for the maintenance of order among his high-spirited, and sometimes, it must be admitted, troublesome, passengers. Three of the rules will illustrate what has been said.

1. Nothing to be left out of place or insecure at any time at sea or after dark in harbour.

10. *Gertrude* is to obtain information as to sanitary wants of fishing villages and fishing populations whenever possible. Friends and crew can help in this.

11. Books on districts visited and other subjects will be available for crew and friends.

'Other rules dealt with such matters as lights, the use of spirits, divine service on Sundays, the use of boats, the places on deck where smoking was permitted (it was never allowed below), and the time for meals; and any making fun of these rules was keenly if silently resented. The writer well remembers a burlesque report on the sanitary conditions of a smelly fishing-village, written by some of the party to while away a wet afternoon ashore, and solemnly presented on their return in pretended obedience to the tenth rule. The report was received with eloquent silence and never referred to again.

'The same serious view was taken of many other things. For instance a screen was devised to shelter Mrs. Acland from the wind whilst not materially interfering with the view. This was irreverently named the "plate-warmer" by one of his sons, for it bore much resemblance to that article, which used to occupy considerable space in the kitchens of the time. But the nickname was little appreciated, being considered a flippant reflection on a carefully thought-out device.

'Acland's desire was to reproduce afloat, *mutatis mutandis*, the life of his home at Oxford. Prayers were read before breakfast, and at sea on Sundays all hands that could be spared from deck were assembled for a short service. A small library of books selected in view of the proposed cruise was kept on board, though the very weighty ones, such as the Blue Books issued by Parliament on the Fisheries in the North Sea and elsewhere, were not greatly in request. Different minds take different views, and the delight of an intelligent Dutchman who came on board in the Amsterdam Canal and was heard to exclaim, after the Blue Books were shown him: "Ah! to think of all this splendour for pleasure only," was in strong contrast to the attitude and look of horror upon Mr. Gladstone's face when he paid a visit to the yacht at Dartmouth, and, spying the said volumes on the cabin locker, marvelled how any

one could willingly take Parliamentary Blue Books with him on a holiday. Besides literature, music and singing enlivened time which might otherwise have passed unoccupied, and none of those who took their share will ever forget the gracious presence of Mrs. Acland as she conducted part-songs and glees with which, sometimes on deck, sometimes in the cabin, as the weather dictated, the summer evenings were beguiled.

'Afloat, however, Acland was first of all a sailor devoted to his ship, with intense belief in her capabilities and delighting in smartness and in any excuse for "carrying on" if thereby he could outdistance a vessel of the same size as his own. He took the main share in the task of navigation, though he had difficulty in finding a capable skipper who would ordinarily leave to him all work and responsibility. He often steered for hours together, directing the setting of the sails as the wind shifted, and ever anxious to get the best out of the vessel he loved so well. He delighted in the study of charts and sailing directions, and by day or night seemed to keep a watchful eye everywhere, taking nothing for granted and generally testing himself all information given by others. The writer has a vivid recollection of seeing him one rough night in the Irish Channel, when over seventy years of age, climb to the cross-trees of the mast to make sure that the bearing of a light reported had been correctly given [1].

'"I have had a long day," he writes on one occasion, "having been up at 3 a.m."; and again, "Last night was one of the most uncomfortable I ever passed at sea. I was up practically the whole night till six and then turned in till eight. It never blew hard, but there was

[1] Such an absorption in detail would sometimes excite remarks from the passing fishermen, and one day a bargee lazily smoking his pipe as he leaned on his tiller, hailed him and said, 'Governor, I want to give you some good advice. Don't you make a toil of your pleasures.'

a heavy swell from the west, and sometimes we went ten knots in it and sometimes were becalmed and rolled wonderfully." His enthusiasm for night watches indeed led him to rouse his passengers at all hours to catch sight of a lighthouse or light-ship in the offing, and, though light-ships were not always an equivalent for broken dreams, many were the lovely dawns breaking over grey sliding waves in the cool summer mornings which rewarded those who learnt to answer promptly his eager summons to come on deck and see the cloud-painting of nature.

'What faith he had in the handiness of his yacht and how keen he was in navigating her himself the following extract from one of his letters will show. Whilst lying in the harbour at Brest he had agreed with a fisherman to pilot him out through the *goulet*.

> About 7, no fisherman having appeared, a pilot came off and told us *he* was coming, and on my saying that I had engaged another he curtly said: 'You will not leave the port without a regular pilot!' and then began various threats and announcements that we would not get out alone: and so he departed. I began to get under way. Then came a douane boat with a chief officer to say we had not shown our passport, and the office would not be open till 9. It was generally believed that 9 being low water we 'would not' get out, i.e. could not beat against wind and spring tide through the long narrow *goulet*. This was too grave an attack on the *Gertrude*, so I landed in a fume, got the passport at 9.15, got under way, beat out and got through the *goulet* at 10.30 without pilot or any help, and having signalled for one to go through the Ushant Channel and none coming, we went through in safety and the utmost ease by 6 p.m.

'A study of the chart of the Ushant Channel shows that it is a passage full of dangers from rocks and currents, and the masts of more than one vessel sticking up helplessly from the water gave ocular proof of the hidden reefs which lay in wait for unwary mariners.

'Whenever Acland was not occupied with navigation or sailing he was probably drawing, for his sketching materials were seldom out of reach, and if there was nothing to draw he would get out the dredge which was part of the yacht's outfit, and after its contents were emptied on deck he would discourse to all who cared to listen on the beautiful and marvellous forms of marine life hauled from the bed of the sea.

'The days from morning till evening were anything but idle. His sons were expected each to take his own share of work in all circumstances, and friends on board were given every chance of being useful in some way or other. Many delightful hours were passed in mastering the complicated lore of sailor knots, bends, hitches, Turks' heads, the splicing of ropes, and details of sea craft too various to enumerate. Even in harbour he was constantly busy, and the writer has no recollection of ever seeing him sitting about doing nothing. His first care was to telegraph to Oxford for letters, and as his work was never entirely in abeyance the arrival of the mail sometimes entailed hours of writing in the pretty cabin. It was after going ashore that he gave full play to one of his great characteristics, an extraordinary faculty of making friends with every one he came across, and of getting their best out of them, whether out of the great ones of the land, or artists, fishermen, sailors, and crofters; at Abervrach on the Breton coast even the gendarmes, the Sisters of Charity, and the Parish Priest were requisitioned and responded willingly, for his appreciative interest in human affairs was contagious, and in his presence the world at large seemed full of men of good-will.

'No one ever had greater pleasure in the society of human beings or was more hospitable; he was an excellent host and, when in the mood, a first-rate story teller. Many were his guests on board, amongst whom not the least agreeable were two French sculptors with whom he made acquaintance at Douarnenez. They were

keenly interested about all things British, and one of them was anxious to taste real Scotch oatcake, which he knew only by hearsay. A tin of oatcake was produced, but having been opened some time previously the salt sea air had got in, making it pulpy and not at all nice. On tasting it the Frenchman exclaimed with a shrug of the shoulders and eyebrows and elevating the palms of both hands, "Eh! mon Dieu! est-ce qu'on mange ça en Écosse? Mais c'est du plâtre: c'est du véritable plâtre: ce n'est rien que du plâtre!"—and he proceeded with effusion to wrap up a portion and stow it in his pocket-book, that his compatriots might learn by demonstration what the Northern barbarians of Great Britain were nurtured upon.

'It was with these companions that an expedition was made by boat to attend the "Pardon" of St.-Anne de la Palude. Landing in a bay amongst rocks, the path led across sand dunes until suddenly the Chapel of St. Anne appeared standing on a slope, under the shelter of a group of wind-swept trees. The spot, usually wild and desolate enough, is crowded on the festival of the Pardon with Breton peasants in national costume, kneeling on the turf of the hillside whilst the great procession sweeps round the sacred enclosure. Religious observance is, however, tempered with worldly considerations, and at a huge fair held further down the slope, sacred and profane jostled each other with that true mediaeval incongruity which has survived in this corner of Brittany through so many centuries.

'No manifestation of human emotion, least of all religious emotion, was indifferent to Acland, and on the occasion of the blessing of the harbour and shipping by ecclesiastics he dressed his yacht in honour of the ceremony. Never did she look prettier than on that sunny morning, spotlessly clean and trim with all her bunting flying, bouquets on bowsprit and counter, and a large bunch of golden broom at the mast-head, when a French official came on deck and ordered Acland to

take down the decorations. He refused absolutely, and the official retired only to return in a quarter of an hour with positive orders to have the decorations hauled down. In great indignation Acland threatened to telegraph to Lord Lyons if another word was said on the subject, and the official withdrew to show himself no more. It appeared to be merely a display of spite on the part of the civil authorities, furious that any honour should be shown by strangers towards an ecclesiastical ceremony, and was a remarkable specimen of the unlovely bitterness of French sectarian strife.

'This episode was the only untoward one of the kind in the course of Acland's cruises, as he ever received from others the like courtesy which by nature he extended to all with whom he came in contact, a tradition of good fellowship which the freemasonry of seafaring folk tends largely to enjoin, and which doubtless led him to the happy phrase quoted above that "sailors are lovable creatures[1]."'

In illustration of the foregoing pages I venture to quote in *extenso* a letter written by Acland to his friend the Rev. C. R. Conybeare on the occasion of the trip to Brittany described above. It is interesting in many ways, and not least for the clear insight which the writer had obtained into the *maelstrom* of French politics. Boulanger was then an unknown name, and Dreyfus was still a cadet at St. Cyr; but Acland's forecast of the troubles ahead might almost have been written in 1902 with the debates on the Registration of the Religious Orders before him.

CAMARET, OFF BREST, *August* 28, 1883.

Since I saw you we have had quite an interesting time in the *Druid*. I have become quite satisfied with her. My

[1] There is a touching little passage in one of Acland's letters to his wife: 'I am always miserable out of your sight unless I am near the sea—then I can endure it.'

mate, a splendid fellow who was in the *Pandora*, was a winter in the *Gertrude*, and prefers the *Druid*. She seems admirable in all points, is quite fast, and whether in a sea way or still water does excellently. She has gone over nine almost motionless, and slips over calm water fairly fast. But we have had much enjoyment other than that of sailing. You remember I was bent on going to see boats in the Bay of Biscay. We went by way of the Channel Islands to Douarnenez, with a very fair amount of adventure—rough and smooth. At Douarnenez I continued my *Druid's* custom of '5 o'clock tea,' when in harbour, and this brings us many interesting visitors; and with little expense we can show friendly hospitality. Foreigners like to see an English yacht, and so are easily induced to come without ceremony. We have in this way made some quite notable friends, whose goodness and conversation I can never forget. Singularly enough, two were Parisian artists—one, M. Jacquemare, a distinguished sculptor, and the other, M. Vernier, a well-known painter. The latter was at Concarneau, the former at Douarnenez. We have been three times to the last place: the first to examine the fisheries, the second to be at a 'Béni de la Mer,' the third to see a great Breton 'Pardon' at a village, St.-Anne de la Palude. The whole effect of the visit to France has been very different from what I had expected. I went to see fishing-boats, and to draw. My accident[1] stopped the latter, and circumstances showed me men as well as boats, and human character rather than fisheries. I have had several long conversations with a government schoolmaster—one of the chief young physiologists of France—an official of the Marine, and my artist friends, on the state of France, and the effect of secular education. Their ideas have been checked, and cross-examined, and the whole future is melancholy in the extreme. I am scarce able to give you any sketch of them without a volume, and a summary may seem to savour too much of my own thoughts. But this is the general impression which I have. I will not say my impression, but what I gather as

[1] He had had his hand squeezed in a block, which prevented his using it for a time.

their sentiments; and as I do not wish to give names, I put the whole in a general statement.

There is a general concurrence in this, that there is a bitter antagonism between Secularists and Religionists; that the former are in great part violent; that they are mainly political and generally seeking *power*. That this power they would and will use without scruple, and they learnt the way in the first revolution of 1792–3. Indeed, one person of authority told me practically as much, with a simple venomous fury at the clergy. The Parisian organization through the Minister of Public Instruction holds an extraordinary sway in this matter. Books are written purposely to inoculate certain ideas, and are transmitted to all the communal schools through France as the books from which the teachers are to teach: i.e. a master receives a certain prepared History of France, and this he is to read to and expound to the children. And in one secretly shown to me the various phases of revolution and anarchy were described in detail as the prevailing of righteousness over evil. And so *outré* is one of these (by Paul Bert) that the Bureau has been forced to suppress it. I had the book, but was obliged to return it, as the lender did not dare let it be known he had lent it. The offensive nature of some of the ideas can hardly be described, as that 'the clergy had taught that women had no minds and thus degraded your mothers.'

I had no time or inclination to pursue all this by reading; but I think there is no doubt of the general fact. And now for the inference, which I really shrink from putting on paper. But, as Herodotus, I relate what I was told by one of the most interesting men with whom I ever conversed, and who really almost lived on board each time we visited Douarnenez. The Bretons, he said, are the only people who represent or retain the best side of the French character. (The speaker is a Parisian.) The whole of modern life is given up to a general so-called philosophic scepticism by the 'educated' and serious; and by the mass of society, wholly and at all cost, to *plaisir* as the end and object of being. Education is to impart a certain smattering of material knowledge and sceptical ideas—and thus the whole population becomes restless, political, discontented—and the north-west of France

resented this tendency and was counted ignorant. They were therefore to be broken up. Thus my fisher friends, steady and firm as rocks heretofore, are through the young men, from the new schools, becoming infected. And when this is accomplished through the secular schools, 'C'est la fin de France,' and he added, 'Do not think ill of a Frenchman who says it, *it will be good for the world.*' Since '93 France has been a hotbed of political vice—and will be so more and more. The prospect is *affreux*. It will in the end be a reign of 'gendarmes' and successful adventurers. 'Un siècle de fer—voilà.' This was not the result of chance conversation offhand, but the sentiment which pervaded long walks, and hours spent on board illustrated in various ways.

Though the state of his health did not compel him to put finally aside his paints and sketching materials, their use was now far more a labour than of old. They had been a constant resource since his Undergraduate days, a solace in trouble, a relaxation in work and on holiday. Those only who shared his tastes and pursuits can do justice to a phase which gives the key to so much of his life's work, and I am indebted once more to the kindness of Mr. Lionel Muirhead for an appreciation of the artistic tastes and accomplishments of his friend:

One of the chief notes of Henry Acland's character was a love of art, which seemed woven into the very texture of his nature. It sprang doubtless from his intense love of method and order in everything leading on to that idea of beauty as 'being the best of all we know,' which ever was one of the great underlying influences that moulded his daily thought and life.

Nowhere could this love of method, order, and beauty be seen more clearly than in the house in Broad Street at Oxford which was his beloved home for more than forty years. The remarkable skill and ingenuity which he exercised through a long course of years in planning structural alterations, and in adapting his home to the convenience of living, can seldom have been exceeded; and the structural alterations, when

made, seemed not only to have the merit of exact contrivance, but also told of a certain delight in turning difficulties to account that called to mind the cleverness of a mediaeval craftsman. This pleasure in curious contrivance was one of the sources of his delight in ship-building, and on board his yacht it gave him keen satisfaction to think that every plank of wood used in her construction was wrought for the special place it occupied in the whole design, and would fit precisely nowhere else. This fine perception of fitness and order was the secret of the extraordinary success which he achieved in the whole arrangement of his house at Oxford. His home, indeed, became a reflex of himself: it was a storehouse of treasures, artistic, curious; they varied from Millais's portrait of Ruskin to a mummied cat, from a rough drawing of a boat of the time of St. Paul scratched on one of the steps of the quay at Utica to a small boat made from a piece of Nordenskiold's vessel the *Vega*. Nearly all these things, and they were legion, were given to him by friends, and came from every part of the world; and amongst them were many things of value from their association with those who had given them, such as a shepherd's staff from Palestine brought by Dean Stanley. Yet however varied were the contents of the house, or whatever additions were made, they never appeared overcrowded, or otherwise than set equally for beauty and convenience.

Henry Acland's pleasure in all exercise of manual skill was great, but drawing was that in which he most excelled. It was his hobby and delight at all times, whether on his holidays or during his professional travels, and his sketch-books are full of records of America, Norway, Switzerland, France, the Mediterranean, Palestine, Egypt. It is probable that his love for drawing was first inspired by the sketches of his father, of which a large collection exists at Killerton, and by those of his grandmother, who was also skilled with the pencil in the formal and precise style of that day. Besides what he may have learnt from his father, he had lessons at some time during his youth from John Varley, that very able craftsman and instructor. Of John Varley (who in his later days at all events worked largely from memory) it is said that when he wished to paint a sunset effect he would watch the sky from

the window in his dressing-gown and nightcap until the particular phase arrived which he desired to record. Having at this point made rapid notes, he would close the shutters and retire to bed, so that next morning he might set to work with his impression of over-night undisturbed by after developments. It is likely that a teacher of this unconventional kind would have characteristic ways of imparting knowledge to his pupils, and Acland certainly never forgot his teaching. To the end of his life, his favourite method of recording what he saw was to draw in his subject upon tinted or upon 'Varley' paper, using—after the slightest pencil jotting—reed pens of many sizes and indelible brown ink. After completing this drawing rapidly but with great care, he would lay in all shadows with Cologne earth, very broadly, taking the utmost pains to ensure that the shadows should exactly fit their appointed spaces. He would then add colours in broad washes, and would finally use body colour for points of especial brilliance. It is surprising what effective drawings he could in a short time produce by this simple workmanlike process, which moreover had this merit, that at each stage the drawing might be abandoned with a certain measure of completeness attained. The drawing with reed pens and indelible brown ink was perhaps what he most enjoyed; and the lines would vary from great delicacy to others of great strength, so that the effect when finished was something like that of a strong etching, and often the sketch was carried no further. Many drawings, however, were carried to the second stage, and his series of the Seven Churches of Asia is so given, the drawing of Smyrna, in Cologne earth on blue-grey paper, with the great cypress trees by the hills and sea, and the crescent moon in the twilight sky, being particularly fine.

The subjects, however, that really aroused Sir Henry's enthusiasm were those connected with the sea and seafaring folk, for whose skill, determination and manful endurance of hardship and peril he had the warmest sympathy and admiration. Brixham trawlers off his beloved Devonshire coast, luggers in Mount's Bay, chasse-marées off the Breton coast, would always compel him to record in his sketch-books what time and tide would allow. The fleet of sardine fishing-boats setting forth for their toil or returning to the harbour

A SQUALL COMING UP IN THE BAY OF BISCAY IN 1889'

OM A SKETCH BY SIR HENRY ACLAND WHILE ON BOARD H.M.S. VOLAGE

of Douarnenez or Concarneau at sunset, specially stirred his blood; the splendour of the sunset light upon the tanned red and yellow sails, the sense that the long day's toil was over, the wives and children waiting on the quays to welcome home the bread-winners, the touch of religious feeling aroused by the evening Angelus, all combined to give him unspeakable pleasure. Many years previously he had painted the fleet of fishing-boats entering the harbour of North Sunderland at sunset, and had made of the subject a deeply toned and powerful drawing. During his holidays spent on board his yacht his sketch-book was ever in his hand: often owing to the movement of winds and currents no more than rapid short notes were made, to be carried further in the cabin whilst the vision was still bright in his memory; but often when opportunity occurred he would complete his sketch on the spot, as in his drawing of the harbour of Polperro, details being little insisted on, but the composition of lines and of light and shadow being carefully thought out. Indeed, though in his house or on board his yacht no detail whatever escaped his attention, in his artistic work he seemed to withdraw his mind from details as much as possible, and admirably practised that art of omission in rendering landscape which is such an essential source of enjoyment and success.

Bearing this in mind, it is remarkable that most of the artists with whom he corresponded or with whose aims he felt himself in sympathy, were amongst those to whom the name Pre-Raphaelite had been applied. This was no doubt due to his close friendship with John Ruskin, and to the great interest he had felt in the work of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood in the frescoes of the Union Library. He had even, under the same influence, at one time made experiments in painting in tempera composed with yolk of egg and vinegar; and we find that in 1857 Rossetti writes to him about the pictures of Thomas Seddon, who had died in 1856 at the age of thirty.

Another correspondent was Samuel Palmer, in whose company Acland had been with George Richmond at Rome, and from whose artistic advice and teaching he had received much advantage. The following letter shows how keenly

he and Acland entered upon their relation of teacher and pupil:

'I do not think that a month's lessons teach so much as a week's "cram." I ought to watch your principal subject till it is safe, and at other times of the day secure for you in writing or otherwise a handbook of information which, beside any new suggestions, might set all your present artistic knowledge in order for future use, and be applicable equally to all scenery and subjects. These six days being wholly devoted to you, I do not think I could say less than twelve guineas and expenses, including travelling expenses, without sustaining loss by going away from engagements due in London at this time. This would end the business part of the affair; after which I should like to spend another week in a manner which would benefit myself—viz. in exploring the neighbourhood for hints or subjects; going to Mr. Halliday's oaks, Watermouth Cove, &c.—and I should have the greatest pleasure in your society. We could go out for light sketching, to see what was to be seen. But Devonshire, lovely as it is, is so rainy that it would not be safe to trust to anything but the most settled weather, and just now is the only time I can manage.

'PS. I am delighted to hear about the sunset; to do this you should be on the cliffs at the right moment every evening. I have explored Clovelly, and do not think you will find it so good as Ilfracombe. The village too is unhealthy. Ilfracombe is a centre about which I remember having seen the best matter in the county, in strange nooks without a name, but which I think I could find out. I have long suspected that the rise of the rivers aloft on such places as Exmoor must be peculiarly interesting, but they are out of the question. Whether I come or not, I would advise you above all to be *methodical* and arrange your time in masses—a week of severe study, then a rambling time without any severity at all; this is the way to compress months into weeks, even into days. Pray get the ordnance map of the district you go to.'

At various dates Acland corresponded with G. F. Watts, Roddam S. Stanhope, E. W. Cooke, Holman Hunt, Sir Frederick Leighton, Charles Newton, A. Munro, T. Woolner,

Benjamin Woodward, and George Richmond on artistic subjects often connected with the University, and many of these artists he held in great esteem and affection; George Richmond indeed had done one of his finest and most graceful drawings of Mrs. Acland at the time of her marriage, and also made a striking drawing of Sir Henry himself[1]. Alexander Munro, the talented and graceful sculptor, was often an inmate of Acland's house, and carved an extremely beautiful profile of Mrs. Acland which is now in Christ Church Cathedral, besides other pieces of sculpture at Broad Street and statues in the Museum.

Acland's interest in art was by no means confined to painting, but was extended in full measure both to architecture and sculpture, as could hardly fail to be the case with one who had seen both Greece and Rome, and had his dwelling in Oxford. Many years previously he had drawn the elevation and plans from which an English Chapel at Athens had been erected, and in how great a degree the ancient Greek builders had moved him we know from his own words: 'If week after week in my youth, with fresh senses and a docile spirit, I have drunk in each golden glow that is poured by a Mediterranean sun from over the blue Aegean upon the Athenian Parthenon; if day by day sitting on Mars Hill I have watched each purple shadow as the temple darkened in majesty against the evening sky; if so, it has been to teach me, as the alphabet of all Art, to love all truth and to hate all falsehood, and to kiss the hand of every Master who has brought down, under whatever circumstances, and in whatever age, one spark of true light from the Beauty and the subtle Law which stamp the meanest work of the Ever-living Ever-working Artist.'

But to the end of his life Order, Beauty, Art, continued ever-presiding spirits over that chamber of interior vision wherein he seemed habitually to dwell, looking out meditatively and with grave questioning upon the moving pageant of mankind; a little apart always from all fretful politics and passions of the multitude, just indeed so far as should serve to keep untarnished the refinement of a nature that was yet ever devoted and tender in all its relations with humanity.

[1] See p. 104, *supra*.

CHAPTER XVI

RETIREMENT FROM THE MEDICAL COUNCIL—RESIGNATION OF THE PROFESSORSHIP—MEDICAL MISSIONS—CORRESPONDENCE WITH MR. GLADSTONE—LAST DAYS.

1887–1901

In the May of 1887 Acland retired from the General Medical Council. His second term of office as President had expired in 1884, but he was again re-elected to assist in piloting the Medical Bill of 1886. This accomplished, he felt that he might claim his release from a post whose labours were beginning to press too heavily upon him. With the resignation of the Presidency his connexion with the Council ceased. He had been a member for thirty years, and president for seventeen; the details of administration were becoming increasingly onerous, and some of its functions as a disciplinary body could not fail to be distressing to him. But next to the Museum there was no part of his work which interested him more or on which he looked back with greater satisfaction.

His colleagues testified their sense of his 'dignity, courtesy, and impartiality' in an address signed by each of the twenty-three members, and a bust of him was presented to the Council Hall in Oxford Street, where it stands to-day in company with the portraits of his predecessors, Sir B. Brodie and J. H. Green, which he himself had given to the Council some years before. His immediate successor was Sir John Marshall. Some years later the chair was filled by Sir William

Turner, now Principal of Edinburgh University and for so long its distinguished Professor of Anatomy. During the later part of Acland's Presidency, and down to the close of his life, Sir William was among his most trusted and most intimate friends, and it was a source of unfeigned pleasure to him to know that one who saw eye to eye with him on so many of the questions which affected the profession, and on the whole range of medical education, should occupy the position to which he attached so much importance.

The retirement from the Medical Council, much as he missed the work and the interests, gave him an amount of leisure such as he had never known before, and, so long as his health permitted, he was enabled to make a more liberal use of the Vacations than at any previous period of his life. We have seen that in October, 1888, he had paid a flying visit to the United States, and in January of the following year he went with his daughter to Lucerne and Milan, and was entertained by Lord Carnarvon in his villa at Rapallo. In the summer he shared in the naval manœuvres on board his son's ship the *Volage*, and joined him again in a winter cruise to the Canaries, spending happy days at Vera Cruz and Orotava. It was a return to the old life of fifty years ago in the *Pembroke*, and the contrast between the old navy and the new was a source of never-failing wonder and delight to him.

In May, 1890, Her Majesty Queen Victoria created him a Baronet. So gracious a recognition of his services to Science at Oxford and to the Medical Profession at large was cordially acclaimed. Amidst the showers of congratulatory letters there was none perhaps to which Sir Henry Acland attached a higher value than the following note in which Alderman Robert Buckell spoke on behalf of the townsmen in whose midst his working life had been spent.

'. . . I was indeed very glad of the opportunity of expressing what I knew to be in the hearts of many of my

friends in Oxford, our heartfelt appreciation of all that you had done for the city during the last fifty years, and our exceeding pleasure that such lifelong service had received the acknowledgement of our Queen in the honour which had recently been conferred upon you. The quick and hearty response in which the mention of it was received was but an indication of the feeling of the whole community, and I trust will convey to you the certain knowledge and satisfaction that your labours have not been in vain all these years, and that we as citizens are not ungrateful.

In the summer of that year he attended the International Medical Congress at Berlin, and though he took more than one trip to the Mediterranean as a guest on the *Volage* and the *Edgar*, this was destined to be his last expedition on the Continent. But he by no means lost sight of his continental friends. In 1891 Victor Carus sent Dr. Menge to him in answer to a request for a distinguished specialist to work at bacteriology in the laboratories of the Museum, and, the International Medical Congress meeting that year at Oxford, he was able to entertain foreign doctors, known and unknown, distinguished and undistinguished, to his heart's content. There is no professional freemasonry so strong as that of medicine, and Acland's name had long been a household word in quarters where English names and English customs are not ordinarily regarded with favour.

Killerton and Holnicote and Broad Clyst, where his brother Leopold was shortly to celebrate the fiftieth year of his incumbency, were still open to him as they had always been. The following letter from the Rector of Broad Clyst, written in September, 1886, will show the spirit in which the Aclands of that generation encountered the infirmities of old age:

Tom's energy is astonishing. He thinks his men-servants are too hard-worked and want play. So he has started cricket for them; and, taking Mary in her chair down the drive, left her to join them; was bowled to by a boy who put

his head in much danger by bad bowling, and then he threw off his coat and proceeded to bowl with such energy that he fell flat on his stomach! In the evening he has in all the men and the maids to lecture them on harmony, to the upsetting of the discipline of the house!

It reads almost like a scene out of Mr. Barrie's charming fantasy, *The Admirable Crichton*. But Sir Thomas had a dozen years of strenuous work before him, and his book published in 1896, entitled *Knowledge, Duty, and Faith*, would have been no mean achievement for an Oxford Don with his spurs yet to win.

His second son, Harry, was married and settled in Malvern, and here Sir Henry used to come almost every year for rest and change. Then there were visits to Leytonstone, where the memory of Mr. and Mrs. Cotton was still green, and where he assisted with his brothers-in-law in the erection of a memorial church to one who in his lifetime had 'spared neither gold nor gear' in filling the darkest quarters of London with houses dedicated to the worship of God. At Liphook he enjoyed the hospitality of Lord Justice Cotton. At Windsor and at Bovey Tracey he passed many happy hours with Canon Courtenay, the beloved friend of his early manhood.

In 1892 he paid a long visit to Ireland to his friends the Cooke Trenches, and stayed at Edinburgh with Sir William Turner for the meeting of the British Association. The spring of that year had found him busily employed in preparing for the inaugural Boyle lecture founded by the Oxford Junior Scientific Club. He delivered it in May. In the spring of 1893, when at Malta with the *Edgar*, he had a long and interesting conversation with Admiral Tryon, who a few weeks afterwards was to go down in the ill-fated *Victoria*—a tragedy of which Captain Acland was one of the spectators.

In the summer of the same year he paid, in company with Miss Acland, a visit to the Lakes, staying

at Derwentwater with Dr. (now Sir) Douglas and Mrs. Powell. Thence they proceeded to Brantwood, and it was on this occasion that Miss Acland took her striking and pathetic photograph of the two old men of whom, after more than fifty years' friendship, it might well be said that 'they were lovely and pleasant in their lives.' It was their last meeting; and the fact that Ruskin was able to enjoy his friend's society with much of the keen and affectionate eagerness of old placed it among the happiest memories of his declining years. As they parted Ruskin charged his friend with a farewell message: 'Say to my friends in the Oxford Museum from me—May God bless the reverent and earnest study of Nature and of Man, to His glory, to the better teaching of the future, to the benefit of our country and to the good of all mankind.'

In the autumn he broke his journey from Ireland, where he had been once more with the Cooke Trenches, to spend a night or two at Leeds with Mr. Pridgin Teale, ever a staunch supporter both at Oxford and on the Medical Council.

The scheme which had brought the masters of the various sciences under one and the same roof in the Oxford Museum was not without its drawbacks. There was an overlapping of departments, some personal friction, and a certain amount of jealousy lest one branch of learning should be favoured at the expense of another. The distinguished head of a distinguished college, who in past years had taken pleasure, as an amateur, in keeping up a connexion with the Museum and its Professors, wrote to Acland that he must resign his position on the delegacy: 'They (the scientific teachers) cannot agree among themselves; there seems to be no definite principle of action, no adjustment of rival claims, and one incessant craving for change.' From another Oxford man, himself in the forefront of scientific teaching, came the admission in a letter to Sir Henry that he had been wrong, and the latter 'on

RUSKIN AND ACLAND AT BRANTWOOD, 1893